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T H E

LADY'S PRECEPTOR;

O R, A

Series of Instructive and Pleasing

EXERCISES IN READING;

FOR THE

PARTICULAR USE OF FEMALES;

CONSISTING OF

A Selection of Moral Essays, Narratives, Letters,
Dialogues, and Poetical Compositions,

MATERIALLY INTERESTING TO THE SEX:

Intended for the Cultivation of their Minds, and to
assist them in varying their Mode of Reading;

By MR. CRESSWICK,

TEACHER OF ELOCUTION.

La Beauté de l'Esprit surpasse infiniment celle du Corps.

L O N D O N:

Printed for G. G. J. and J. ROBINSON, in Paternoster-row,
and Hookham and Carpenter, Old and New Bond-street.

MDCCXCII.

THE
LADY'S PRECEPTOR

OF
EXERCISES IN READING

PARTICULARLY OF FEMALE



A
SERIES OF
EXERCISES IN READING

FOR THE
IMPROVEMENT OF THE MIND AND TO
FURNISH A BASIS FOR READING

BY
F. M. CRESSWICK

OF
RECOGNITION

IN
THE
BRITISH MUSEUM

LONDON

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and Blackman and Co. 111, Old and New Bond Street.

1862

P R E F A C E.

THOUGH it must be confessed that the Public are in possession of a great variety of useful Collections, calculated to furnish young persons with exercises in reading and speaking; yet there seems to be wanting a further selection for the particular use of Young Ladies. To effect this desirable object, and to enable them, under proper instructions, to acquire the valuable and pleasing accomplishment of reading with propriety and elegance, by having the choice of a suitable variety for the purpose, Mr. CRESWICK, the compiler of this Collection, has selected a series of Essays,

says, Narratives, Dialogues, Letters, and other compositions which approach the nearest to the language of easy and elegant conversation; and upon such topics as may be most materially interesting to the Fair Sex; carefully excluding every thought or expression which may, in the smallest degree, be injurious to the purity of their morals; together with an elegant and considerable variety of Poetical Compositions. The whole with a view to assist them in varying their mode of reading and speaking; and to furnish their minds with a fund of innocent, pleasing, and useful ideas.

The relative duties of daughter, wife, mother, friend, and valuable member of society, are forcibly inculcated in this Selection, and submitted to the careful perusal and attention of the Female Reader, the encouragement of parents and governesses, and the approbation of the public.

With regard to the Poetry in this Selection, it has been observed by persons of taste and judgment, that those who are accustomed to
read

read only one species of poetry, frequently contract a monotonous and disagreeable tone, or a dislike to all other kinds of poetry. It is owing to this, that many poetical compositions are either overlooked, or read with such diffidence and impropriety, that the hearer is disgusted, the reader disregarded, and the sense destroyed. To remedy this defect, a collection of various kinds of poetry appears the most probable plan; and is accordingly adopted by the Editor of this Work, carefully omitting the insertion of pieces which are to be met with in other Collections of this kind; except in a very few instances.

Novelty generally gains attention, and attention disposes to diligence.

The many excellent theoretical instructions already extant, precludes the necessity of expatiating on that subject in this Work, especially as it is generally acknowledged, that practice, under the direction of an experienced Tutor, capable of enforcing precept by just example, is of much greater efficacy than a multiplicity

multiplicity of rules without the assistance of such a Tutor, in whom greater abilities are requisite than is generally imagined.

As this Selection has the allurements of much variety, it is hoped that the Female part of the community will receive both advantage and pleasure from it, every part of it recommending some virtue to their imitation, or giving a pleasing appearance to some amiable disposition of the heart.

THE EDITOR.

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SENTENCES

NEW SELECTION

OF

PROSAIC AND POETICAL
COMPOSITIONS.

SENTENCES FROM THE PROVERBS OF
SOLOMON.

THE price of a virtuous woman is far above rubies.
She stretcheth out her hand to the poor: yea, she
stretcheth out her hand to the needy; and she shall
rejoice in time to come.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her
tongue is the law of kindness.

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and
eateth not the bread of idleness.

Her children arise up, and call her blessed: her hus-
band also, and he praiseth her.

Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a
woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

B

Give

Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her.

Let sacred writings always be admired,
Whose holy penmen were with truth inspir'd.

Value your bible as your best treasure, and look upon religion as your best business.

A human soul without education, is like marble in a quarry, which shews none of its inherent beauties until the skill of the polisher makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental spot and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, when it works upon a noble mind, in the same manner draws out to view, every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such help, are never able to make their appearance.

SPECTATOR.

Every gift of heaven is lent us for our improvement.

We should always be attentive to what we are about; for it is a sign of a little mind, to be doing one thing, and at the same time thinking of another.

It requires little acquaintance with the heart, to know that a woman's first wish is to be handsome, but she should consider, that

Beauty, like a flower, soon fades away,
But mental charms will ne'er decay.

That

S E N T E N C E S.

That enchanting instrument, the female tongue, when properly tuned, is more powerful than all the charms of music; but anger, violence and rage, render it disgusting; and a turbulent woman disgraces the delicacy of her sex. Be advised, ye fair, never be loud or violent, if you wish to be happy. Constantly exert those tender and endearing arts, which nature has so lavishly bestowed upon you.

The first thing to be inculcated in young persons is, to be of a tractable disposition, and to lay themselves open to instruction.

Whatever you undertake in the course of your education, strive to excel in it. To learn things by halves, is learning to little purpose; and those who do not make a due progress in what they are taught, affront their teachers, disappoint their parents, and, to their own shame, are suspected of idleness, or want of capacity, an imputation they should wish to avoid.

Be assured that no character is more amiable than that of a female who practices the rules of purity and virtue; for in the exercise of those qualities consist the finest and best breeding.

Though it may appear opposite to all modern refinement, for a girl in the bloom of sixteen, to think herself mortal, or made for any other purpose than to attract admiration, and to pursue the pleasures of this

life, yet it will redound more to her real happiness, both here and hereafter, to form her conduct upon that plan (let it be ever so old-fashioned), that leads to pure delight, and secures eternal bliss.

Many are the advantages that arise from transcribing. By this practice, true spelling and pointing will be made familiar to you ; it will imprint the subject on your memory, and will fix your attention to the authors meaning, so that you will take in his various beauties with the greatest ease and pleasure.

The elegant beauty, whose fondest aim is to please and be admired, will often find herself disappointed, because she pays but too little regard to that complete harmony of manner and behaviour that is the perfection of her beauty.—A beauty that has been severely treated by the small pox, learns to esteem people for something more than their persons.

A fine woman shews her charms to most advantage when she conceals them.

Ladies should accustom themselves to an habitual neatness in their dress, so that in the most careless undress, in their most unguarded hours, they may have no reason to be ashamed of their appearance. An elegant simplicity in dress, is an equal proof of taste and delicacy.

A lady, in the choice of her friends, should have a principal regard to goodness of heart and fidelity ; and if they also possess taste and genius, that will still make them

them more agreeable and useful companions. But "Since friends grow not thick on everybough, nor every friend unrotten at the core," (as Dr. Young says) they should be well acquainted with the honour and integrity of their acquaintance before they form a friendly intimacy, and place a confidence in them.

A BEQUEST IN A LADY'S WILL.

I hereby give to my dear Miss G——. my beautiful chest of drawers, to contain her wearing apparel, but hope she will not forget, when she makes use of it, that mental graces and virtues are a lady's most ornamental dress; and that *that* dress has this peculiar excellency, it will last *for ever*, and will improve by wearing.

The Supreme Being has every thing in himself; we proceed from him, and our knowledge and affections must return to him for employment suited to them; and those who most resemble him, ought, next to him, to be the objects of our love, and the beings we should try to associate with: but, be assured, our chief comfort will arise from the mind's reviewing its own operations, and the whispers of conscience, that life has not slipped away unimproved.

A D D R E S S.

AN ADDRESS TO THE READERS ON THE VALUE OF TIME.

I wish to impress on the minds of my readers, both young and old, for I hope there are but few parents, or those to whom the care of youth is intrusted, but who peruse those works they submit to the hands of young persons: I wish to set before them, in the strongest point of view, the importance of *Time*, and the ill consequences arising from the neglect of that invaluable article, which it is out of the power of money to purchase the return of, and which lamentations in vain attempt to bring back.

Among the number of those readers advanced in life, there may be many who know, by fatal experience, the importance of *time*, and the danger attending the neglect of it. Would the younger part who want this experience, which is generally purchased at too dear a rate, but suffer reason to be their guide, they would no longer trifle away their hours in senseless giddy vanities; but listen and obey the voice that calls them to their duty, that warns them how fleeting time is, which passeth away like a shadow; and, with the persuasive force of truth, it would admonish them to improve

prove the present moment; to neglect no opportunity that presents itself to make them better, wiser, and consequently, more happy.

I met with a quotation from an old author, whose name was not mentioned, on this subject; the beauty and truth of the passage struck me so much, as to induce me to lay it before my readers.

‘ Hours have wings, and fly up to the author of time, and carry news of our usage. All our prayers cannot entreat one of them either to return or slacken its pace. The mispense of every minute is a new record against us in heaven. Sure, if we thought thus, we would dismiss them with better report, and not suffer them either to go away empty, or laden with dangerous intelligence. How happy is it that every hour should convey up, not only the message, but the fruits of good, and stay with the Ancient of Days to speak for us before his glorious throne.’

This most solemn and serious exhortation must awaken, within the breasts of the most unconcerned, reflections of a serious nature: it shews us in the beautiful simplicity of ancient language, the value of every hour, nay, minute; that we are accountable to the Almighty for the use or abuse of every moment of our lives. Let us then endeavour to pass the time *present* in such a manner, that we may look back on it with satisfaction, when it becomes the *past*, and at the end of each day be able to say, behold a day *past*, but not *lost*; then we may look forward with hope to that great day, when at the dread Tribunal, we are to deliver up an

8 O B S E R V A T I O N S.

account of all things committed to our care, when we may say, 'O Lord, of the hours thou hast granted unto me, have I lost none.'

To thee, O youth, is my exhortation chiefly addressed; thine is the season when the plant of truth most flourishes, which, if cultivated by a parent's or guardian's fostering hand, produces fruit an hundred fold. In the cheerful morn of life, when innocence attends thy footsteps, when the cheerful temper, the open countenance, the unembarrassed air, announce the sincerity of a heart uncorrupted by the world, open to the voice of counsel, and moulded into form like yielding wax: then is the time when friendly counsel should be poured in.

Let me then, my young friends, prevail upon you to make diligent use of the present moment, and the reward to you, both here and hereafter, will be manifold.

Trust to the pilot, who, from his knowledge of the rocks and quicksands of life, will conduct you into the port and harbour of contentment and happiness with safety.

OBSERVATIONS ON READING

By Miss WOLLSTONECRAFT and other Writers.

It is an old, but a very true observation, that the human mind must ever be employed. A relish for reading, or any of the fine arts, should be cultivated
very

very early in life; and those who reflect can tell, of what importance it is for the mind to have some resource in itself, and not to be entirely dependant on the senses for employment and amusement. If it unfortunately is so, it must submit to meanness, and often to vice, in order to gratify them. The wisest and best are too much under their influence; and the endeavouring to conquer them, when reason and virtue will not give their sanction, constitutes great part of the warfare of life. What support, then, have they, who are all senses, and who are full of schemes, which terminate in temporal objects?

Reading is the most rational employment, if people seek food for the understanding, and do not merely repeat words and sentiments which they do not understand or feel. Judicious books, and only such, enlarge the mind and improve the heart.

Those productions which give a wrong account of the human passions, and the various accidents of life, ought never to be read. Such accounts are one great cause of the affectation of young women. Sensibility is described and praised, and the effects of it represented in a way so different from nature, that those who imitate it must make themselves very ridiculous. A false taste is acquired, and sensible books appear dull and insipid after those superficial performances, which obtain their full end if they can keep the mind in a continual ferment. Gallantry is made the only interesting subject with the novelist; reading, therefore, will often cooperate to make his fair admirers insignificant.

I do not mean to recommend only such books as are of an abstracted or grave cast. There are in our language many, in which instruction and innocent amusement are happily blended ; these should be chosen, and may be easily selected.

I would have every one try to form an opinion of an author themselves, though modesty may restrain them from mentioning it. Many are so anxious to have the reputation of taste, that they only praise the authors whose merit is indisputable. I am sick of hearing of the sublimity of Milton, the elegance and harmony of Pope, and the original, untaught genius of Shakespear. These cursory remarks are made by some who know nothing of nature, and could not enter into the spirit of those authors, or understand them.

A florid style mostly passes with the ignorant for fine writing ; many sentences are admired that have no meaning in them, though they contain " words of thundering sound," and others that have nothing to recommend them but sweet and musical terminations.

The bible should be read with particular respect, and young persons should not be taught reading entirely by so sacred a book ; lest they might consider that as a task, which ought to be a source of the most exalted satisfaction.

It may be observed, that I recommend the mind's being put into a proper train. Fixed rules cannot be given, it must depend on the nature and strength of the understanding ; and those who observe it can best tell what kind of cultivation will improve it. The mind

is not, cannot be created by the teacher, though it may be cultivated, and its real powers found out.

The active spirits of youth may make time glide away without intellectual enjoyments; but when the novelty of the scene is worn off, the want of them will be felt, and nothing else can fill up the void. The mind is confined to the body, and must sink into sensuality; for it has nothing to do but to provide for it "how it shall eat and drink, and wherewithal it shall be clothed."

All kinds of refinement have been found fault with for encreasing our cares and sorrows; yet surely the contrary effect also arises from them. Taste and thought open many sources of pleasure, which do not depend on fortune.

No employment of the mind is a sufficient excuse for neglecting domestic duties, but I cannot conceive that they are incompatible. A woman may fit herself to be the companion and friend of a man of sense, and yet know how to take care of his family.

A DESCRIPTION OF DIFFERENT READERS.

Without attention in reading, it is impossible to remember, and without remembering, it is time and labour lost, to read, or learn.

Reading with reflection is the basis of true wisdom.

Idle or inattentive readers, read without understanding what they read.

Dull readers set themselves and their hearers to sleep.

Mumbling inarticulate readers will never make other people understand what they read, or be listened to with pleasure.

Sensible judicious readers will read clearly, distinctly, and with proper pauses, emphasis and cadence; in short, with a thorough understanding and feeling of every word they utter.

Whoever reads a perfect or finished composition, either in poetry or prose, on any subject, should read it even if alone, both audibly, distinctly and deliberately; with a due attention to every kind of stop or rest, with proper elevations and depressions of the voice, and whatever else constitutes just and accurate pronunciation. They who despise, neglect, or know nothing of this, will, in their reading such composition, not only miss many beauties of the style, but (which is worse) will probably miss a large portion of the sense.

Read therefore, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

Every new branch of taste that we cultivate, affords us a refuge from idleness; and the more noble our employments, the more exalted will be our minds.

The highest and most important branch of solitary amusements is reading; much depends on the choice of books: improper ones do an irreparable injury to the mind; but in making a judicious choice, we acquire a stock of knowledge, a mine which we can occasionally recur to, independent of outward circumstances.

A sure way to improve by reading is, to write down your opinion of such persons and things which occur to you in your reading to enquire wherein such and such authors excel, or are defective, to observe how they might have been carried on to a greater degree of perfection, and how they excelled or fell short of others. By thus digesting what you read, you will insensibly rise at proper notions of what is truly amiable.

REASONS WHICH SHOULD PUT LADIES
UPON THEIR GUARD AGAINST READING
THE GENERALITY OF MODERN NOVELS.

The more extravagant, absurd and ridiculous, the novel is, the greater is the probability of its pleasing youthful minds.

As love is the foundation, so it is the superstructure of most novels. But what is that kind of love which is there taught?—Not that tender sympathy of two mutual hearts, whose love is founded on reason, prudence and virtue; but a blind, violent and impetuous passion which hurries its unhappy victims into endless woes, teaches children disobedience to their parents, inspires them with notions of self-sufficiency, and encourages them to commence wanderers at an age in which infant punishments ought to be applied to bring them to their senses. Hence it is, perhaps, we may account for the misconduct of many persons who, even in the last stage of their lives, act in conformity to the ideas they

they imbibed in their early days from novels and romances. Can it then reasonably be expected, that young ladies who have imbibed such principles, should make good wives, prudent mothers, or even agreeable companions?

RICHARDSON.

ORIGIN OF NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

Hither, in days of yore, from Spain or France,
 Came a dread forcerefs, her name Romance ;
 O'er Britain's isle her way-ward spells she cast,
 And common sense in magic chain bound fast.
 In mad sublime did each fond lover woo,
 And in heroics ran each billet-doux :
 High deeds of chivalry their sole delight,
 Each fair a maid distress'd, each swain a knight.
 Then might Statira Orondates see,
 At tilts and tournaments, arm'd cap a-pee.
 She too, on milk-white palfrey, lance in hand,
 A dwarf to guard her, pranc'd about the land.
 This fiend to quell, his sword Cervantes drew,
 A trusty Spanish blade, Toledo true ;
 Her talismans and magic wand he broke—
 Knights, genii, castles—vanish'd into smoke.
 But now, the dear delights of later years,
 The younger sister of Romance appears ;
 Less solemn is her air, her drift the same,
 And Novel her enchanting, charming name.

Romance

Romance might strike our grave forefathers pomp,
But Novels for our buck, and lively romp !
Cassandra's folios now no longer read,
See, two neat pocket volumes in their stead !
And then, so sentimental is the style,
So chaste, yet so bewitching all the while !
Plot and elopement, passion, rape and rapture,
The total sum of every dear—dear—chapter.
'Tis not alone the small talk and the smart,
'Tis Novel most beguiles the female heart.
Miss reads, she melts, she sighs, love steals upon her,
And then, alas, poor girl ! good night poor honour !

AN ESSAY ON WOMEN.

Those who consider women only as pretty figures, placed here for ornament, have but a very imperfect idea of the sex. They perpetually say, that women are lovely flowers, designed to heighten the complexion of nature. This is very true ; but at the same time women should not let themselves be perverted by such trifling discourse, but take care not to be content with these superficial advantages. There are too many, who, satisfied with that partition, seem to have renounced any other accomplishment but that of charming the eye. Women have quite another destination, and were created for more noble ends, than that of being a vain spectacle : their beauties are only heralds of more touching

touching qualities ; to reduce all to beauty, is to degrade them, and put them almost on a level with their pictures. Those who are *only* handsome, may make a pretty figure in an arm chair, or may decorate a drawing-room : they are literally *fit to be seen* ; but to find in their acquaintance all the advantages we have a right to expect, women must have more than beauty.

Among intelligent beings, society should not be bounded by a cold exhibition of their persons, or a dull conversation of lies and vanity. Whatever doth not tend to make us better, corrupts us ; but if women, who are the ornaments of society, would strive to join justness of thought, and uprightness of heart, to the graces of the body, the taste we have for them would unfold excellent qualities in us : let them then raise their souls to noble objects, and they will ripen the seeds of every virtue in men.

The empire which women owe to beauty, was only given them for the general good of all the human species. Men, destined to great actions, have a certain fierceness, which only women can correct ; there is in their manners, more than their features, a sweetness capable of bending that natural ferocity, which, untempered, would soon degenerate into brutality.

We may well say, that if we were destitute of women, we should all be different from what we are. Our endeavours to be agreeable to them, polish and soften that rough severe strain so natural to us ; their cheerfulness is a counter balance to our rough, austere humours.

humours. In a word, if men did not converse with women, they would be less perfect, and less happy than they are.

That man who is insensible to the sweetness of female conversation, is rarely the friend to mankind: such cherish an insensibility, which renders even their virtues dangerous.

If men require the tender application of women to render them more tractable, those, on the other hand, equally want the conversation of men, to awaken their vivacity, and draw them from a negligence, into which, if they were not stimulated by a desire of pleasing, they would certainly fall. That desire produces the allurements of the face, the grace of air, and the sweetness of voice: for whether they speak, move, or smile, they think of rendering themselves agreeable. Whence we may conclude, that it is the men who, in some degree, give charms to the women; who, without them, would fall into a sour, or indolent temper. Besides, female minds, overwhelmed with trifles, would languish in ignorance, if men, recalling them to more elevated objects, did not communicate dignity and vigour.

'Tis thus, that the two sexes ought to be perfected by one another. The manly courage of the one is tempered by the softness of the other, which, in its turn, borrows from the same courage. The one acquires, in women's company, a milder tincture, while the other lose their female levity. Their different qualities balance each other; and it is from that mixture, that that happy accord arises, which renders them both more accomplished.

happy

The variety of minds, may be compared to that of voices, which would rather form an agreeable concert, than a grating discord. If men are of a stronger frame, it is the more effectually to contribute to the happiness of those who are more delicate; one sex was not designed to be the oppressor of the other; the intimate connection between them is for general advantage, and those ridiculous debates of superiority, are an insult to nature, and an ingratitude for her benefits.

We are born women's friends, not their rivals, much less their tyrants; and that strength which was given us for their defence, is abused, when thereby we enslave them; and to banish from society its sweetest charm, that part of the human species which is most proper to animate it, would render it quite insipid.

The truth of this, hath been proved by the people of the East, who, joining together a sense of their own weakness and a brutal passion, have regarded women as dangerous companions, against whom they must be on their guard: therefore they have enslaved that sex to avoid being enslaved by them, and have thought too much love gave them a title to misuse them: but these tyrannic matters have been the first victims of their tyrannic jealousy. Devoted to a lonely, melancholy life, they have sought for tender sensations in vain, amidst their fair slaves. Sensibility, with the delicacy, ever its companion, are only to be found in the reign of freedom, since they both necessarily shun a society, void of those springs whence they might grow.

LITERARY MISCELANY.

AN

AN ESSAY ON THE STUDIES PROPER FOR WOMEN.

To prohibit women entirely from learning, is treating them with the same indignity that Mahomet did, who denied them souls; indeed the greatest part of women act as if they had really adopted a tenet so injurious to the sex.

When we consider the happy talents which women in general possess, and how successfully some have cultivated them, we cannot without indignation observe the little esteem they have for the endowments of their minds, which it is so easy for them to improve. They are, as Montaigne says, "flowers of quick growth, and by the delicacy of their conception, catch readily and without trouble, the relation of things to each other."

The charms of their persons, how powerful soever, may attract, but cannot fix us; something more than beauty is necessary to rivet the lover's chain. By often beholding a beautiful face, the impression it first made soon wears away. When the woman whose person we admire is incapable of pleasing us by her conversation, languor and satiety soon triumph over the relish we had for her charms: hence arises the inconstancy with which men are so often reproached; that barrenness of
ideas

ON STUDIES FOR WOMEN

ideas which we find in women, renders men unfaithful.

The ladies may judge of the difference there is among them, by that which they themselves make between a fool who teases them with his impertinence, and a man of letters who entertains them agreeably ; a very little labour would equal them to the last, and perhaps give them the advantage. This is a kind of victory which we wish to yield them.

The more they enlarge their notions, the more subjects of conversation will be found between them and us, and the more sprightly and affecting will that conversation be. How many delicate sentiments, how many nice sensibilities are lost by not being communicable, and what an increase of satisfaction should we feel could we meet with women disposed to taste them.

But what are the studies to which women may with propriety apply themselves? This question I take upon myself to answer. I would particularly recommend to them to avoid all abstract learning, all difficult researches, which may blunt the finer edge of their wit, and change the delicacy in which they excel into pedantic coarseness.

It is in such parts of learning only as afford the highest improvement that we invite women to share with us. All that may awaken curiosity, and lend grace to the imagination, suits them still better than us. This is a vast field where we may together exercise the mind ; and here they may even excel us without mortifying our pride.

History

History and natural philosophy are alone sufficient to furnish women with an agreeable kind of study. The latter, in a series of useful observations and interesting experiments, offers a spectacle well worthy the consideration of a reasonable being. But in vain does nature present her miracles to the generality of women, who have no attention but to trifles.

Yet surely it requires but a small degree of attention, to be struck with that wonderful harmony, which reigns throughout the universe, and to become ambitious of investigating its secret springs. This is a large volume open to all; here a pair of beautiful eyes may employ themselves without being fatigued. This amiable study will banish langour from the sober amusements of the country, and repair that waste of intellect which is caused by the dissipations of the town. Women cannot be too much excited to raise their eyes to objects like these, which they but too often cast down to such as are unworthy of them.

The sex is more capable of attention than we imagine: what they chiefly want is a well-directed application. There is scarcely a young girl who has not read with eagerness a great number of idle romances, sufficient to corrupt her imagination and cloud her understanding. If she had devoted the same time to the study of history, in those varied scenes she would have found facts more interesting, and instruction which only truth can give.

Those striking pictures that are displayed in the annals of the human race, are highly proper to direct the judgment

judgment, and form the heart. Women have at all times had so great a share in events, that they may with reason consider our archives as their own; nay, there are many of them who have written memoirs of the several events of which they had been eye-witnesses. Christina of Pisan, daughter to the astronomer, patronised by the Emperor Charles the Fifth, has given us the life of that prince; and long before her, the princess Anna Comnenus wrote the history of her own times. We call upon the ladies to assert their rights, and from the study of history, to extract useful lessons for the conduct of life.

This study, alike pleasing and instructive, will naturally lead to that of the fine arts. The arts are in themselves too amiable to need any recommendation to the sex: all the objects they offer to their view have some analogy with women, and are like them adorned with the brightest colours. The mind is agreeably soothed by those images which poetry, painting and musick trace out, especially if they are found to agree with purity of manners.

To familiarize ourselves with the arts, is in some degree to create a new sense. So agreeably have they imitated nature; nay, so often have they embellished it, that whoever cultivates them, will in them always find a fruitful source of new pleasures. We ought to provide against the encroachments of languor and weariness by this addition to our natural riches; and surely when we may so easily transfer to ourselves the possession

of that multitude of pleasing ideas which they have created, it would be the highest stupidity to neglect such an advantage.

There is no reason to fear that the ladies, by applying themselves to these studies, will throw a shade over the natural graces of their wit. On the contrary, those graces will be placed in a more conspicuous point of view. What can equal the pleasure we receive from the conversation of a woman who is more solicitous to adorn her mind than her person? in the company of such women there can be no satiety; every thing becomes interesting, and has a secret charm which only they can give. The happy art of saying the most ingenious things with a graceful simplicity is peculiar to them; they call forth the powers of wit in men, and communicate to them that easy elegance which is never to be acquired in the closet.

But what preservative is there against disgust in the society of women of unimproved understandings? in vain do they endeavour to fill the void of their conversation with insipid gaiety: they soon exhaust the barren fund of fashionable trifles, the news of the day, and hacknied compliments; they are at length obliged to have recourse to scandal, and it is well if they stop there: a commerce in which there is nothing solid, must be either mean or criminal.

There is but one way to make it more varied and more interesting. If ladies of rank would condescend to form their taste and collect ideas from our best authors, conversation would take another cast: their acknowledged

knowledge merit would banish that swarm of noisy impertinents who flutter about them, and endeavour to render them as contemptible as themselves: men of sense and learning would frequent their assemblies, and form a circle more worthy of the name of *good company*.

In this new circle, gaiety would not be banished, but refined by delicacy and wit. Merit is not austere, a calm and uniform cheerfulness runs through the conversation of persons of real understanding, which is far preferable to the noisy mirth of ignorance and folly. The societies formed by the Sevignes, the Fayette, the Sablières, with the Vevonnes, the La Fares, and Rochefoucaults, were surely more pleasing than the assemblies of our days. Among them learning was not pedantic, nor wisdom severe; and subjects of the highest importance were treated with all the sprightliness of wit.

The ladies must allow me once more to repeat to them, that the only means of charming, and of charming long, is to improve their minds; good sense gives beauties which are not subject to fade like the lillies and roses of their cheeks, but will prolong the power of an agreeable woman to the autumn of her life.

RELIGION THE BEST FEMALE AC- QUIREMENT.

Without religion no lady's education can be complete. I shall therefore take the liberty of offering some few sentiments upon this important subject.

beghelwond

True

True Religion (as an elegant Author observes) is the joint refulgence of all the virtues. It resembles the Sun, at whose sight all the Stars hide their diminished heads. It breathes benevolence and love to man. The truly pious serve God, their Creator and Benefactor, with their whole soul. They honour and love him, not so much for the sake of their promised reward, as for the benefits they have received, and are more actuated by Gratitude than Hope. They are severe to themselves, and compassionate to others. They endeavour to reclaim the erroneous, not by severity, but meekness. They are always similar to themselves, and serve God uniformly, not by fits and starts. They are at peace with all men. They comfort the afflicted, support the distressed, and cloath the naked. They neither exult in prosperity, nor sink in adversity, but remain contented with the will of God, and patiently bear those afflictions he is pleased to lay upon them. They shew their piety not in theory but in practice, not in words but works. They are not led by fear, ambition, or worldly interest, but by love to the Author of their being. They strive to promote the Good of all men, and labour to secure eternal bliss.

It must affect all our feelings, when we consider our Creator became the Saviour of all ages; from the first birth of time to its last period; the Father of Mankind from the rising up of the Sun to the going down of the same; the blessings of his coming into the world are as extensive as the world and as lasting as eternity;—view leisurely the stupendous scheme,—a whole world re-

deemed from misery ;—a whole world made happy, if their own impenitence doth not prevent it, made everlastingly happy ; and tell me, what sentiments it ought to inspire you with ;—why, sentiments of gratitude too big to be uttered, too fervent to be concealed.

We think no language too harsh, no usage too severe, to those, who can be guilty of base Ingratitude to a generous Friend, Parent, or Father of his country. But what are the most distinguishing benefits, which a father of his country, a parent, a friend, can heap upon us, in comparison of what our Saviour has done for us Lighter than vanity, and nothing, when weighed in the balance with an exceeding and eternal weight of glory, the greatest blessing, that Man could receive, or even God bestow.

Behold, with the eye of Faith, a spectacle worthy to be beheld by God with pleasure, and by angels with wonder and astonishment : a spectacle ridiculous in the eyes of those, who are too *dull* to discern the Saviour through the sufferer ; but in the eye of those ennobled beings, who see things as they are in themselves, and not as they are set off by pomp, a spectacle more august and awfully glorious, than ever before appeared on the theatre of nature.

Behold the Son of God pouring forth his blood, as well as prayers, even for those that shed it : Behold him at once bearing the insults, expiating the sins, and procuring the happiness of mankind ; till at last he bows his sacred head, and shuts up the solemn scene with these short, but comprehensive words, *It is finished*: The great,

great, the stupendous work is done, the universal sacrifice, which shall take in all mankind, and which all mankind shall contemplate throughout eternity with awful joy and gratitude, is compleated.

And can we receive these astonishing endearments, this prodigious expanse of goodness, which, like the blessed effects that we are to receive from it, is such as *eye hath not seen before, nor ear heard, nor had it entered into the heart of man to conceive*; Can we receive it, I say, with a dull insensibility, and a stupid indifference?

If we find ourselves affected with endearing sentiments of love, towards virtuous characters, which we read of in ancient history: If, when their story is represented on the stage, we feel our hearts interested in their favour; if we honour and esteem them, from whom we reap no advantage; how much more ought we to love, esteem, and honour him, the benefit of whose actions and sufferings reaches to all ages, all nations, all mankind? What are they (the great Heroes of antiquity) to us, or we to them; who might be an honour to the age in which they lived, but are of no service to us; like stars at an immense distance, the light of which may fill their own sphere, but reaches not down to this lower world? But our Saviour was a person born for the whole world, for which he died, a blessing to all mankind from the *beginning of time*, and whom all mankind will have reason to bless, when *time shall be no more*.

But let us remember, that there were two ends of our Saviour's coming into the world; the one to be a *compleat pattern of goodness* in this life; and the other to

be a full *satisfaction* for *sin* by his death. In vain we expect to be saved by his *death*, as a full satisfaction for *sin*; unless we endeavour to copy after his *life*, as a compleat pattern of goodness. He came, not to make our repentance needless, but to make it valid and effectual. *Ye are not your own*, says St. Paul, *for ye are bought with a price. Therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's.*

I flatter myself that my Readers have too much benevolence and sensibility, to render any farther inforcement of Religion necessary, I shall, therefore conclude the whole with a Poem,

ON THE EXCELLENCY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

RELIGION hail! thou guardian of our lives,
Foundress of states, of laws protectress, fair
Virtue's strong rock, and Reason's noblest guide:
Without thy aid each social tie is lost,
Without thy aid the laws would threat in vain,
Without thy aid this world were drown'd in blood.
Freed from the fear of hell, or hope of heav'n,
Life were a load, and being were a curse;
When misery with hope destroying stake
Impalls the wretch, and horror wings the soul,
Thy balm affords relief, allays the pain,
And bids the harmless weapon quit the wound;

When

When Fortune and when Plenty load the board,
 Thou on the altar of the human heart
 Dost light a flame, that, tow'ring to the clouds,
 Exhales an incense grateful to the skies ;
 If foes encrease thou bidd'st their rancour end,
 If dangers press, Faith lends her ample shield,
 Defies their threats, and frowns them into bliss ;
 E'en Death that plucks the planets from the skies
 Owns thy superior might. foregoes his sting ;
 And the proud grave, victorious o'er our clay,
 At thy command his laurell'd chaplet quits,
 Returns the shrowd, and growling leaves his prey.
 Say, mighty Reas'ners infidels baptiz'd,
 Who drest in Folly's garb, yet idly dream,
 That Wisdom's robe upon your shoulders shine :
 Say, when tempestuous passions tear the soul,
 Cloud Reason's beam and put out Wisdom's light,
 Can the thin cobweb, spun by subtle brains,
 Outlive the storm, and dare the tempest's rage ;
 Yet when to Reason's aid Religion joins,
 And in her left hand gives the redd'ning bolt,
 Or in her right eternal bliss consigns,
 Nor life nor death can move the stable soul,
 Nor life nor death impart, or hope or fear ;
 Unmov'd we pass as *Israel's* Patriarch did,
 And make the world a ladder to the skies.
 —Worship ! whatever purblind Deists deem ;
 Worship's the noblest converse of the soul,
 It opens Heaven's irradiating doors,
 Admits us to the audience of our God,

Makes him our friend, and makes us truly great,
 Is it an honour for the rustic swain,
 To sit in council with the sceptred Chief?
 How great the honour then to talk with him,
 Who is the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords,
 Religion shortens Sorrow's thorny road,
 Plucks from the heart the arrow of despair,
 Matures the seeds of Virtue in the soul,
 Gives Reason wings, and bids her scale the skies.
 —More would I speak; but who, alas! can sound
 This vast abyss, or half it's stores exhaust;
 Yet, in obedience to thy sceptred nod,
 I stop the flowing current of my speech,
 And glory in the thoughts I have not spoke.

ADVICE TO A DAUGHTER.

BY LORD HALIFAX.

FRIENDSHIP.

I MUST in particular recommend to you a strict care
 in the choice of your friendships. Perhaps the best are
 not without their objections, but however, be sure that
 yours

yours may not stray from the rules which the wiser part of the world hath set to them. The leagues offensive and defensive, seldom hold in politics, and much less in friendships. The violent intimacies, when once broken, of which they scarce ever fail, make such noise; the bag of secrets untied, they fly about like birds let loose from a cage, and become the entertainment of the town. Besides, these great dearnesses, by degrees, grow injurious to the rest of your acquaintance, and throw them off from you. There is such an offensive distinction when the dear friend comes into the room, that it is flinging stones at the company, who are not apt to forgive it.

Do not lay out your friendship too lavishly at first, since it will, like other things, be so much the sooner spent; neither let it be of too sudden a growth; for as the plants which shoot up too fast, are not of that continuance as those which take more time for it; so too swift a progress in pouring out your kindness, is a certain sign that by the course of nature it will not be long lived. You will be responsible to the world, if you pitch upon such friends as at that time are under the weight of any criminal objection. In that case, you will bring yourself under the disadvantages of their character, and must bear your part of it. Choosing implies approving; and if you fix upon a lady for your friend against whom the world hath given judgment, 'tis not so well natured as to believe you are altogether averse to her way of living, since it doth not discourage you from admitting her into your kindness. And re-

semblance of inclinations being thought none of the least inducements to friendship, you will be looked upon as a well wisher, if not a partner with her in her faults. If you can forgive them in another, it may be presumed you will not be less gentle to yourself; and therefore you must not take it ill, if you are reckoned a croupiere, and condemned to pay an equal share with a friend of the reputation she hath lost.

If it happens that your friend should fall from the state of innocence, after your kindness was engaged to her, you may be slow in your belief in the beginning of the discovery: but as soon as you are convinced by a rational evidence, you must, without breaking too roughly, make a fair and a quick retreat from such a mistaken acquaintance: else by moving too slowly from one that is so tainted, the contagion may reach you so far as to give you part of the scandal, though not of the guilt. This matter is so nice, that as you must not be too hasty to join in the censure upon your friend when she is accused, so you are not, on the other side, to defend her with too much warmth; for if she should happen to deserve the report of common fame, besides the vexation that belongs to such a mistake, you will draw an ill appearance upon yourself, and it will be thought you pleaded for her, not without some consideration of yourself. The anger which must be put on to vindicate the reputation of an injured friend, may incline the company to suspect you would not be so zealous, if there was not a possibility that the case might be

be your own. For this reason, you are not to carry your dearness so far, as absolutely to lose your sight where your friends is concerned. Because malice is too quick sighted, it doth not follow, that friendship must be blind; there is to be a mean between these two extremes, else your excess of good nature may betray you into a very ridiculous figure, and by degrees you may be preferred to such offices as you will not be proud of.

Let the good sense of your friends be a chief ingredient in your choice of them; else let your reputation be never so clear, it may be clouded by their impertinence. It is like our houses being in the power of a drunken or a careless neighbour: only so much worse, as that there will be no insurance here to make you amends, as there is in the case of fire.

To conclude this paragraph; if formality is to be allowed in any instance, it is to be put on to resist the invasion of such forward women as shall press themselves into your friendship, where, if admitted, they will either be a snare or an incumbrance.

P R I D E.

THIS is an ambiguous word; one kind of it is as much a virtue, as the other is a vice: but we are naturally so apt to choose the worst, that it is become dangerous to commend the best side of it.

A woman is not to be proud of her fine gown; nor when she hath less wit than her neighbours, to comfort herself that she hath more lace. Some ladies put so much weight upon ornaments, that if one could see into their hearts, it would be found, that even the thoughts of death is made less heavy to them by the contemplation of their being laid out in state, and honourably attended to the grave. One may come a good deal short of such an extreme, and yet still be sufficiently impertinent, by setting a wrong value upon things, which ought to be used with more indifference. A lady must not appear solicitous to ingross respect to herself, but be content with a reasonable distribution, and allow it to others, that she may have it returned to her. She is not to be troublesomely nice, nor distinguish herself by being too delicate, as if ordinary things were too coarse for her; this is an unmannerly and an offensive pride, and where it is practised, deserves to be mortified, of which it seldom fails. She is not to lean too much upon her quality, much less to despise those who are below it. Some make quality an idol, and then their reason must fall down and worship it. They would have the world think, that no amends can ever be made for the want of a great title, or an ancient coat of arms: they imagine, that with these advantages they stand upon the higher ground, which makes them look down upon merit and virtue, as things inferior to them. This mistake is not only senseless, but criminal too, in putting a greater price upon that which is a piece of good luck, than upon things which are valuable in themselves.

Laughing

Laughing is not enough for such a folly ; it must be severely whipped, as it justly deserves. It will be confessed, there are frequent temptations given by pert upstarts to be angry, and by that to have our judgments corrupted in these cases ; but they are to be resisted ; and the utmost that is to be allowed, is, when those of a new edition will forget themselves, so as either to brag of their weak side, or endeavour to hide their meanness by their insolence, to cure them by a little seasonable raillery, a little sharpness well placed, without dwelling too long upon it.

These and many other kinds of pride are to be avoided.

That which is to be recommended to you, is an emulation to raise yourself to a character, by which you may be distinguished ; an eagerness for precedence in virtue, and all such other things as may gain you a greater share of the good opinion of the world. Esteem to virtue is like a cherishing air to plants and flowers, which makes them blow and prosper ; and for that reason it may be allowed to be, in some degree, the cause as well as the reward of it. That pride which leadeth to a good end, cannot be a vice, since it is the beginning of a virtue ; and to be pleased with just applause, is so far from a fault, that it would be an ill symptom in a woman, who should not place the greatest part of her satisfaction in it. Humility is no doubt a great virtue ; but it ceaseth to be so, when it is afraid to scorn an ill thing. Against vice and folly it is becoming your sex to be haughty ; but you must not carry the contempt of

things to arrogance towards persons, and it must be done with fitting distinctions, else it may be inconvenient by being unseasonable. A pride that raises a little anger to be outdone in any thing that is good, will have so good an effect, that it is very hard to allow it to be a fault.

It is no easy matter to carry even between these differing kinds so described ; but remember that it is safer for a woman to be thought too proud, than too familiar.

DIVERSIONS.

THE next thing I shall recommend to you, is a wise and a safe method of using diversions. To be too eager in the pursuit of pleasure whilst you are young, is dangerous ; to catch at it in riper years, is grasping a shadow ; it will not be held. Besides that by being less natural it grows to be indecent. Diversions are the most properly applied, to ease and relieve those who are oppressed, by being too much employed. Those that are idle have no need of them, and yet they above all others, give themselves up to them. To unbend our thoughts, when they are too much stretched by our cares, is not more natural than it is necessary, but to turn our whole life into a holiday, is not only ridiculous, but destroys pleasure, instead of promoting it. The mind, like the body, is tired by being always in one posture,

posture, too serious breaks, and too diverting loosens it: it is variety that gives the relish; so that diversions too frequently repeated, grow first to be indifferent, and at last tedious. Whilst they are well chosen and well timed, they are never to be blamed; but when they are used to an excess, though very innocent at first, they often grow to be criminal, and never fail to be impertinent.

Some ladies are bespoken for merry meetings, as Bessus was for duels. They are engaged in a circle of idleness, where they turn round for the whole year, without the interruption of a serious hour. They know all the players' names, and are intimately acquainted with all the booths in Bartholomew fair. No soldier is more obedient to the sound of his captain's trumpet, than they are to that which summons them to a puppet play or a monster. The spring that brings out flies and fools, makes them inhabitants in Hide Park; in the winter they are incumbrance to the play house, and the ballast of the drawing room. The streets all this while are so weary of these daily faces, that men's eyes are overlaid with them. The sight is glutted with fine things, as the stomach with sweet ones; when a fair lady will give too much of herself to the world, she grows luscious, and oppresses, instead of pleasing. These ladies so continually seek diversion, that in little time they grow into a jest, yet are unwilling to remember, that if they are seldomer seen, they would not be so often laughed at. Besides, they make themselves cheap,

38 ADVICE TO A DAUGHTER.

cheap, than which there cannot be an unkindler word bestowed upon your sex.

To play sometimes, to entertain company, or to divert yourself is not to be disallowed, but to do it so often as to be called a gamester, is to be avoided, next to the things that are most criminal. It hath consequences of several kinds not to be endured: it will engage you into a habit of idleness and ill hours, draw you into ill mixed company, make you neglect your civilities abroad, and your business at home, and impose into your acquaintance such as will do you no credit.

To deep play there will be yet greater objections. It will give occasion to the world to ask spiteful questions. How you dare venture to lose, and what means you have to pay such great sums? If you pay exactly, it will be enquired from whence the money comes? If you owe, and especially to a man, you must be so very civil to him for his forbearance, that it lays a ground of having it farther improved, if the gentleman is so disposed; It will be thought no unfair creditor, if where the estate fails, he seize upon the person. Besides, if a lady could see her own face upon an ill game, at a deep stake, she would certainly forswear any thing that could put her looks under such a disadvantage.

To dance sometimes, will not be imputed to you as a fault; but remember, that the end of your learning it, was, that you might the better know how to move gracefully. It is only an advantage so far. When it goes beyond it, one may call it excelling in a mistake, which

which is no very great commendation. It is better for a woman never to dance, because she hath no skill in it, than to do it too often, because she doth it well. The easiest, as well as the safest method of doing it, is in private companies, amongst particular friends, and then carelessly, like a diversion, rather than with solemnity, as if it was a business, or had any thing in it to deserve a month's preparation by serious conference with a dancing master.

Much more might be said on all these heads, and many more might be added to them. But I must restrain my thoughts, which are full of my dear child, and would overflow into a volume which would not be fit for a new-year's-gift. I will conclude with my warmest wishes for all that is good to you. That you may live so as to be an ornament to your family, and a pattern to your sex. That you may be blessed with a husband that may value, and with children that may inherit your virtue; that you may shine in the world by a true light, and silence envy by deserving to be esteemed; that wit and virtue may both conspire to make you a good figure. When they are separated, the first is so empty, and the other so faint, that they scarce have right to be commended. May they therefore meet and never part; let them be your guardian-angels, and be sure never to stray out of the distance of their joint protection. May you so raise your character, that you may help to make the next age a better thing, and leave posterity in your debt for the advantages it shall receive by your example,

Let

Let me conjure you, my dearest, to comply with this kind ambition of a father, whose thoughts are so engaged in your behalf, that he reckons your happiness to be the greatest part of his own.

ON FEMALE CREDULITY.

"Ye Heav'ns, if innocence deserves your care,

"Why have ye made it fatal to be fair?"

"False man, the ruin of our sex was born,

"The beauteous are his prey, the rest his scorn.

"Alike unfortunate our fate is such,

"We please too little, or we please too much."

N. ROWE.

THERE are a set of men in the world, who, to the disgrace of human nature, are never happier than in the pursuit of the destruction of some beauteous, innocent, and too easy believing fair one. What a melancholy consideration is it, that there are so many in the present day continually flying in the face of every law, human and divine, putting modesty to the blush, virtue out of countenance, and, like the devil himself, seeking whom he may devour; the various deep-laid schemes, made use of, not only to ruin the harmless unsuspecting virgin, but the virtuous and blooming wife, too plainly evidence the depravity of the age, and the sensuality of the times. Happy, thrice happy the wife, prudent, and discerning

discerning female, who is proof against all the arts of seduction, and resolutely withstands every temptation and attack upon her virtue.

As beauty recommends the virgin to the admiration of those around her, so it renders her more liable to be surrounded with designing flatterers. Of such devils in human shape, ye amiable fair ones beware, lest ye also become the dupe of their artifice and cunning.

AN EXTRACT FROM DR. FORDYCE'S SERMONS TO YOUNG WOMEN.

THAT admired maxim of heathen antiquity, "Reverence thyself," seems to me peculiarly proper for a woman. She that does not reverence herself must not hope to be respected by others. I would therefore remind you of your own value. By encouraging you to entertain a just esteem for yourselves, I would on one hand guard you against every thing degrading, and on the other awaken your ambition to act up to the best standard of your sex; to aspire at every amiable, every noble quality that is adapted to your state, or that can insure the affection and preserve the importance to which you were born. Now this importance is very great, whether we consider you in your present single condition, or as afterwards connected in wedlock.

Considering you in your present Single condition, I would begin where your duty in society begins, by putting

ting you in mind ~~how~~ deeply your Parents are interested in your behaviour. For the sake of the argument, I suppose your parents to be alive. Those that have had the misfortune to be early deprived of theirs, are commonly left to the care of some friend or guardian, who is understood to supply their place; and to such my remarks on this head will not be altogether inapplicable.

Are you who now hear me blest with parents that even in these times, and in this metropolis, where all the corruption and futility of these times are concentrated, discover a zeal for your improvement and salvation? How thankful should you be for the mighty blessing! Would you show that you are thankful? Do nothing to make them unhappy; do all in your power to give them delight. Ah, did you but know how much it is in your power to give them!—But who can describe the transports of a breast truly parental, on beholding a daughter shoot up like some fair but modest flower, and acquire, day after day, fresh beauty and growing sweetness, so as to fill every eye with pleasure, and every heart with admiration; while, like that same flower, she appears unconscious of her opening charms, and only rejoices in the sun that cheers, and the hand that shelters her? In this manner shall you, my lovely friend, repay most acceptably a part (you never can repay the whole) of that immense debt you owe for all the pains and fears formerly suffered, and for all the unalterable anxieties daily experienced, on your account.

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Perhaps you are the only daughter, perhaps the only child of your mother, and her a widow. All her cares, all her sensations point to you. Of the tenderness of a much loved and much lamented husband you are the sole remaining pledge. On you she often fixes her earnest melting eye; with watchful attention she marks the progress of your rising virtues; in every softened feature she fondly traces your father's sense, your father's probity. Something within her whispers, you shall live to be the prop and comfort of her age, as you are now her companion and friend. Blessed Lord, what big emotions swell her labouring soul! But lest, by venting them in your company, she should affect you too much, she silently withdraws to pour them forth in tears of rapture; a rapture only augmented by the sweetly sad remembrance that mingles with it, while at the same time it is exalted and consecrated doubly by ardent vows to heaven for your preservation and prosperity. Is there a young woman that can think of this with indifference? Is there a young woman that can reverse the description, suppose herself the impious creature that could break a widowed mother's heart, and support the thought?

When a daughter, it may be a favourite daughter, turns out unruly, foolish, wanton; when she disobeys her parents, disgraces her education, dishonours her sex, disappoints the hopes she had raised; when she throws herself away on a man unworthy of her, or unqualified to make her happy; what her parents in any of these cases must necessarily suffer, we may conjecture, they alone can feel.

A FATHER'S LEGACY TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

BY DR. GREGORY.

ONE of the chief beauties in a female character is that modest reserve, that retiring delicacy which avoids the public eye, and is disconcerted even at the gaze of admiration.—I do not wish you to be insensible to applause; if you were, you must become, if not worse, much less amiable women. But you may be dazzled by that admiration, which yet rejoices your hearts.

When a girl ceases to blush, she has lost the most powerful charm of beauty. That extreme sensibility which it indicates, may be a weakness and incumbrance in our sex, as I have too often felt; but in yours it is peculiarly engaging. Pedants, who think themselves philosophers, ask why a woman should blush when she is conscious of no crime? It is a sufficient answer, that nature has made you to blush when you are guilty of no fault, and has forced us to love you because you do so.—Blushing is so far from being a necessary attendant on guilt, that it is the usual companion of innocence.

This modesty which I think so essential in your sex, will dispose you to be rather silent in company, especially in a large one.—People of sense and discernment will

will never mistake such silence for dulness. One may take a share in conversation without uttering a syllable. The expression in the countenance shews it, and this never escapes an observing eye.

I should be glad that you had an easy dignity in your behaviour at public places, but not that confident ease, that unabashed countenance, which seems to set the company at defiance.—If, while a gentleman is speaking to you, one of superior rank addresses you, do not let your eager attention and visible preference, betray the flutter of your heart. Let pride on this occasion, preserve you from that meanness into which your vanity would sink you. Consider that you expose yourselves to the ridicule of the company, and affront one gentleman only to swell the triumph of another, who perhaps thinks he does you honour in speaking to you.

Converse with men even of the first rank with that dignified modesty, which may prevent the approach of the most distant familiarity, and consequently prevent them from feeling themselves your superiors.

Wit is the most dangerous talent you can possess. It must be guarded with great discretion and good-nature, otherwise it will create you many enemies. Wit is perfectly consistent with softness and delicacy, yet they are seldom found united. Wit is so flattering to vanity, that they who possess it become intoxicated, and lose all self-command.

Humour is a different quality. It will make your company much solicited; but be cautious how you indulge it. It is often a great enemy to delicacy, and a
still

still greater one to dignity of character. Sometimes it may gain you applause, but will never procure you respect.

Be even cautious in displaying your good sense. It will be thought you assume a superiority over the rest of the company.—But if you happen to have any learning, keep it a profound secret, especially from the men, who generally look with a jealous and malignant eye on a woman of great parts, and cultivated understanding.

A man of real genius and candour is far superior to this meanness; but such a one will seldom fall in your way; and if by accident he should, do not be anxious to shew the full extent of your knowledge. If he has any opportunity of seeing you, he will soon discover it himself; and if you have any advantages of person or manner, and keep your own secret, he will probably give you credit for more than you possess.—The great art in conversation, consists in making the company pleased with themselves. You will more readily hear than talk yourselves into their good graces.

Beware of detraction, especially where your own sex is concerned. You are generally accused of being particularly addicted to this vice.—I think unjustly.—Men are full as guilty of it, when their interests interfere.—As your interests more frequently clash, and as your feelings are quicker than ours, your temptations to it are more frequent. For this reason be particularly tender of the reputation of your own sex, especially when they happen to rival you in our regards. We look on this as the strongest proof of dignity and true greatness of mind.

Shew

Shew a compassionate sympathy to unfortunate women, especially to those who are rendered so by the villainy of men. Indulge a secret pleasure, I may say pride, in being the friends and refuge of the unhappy, but without the vanity of shewing it.

Consider every species of indelicacy in conversation as shameful in itself, and as highly disgusting to us. All double entendre is of this sort.—The dissoluteness of men's education allows them to be diverted with a kind of wit, which yet they have delicacy enough to be shocked at when it comes from your mouths; or even when you hear it without pain and contempt.—Virgin purity is of that delicate nature that it cannot bear certain things without contamination. It is always in your power to avoid these. No man, but a brute or a fool, will insult a woman with conversation which he sees gives her pain; nor will he dare to do it, if she resent the injury with a becoming spirit.—There is a dignity in conscious virtue, which is able to awe the most shameless and abandoned of men.

You will be reproached perhaps with prudery. By prudery is usually meant an affectation of delicacy. Now I do not wish you to affect delicacy: I wish you to possess it. At any rate, it is better to run the risque of being thought ridiculous than disgusting.

The men will complain of your reserve. They will assure you that a franker behaviour will make you more amiable. But trust me they are not sincere when they tell you so.—I acknowledge, that on some occasions, it might render you more agreeable as companions, but it
must

must make you less amiable as women; an important distinction which many of your sex are not aware of.—After all, I wish you to have great ease and openness in your conversation. I only point out some considerations which ought to regulate your behaviour in that respect.

Have a sacred regard to truth. Lying is a mean and despicable vice.—I have known some women of excellent parts, who were so much addicted to it, that they could not be trusted to in the relation of any story, especially if it contained any thing of the marvellous, or if they themselves were the heroines of the tale. This weakness did not proceed from a bad heart, but was merely the effect of vanity, or an unbridled imagination.—I do not mean to censure that lively embellishment of a humorous story, which is only intended to promote innocent mirth.

There is a certain gentleness of spirit and manners, extremely engaging in your sex; not that indiscriminate attention, that unmeaning simper, which smiles on all alike. This arises either from an affectation of softness, or perfect simplicity.

There is a species of refinement in luxury, just beginning to prevail among the gentlemen of this country, to which our ladies are yet as great strangers as any women upon earth; I hope, for the honour of the sex, they will ever continue so; I mean the luxury of eating. It is a despicable selfish vice in men, but in your sex it is beyond expression indelicate and disgusting.

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Every man who remembers a few years back, is sensible of a very striking change in the attention and respect formerly paid by the gentlemen to the ladies. Their drawing rooms are deserted, and after dinner and supper, the gentlemen are impatient till they retire. How they came to lose this respect, which nature and politeness so well entitles them to, I shall not here particularly enquire. The revolutions of nature in any country, depend upon causes very various and complicated. I shall only observe, that the behaviour of the ladies in the last age was very reserved and stately. It would now be reckoned ridiculously stiff and formal. Whatever it was, it had certainly the effect of making them more respected.

A fine woman, like other fine things in nature, has her proper points of view, from which she may be seen to most advantage.

To fix this point requires great judgment, and an intimate knowledge of the human heart. By the present mode of female manners, the ladies seem to expect that they shall regain their ascendancy over us by the fullest display of their personal charms, by being always in our eye at public places, by conversing with us with the same unreserved freedom we do with one another; in short, by resembling us as nearly as they possibly can. But a little time and experience will shew the folly of their expectation and conduct.

The power of a fine woman over the hearts of men of the finest parts, is ever beyond what she conceives. They are sensible of the pleasing illusion, but they can-

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not, nor do they wish to dissolve it. But if she is determined to dispel the charm, it certainly is in her power. She may soon reduce the angel to a very ordinary girl.

There is a native dignity in ingenuous modesty to be expected in your sex, which is your natural protection from the familiarity of men, and which you should feel previous to the reflection, that it is your interest to keep yourselves sacred from all personal freedoms. The many nameless charms and endearments of beauty should be reserved to bless the happy-man to whom you give your hearts.—The sentiment, that a woman may allow all innocent freedoms provided her virtue is secure, is both grossly indelicate and dangerous, and has proved fatal to many of your sex.

Let me now recommend to your attention, that elegance, which is not so much a quality of itself, as the high polish of every other. It is what diffuses an ineffable grace over every look, every motion, every sentence you utter. It gives that charm to beauty, without which it generally fails to please. It is partly a personal quality, in which respect it is the gift of nature; but I speak of it principally as a quality of the mind. In a word, it is the perfection of taste in life and manners—every virtue, and every excellence, in their most graceful and proper forms.

You may perhaps think I want to throw every spark of nature out of your composition, and to make you entirely artificial. Far from it, I wish you to possess the
most

most perfect simplicity of heart and manners. I think you may possess dignity without pride, affability without meanness, and simple elegance without affectation. Milton had my idea, when he says of Eve,

Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye:
In every gesture dignity and love.

ON ARTIFICIAL BEAUTY.

FROM THE FRIEND.

As the ladies are by no means exempt from peculiar vices, more than men, I hope the liberty here taken will not be looked on as any disrespect to the sex, as the design is as much to clear them of the many absurdities and fashions they are guilty of, as the rest of the creation. The beauty of the English ladies has in all ages been remaked by foreigners, as well as natives who have travelled, to be superior to any one country besides in the world: yet there is a peculiar vice reigning among them, that of painting their faces; a vice which is of the most dangerous consequence to their health, and perhaps to the entire ruin of their constitution. The quackeries of the times are the causes of this pernicious practice; and they in no less degree curious to try ex-

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periments with their compositions, which is as much contrary to the purpose as it is possible. It is plain by the number of these compositions that they are not for the improving of beauty in the fair sex, but to answer their own private view; nor do they in the least care how many constitutions they destroy. I have often remarked, when ladies go in a room newly painted, they retire with haste from it, lest the damps and intolerable smell affect them; yet, though they are so conscious of its being detrimental by the smell only, they even venture to paint themselves with a composition, for aught they know, more detrimental than that they avoided, with a view, as they imagine, to make themselves look comely. Did they but consider that the least discerning person discovers the deceit, they would not be so profuse in it; for they only look on them with as much contempt as they imagine themselves to be handsome. There is nothing more indecent than to see a lady of a modest disposition addicted to it; for as it is a vice so common among a certain set of people, by which they borrow their artificial charms, that even these, by whom they are unknown, are suspected to be quite different to what they are, and consequently are despised as such. It is very common when going to a place of public entertainment, to use this unnatural method, to the ridicule of themselves; the pains and trouble they are at are not worth the dangerous consequences they are liable to, and often turn out to their shame. They are often observed, when in a great perspiration, not to dare put their handkerchiefs to their faces for fear of losing

losing their artificial beauty, Others, unthinking of the means they were at to acquire their charms, wipe their faces, to the no small diversion of the company leaving them in such a manner as would be frightful to themselves, did they but then see them. As art in this cannot be equal to nature, more than in other affairs, which are continually trying to be improved, it is not only inconsistent with common sense, but contrary to nature: but so blind are they, if they make but a little alteration, they rail at nature for not making them as they appear to themselves. This artificial aspect is, indeed, as wretched a substitute for the expression of beauty, as for the blushes of health; it is not only equally transient, but equally liable to detection: but as paint leaves the countenance yet more withered and ghastly, the passions burst out with more violence after restraining, and excite more determined aversion. Men of sense look on them with disdain, and suppose them no more than the portraitures of insignificant people by ordinary painters, which are but pictures of pictures. In a small treatise from the French of Monsieur de Gravines, speaking of this unnatural vice, he says,
' I can compare them only to an ignorant fellow, who,
' having an exquisite statue, caused it to be gilded: so
' these paint their faces, that they look like so many
' ancient Bacchanalian nymphs; and vainly imagine,
' that painting their faces gives to their eyes a more
' piercing radiance. This custom which is worthy only of the most savage nations, transforms the most

‘ beautiful faces into painted pagods.’—Beauty does not consist in an outward form, but the embellishments of the mind; and when beauty and good sense are joined together in a woman, she is an angel on earth; but when on the contrary, as much the reverse. When the fictitious beauty has laid by her smiles; when the lustre of her eyes, and the bloom of her cheeks, have lost their influence with their novelty! what remains, but a tyrant divested of power, who will never be seen without a mixture of indignation and disdain? The only desire which this object could gratify, will be transformed to another, not only with reluctance, but with triumph. As resentment will succeed to disappointment, a desire to mortify will succeed to a desire to please; and the husband may be urged to solicit a mistress, merely by a remembrance of the beauty of his wife, which lasted only till she was known. To learn to be pretty, you must first learn to be good: as you improve in virtue you will improve in beauty. And may the ladies of this nation leave off those dissembled charms, and wear those only which were given them by nature, which are by far superior to the superficial one; and have in remembrance, ‘ that the hope of the hypocrite must perish.’

THE PREFERENCE OF GRACE TO BEAUTY.

AN ALLEGORY. BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

*Contained in a Letter from Hingo to Lien Chi Altangi, by
the way of Moscow.*

I STILL remain at *Terki*, where I have received that money which was remitted here in order to release me from captivity. My fair companion still improves in my esteem; the more I know her mind, her beauty becomes more poignant; she appears charming, even among the daughters of *Circassia*.

Yet were I to examine her beauty with the art of a statuary, I should find numbers here that far surpass her; Nature has not granted her all the boasted *Circassian* regularity of feature, and yet she greatly exceeds the fairest of the country, in the art of seizing the affections. Whence, have I often said to myself, this resistless magic that attends even moderate charms: though I regard the beauties of the country with admiration, every interview weakens the impression, but the form of *Zelis* grows upon my imagination; I never behold her without an increase of tenderness and respect. Whence this injustice of the mind in preferring imperfect beauty to that which Nature seems to have finished with care?

whence the infatuation, that he whom a comet could not amaze, should be astonished at a meteor! When reason was thus fatigued to find an answer, my imagination pursued the subject, and this was the result.

I fancied myself placed between two landscapes, this called the *region of Beauty*, and that *the valley of the Graces*; the one adorned with all that luxuriant Nature could bestow; the fruits of various climates adorned the trees, the grove resounded with music, the gale breathed perfume, every charm that could arise from symmetry and exact distribution were here conspicuous, and the whole offering a prospect of pleasure without end. *The valley of the Graces*, on the other hand, seemed by no means so inviting; the streams and the groves appeared just as they usually do in frequented countries; no magnificent parterres, no concert in the grove, the rivulet was edged with weeds, and the rook joined its voice to that of the nightingale. All was simplicity and nature.

The most striking objects ever first allure the traveller. I entered the region of Beauty with increased curiosity, and promised myself endless satisfaction in being introduced to the presiding goddess. I perceived several strangers, who entered with the same design, and what surprised me not a little, was to see several others hastening to leave this abode of seeming felicity.

After some fatigue, I had at last the honour of being introduced to the goddess, who represented Beauty in person. She was seated on a throne, at the foot of which stood several strangers lately introduced like me; all regarding

garding her form in extasy. *Ab, what eyes! what lips! how clear her complexion! how perfect her shape!* at these exclamations Beauty with downcast eyes, would endeavour to counterfeit modesty; but soon again looking round, as if to confirm every spectator in his favourable sentiments, sometimes she would attempt to allure us by smiles; and at intervals would bridle back, in order to inspire us with respect as well as tenderness.

This ceremony lasted for some time, and had so much employed our eyes, that we had forgot all this while that the goddess was silent. We soon however began to perceive the defect: *what, said we, among each other, are we to have nothing but languishing airs, soft looks, and inclinations of the head, will the goddess only deign to satisfy our eyes?* Upon this one of the company stepped up to present her with some fruits he had gathered by the way. She received the present most sweetly smiling, and with one of the whitest hands in the world, but still not a word escaped her lips.

I now found that my companions grew weary of their homage; they went off one by one, and resolving not to be left behind, I offered to go in my turn; when just at the door of the temple I was called back by a female, whose name was *Pride*, and who seemed displeased at the behaviour of the company: *Where are you hastening?* said she to me with an angry air, *the goddess of Beauty is here.* I have been to visit her, Madam, replied I, and find her more beautiful even than report had made her. *And why then will you leave her?* added the female. I have seen her long enough, returned I;

I have got all her features by heart. Her eyes are still the same, Her nose is a very fine one, but it is still just such a nose now as it was half an hour ago: could she throw a little more mind into her face, perhaps I should be for wishing to have more of her company. *What signifies,* replied my female, *whether she has a mind or not; has she any occasion for a mind, so formed as she is by Nature? If she had a common face, indeed, there might be some reason for thinking to improve it; but when features are already perfect, every alteration would but impair them. A fine face is already at the point of perfection, and a fine lady should endeavour to keep it so; the impression it would receive from thought, would but disturb its whole æconomy.*

To this speech I gave no reply, but made the best of my way to the valley of the Graces. Here I found all those who before had been my companions in the region of beauty, now upon the same errand.

As we entered the valley, the prospect insensibly seemed to improve; we found every thing so natural, so domestic, and pleasing, that our minds, which before were congealed in admiration, now relaxed into gaiety and good-humour. We had designed to pay our respects to the presiding goddess, but she was no where to be found. One of our companions asserted, that her temple lay to the right; another to the left; a third, insisted that it was straight before us; and a fourth, that we had left it behind. In short, we found every thing familiar and charming, but could not determine were to seek for the Grace in person.

In this agreeable incertitude we passed several hours, and though very desirous of finding the goddess, by no means impatient of the delay. Every part of the valley presented some minute beauty, which without offering itself at once, stole within the soul, and captivated us with the charms of our retreat. Still, however, we continued to search, and might still have continued, had we had not been interrupted by a voice which, though we could not see from whence it came, addressed us in this manner :

“ If you would find the goddess of Grace, seek her not under one form, for she assumes a thousand. Ever changing under the eye of inspection, her variety, rather than her figure, is pleasing, In contemplating her beauty, the eye glides over every perfection with giddy delight, and, capable of fixing no where, is charmed with the whole. She is now Contemplation with solemn look, again Compassion with humid eye ; she now sparkles with joy ; soon every feature speaks distress : her looks at times invite our approach, at others, repress our presumption. The goddess cannot be properly called beautiful under any one of these forms, but by combining them all she becomes irresistibly pleasing,

VIRTUE THE SOUL OF BEAUTY.

FROM ORIGINAL STORIES.

THE next morning Mrs. Mason met them first in the garden ; and she desired Caroline to look at a bed of tulips, that were then in their highest state of per-

fection. I, added she, choose to have every kind of flower in my garden, as the succession enables me to vary my daily prospect, and gives it the charm of variety; yet these tulips afford me less pleasure than most others I cultivate—and I will tell you why—they are only beautiful. Listen to my distinctions;—good features, and a fine complexion, I term *bodily* beauty. Like the streaks of the tulips they please the eye for a moment; but this uniformity soon tires, and the active mind flies off to something else. The soul of beauty, my dear children, consists in the body gracefully exhibiting the emotions and variations of the informing mind. If truth, humanity, and knowledge inhabit the breast, the eyes will beam with a mild lustre, modesty will suffuse the cheeks; and smiles of innocent joy play over all the features. At first sight regularity and colour will attract, and have the advantage; because the hidden springs are not directly set in motion; but when internal goodness is reflected, every other kind of beauty, the shadow of it, withers away before it—as the sun obscures a lamp.

You are certainly handsome, Caroline; I mean, have good features; but you must improve your mind to give them a pleasing expression, or they will only serve to lead your understanding astray. I have seen some foolish people take great pains to decorate the outside of their houses, to attract the notice of strangers, who gazed, and passed on; while the inside, where they were to receive their friends, was dark and inconvenient. Apply this observation to mere personal attractions;

tions ; they may, for a few years, charm the superficial part of your acquaintance, whose notions of beauty are not built on any principles. Such persons might look at you, as they would glance their eye over these tulips, and feel for a moment, the same pleasure that a view of the variegated rays of light would convey to an uninformed mind. The lower class of mankind, and children, are fond of finery ; gaudy, dazzling appearances catch their attention ; but the discriminating judgment of a person of sense, requires, besides colour, order, proportion, grace and usefulness, to render the idea of beauty complete.

Observe that rose, it has all the perfections I speak of ; colour, grace, and sweetness—and even when the fine tints fade, the smell is grateful to those who have before contemplated its beauties. I have only one bed of tulips, though my garden is large, but, in every part of it, roses catch your sight.

You have seen Mrs. B. and think her a very fine woman ; yet her complexion has only the clearness that temperance gives ; and her features, strictly speaking, are not regular : Betty, the house-maid, has, in both these respects, much the superiority over her. But, though you cannot at once define in what her beauty consists, your eye follows her whenever she moves ; and every person of taste listens for the modulated sounds which proceed out of her mouth, to be improved and pleased. It is conscious worth, *truth*, that gives dignity to her walk, and simple elegance to her conversation. She has, indeed, a most excellent understanding,
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and a feeling heart ; sagacity and tenderness, the result of both, are happily blended in her countenance ; and taste is the polish, which makes them appear to the best advantage. She *is* really beautiful ; and you see her varied excellencies again and again, with increasing pleasure. They are not obtruded on you, for knowledge has taught her true humility : she is not like the flaunting tulip, that forces itself forward into notice ; but resembles the modest rose, you see yonder, retiring under its elegant foliage.

I have mentioned flowers—the same order is observed in the higher departments of nature. Think of the birds ; those that sing best, have not the finest plumage ; indeed just the contrary ; God divides His gifts, and amongst the feathered race the nightingale (sweetest of warblers, who pours forth her varied strain when sober eve comes on) you would seek in vain in the morning, if you expected that beautiful feathers should point out the songstress : many who incessantly chatter, and are only tolerable in the general concert, would surpass her, and attract your attention.

I knew, some time before you were born, a very fine, a very handsome girl ; I saw she had abilities, and I saw with pain that she attended to the most obvious, but least valuable gift of heaven. Her ingenuity slept, while she tried to render her person more alluring. At last she caught the small-pox—her beauty vanished, and she was for a time miserable ; but the natural vivacity of youth overcame her unpleasant feelings. In consequence of the disorder, her eyes became so weak that
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she was obliged to sit in a dark room; to beguile the tedious day she applied to music, and made a surprising proficiency. She even began to think, in her retirement, and when she recovered her sight grew fond of reading.

Large companies did not now amuse her, she was no longer the object of admiration, or if she was taken notice of, it was to be pitied, to hear her former self praised, and to hear them lament the depredation that dreadful disease had made in a fine face. Not expecting or wishing to be observed, she lost her affected airs, and attended to the conversation, in which she was soon able to bear a part. In short, the desire of pleasing took a different turn, and as she improved her mind, she discovered that virtue, internal beauty, was valuable on its own account, and not like that of the person, which resembles a toy, that pleases the observer, but does not make the possessor happy.

She found, that in acquiring knowledge, her mind grew tranquil, and the noble desire of acting conformably to the will of God succeeded, and drove out the immoderate vanity which before actuated her, when her equals were the objects she thought most of, and whose approbation she sought with such eagerness. And what had she sought? To be stared at and called handsome. Her beauty, the sight of it did not make others good, or comfort the afflicted; but after she had lost it, she was comfortable herself, and set her friends the most useful example.

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The money that formerly she appropriated to ornament her person, now clothed the naked; yet she really appeared better dressed, as she had acquired the habit of employing her time to the best advantage, and could make many things herself. Besides, she did not implicitly follow the reigning fashion, for she had learned to distinguish, and in the most trivial matters acted according to the dictates of good sense.

The children made some comments on this story, but the entrance of a visitor interrupted the conversation, and they ran about the garden, comparing the roses and tulips.

THE IMPROBABILITY OF A RAKE MAKING A GOOD HUSBAND.

FROM RICHARDSON'S SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

The woman who chuses a rake, does not consider, that all the sprightly airs for which she preferred *him* to a better man, either vanish in matrimony, or are shewn to others, to her mortal disquiet. The agreeable will be carried abroad; the disagreeable will be brought home. If he reform, (but alas, bad habits are very, very difficult to shake off) he will probably, from the reflections on his past guilty life, be an uncomfortable companion, should deep and true contrition have laid hold of him; if not, what has she chosen?

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he married not from honest principles; a rake despises matrimony: if still a rake, what hold has she of him?—a *laudable* passion he cannot have; he has no delicacy; his love deserves a viler name, and if so, it will be strange, if in his eyes, a common woman does not excel a modest wife.

I knew, said Lord L. a woman of character, and reckoned not to want sense, who married at twenty, a man of sixty, in hopes of burying him soon; but who lived with her upwards of twenty years; and then dying, she is now in treaty with a young rake of twenty-two. She is rich, and, poor woman, hopes to be happy. Retribution will frequently take its course. The lady, keeping in view one steady purpose, which was, that she would marry a *young* man whenever death removed the *old* one, forgot, when she lost her husband, that *she* had been growing older for the last twenty years; and will now very probably be the despised mate to the young husband, that her late husband was to her. Thirty years hence, the now young man will fall into the error of his predecessor, if he outlive the wife he is going to take, and be punished the same way. These are what may be called punishments in kind. The violators of the social duties are frequently punished by the success of their own wishes.

ON FEMALE ATTRACTIONS.

Flavella has a multitude of charms. She is sensible, affable, modest and good-humoured. She is tall without

out being aukward, and as strait as an arrow. She has a clear complexion, lively eyes, a pretty mouth, and white even teeth; and will answer the description which any rhyming lover can give of the mistress of his affections, after having ransacked heaven and earth for similes; and yet I cannot admire her. She wants, in my opinion, that *nameless something*, or *Je ne sai quoi*, which is far more attractive than beauty. It is, in short, a peculiar manner of saying the most insignificant things, and doing the most trifling actions which captivates us, and takes our hearts by surprise. Though I am a strenuous advocate for a modest, decent and an unaffected deportment in the fair sex, I would not, however, have a fine woman altogether insensible of her personal charms, for she would then be as insipid as Flavella. I would only have her conscious enough of them to behave with modest freedom, and to converse with fluency and spirit. When a woman stalks majestically into a room, with the haughty airs of a first rate beauty, and expects every one who sees her to admire her, my indignation rises, and I get away as fast as I can, in order to enjoy the conversation of an easy, good humoured creature, who is neither beautiful, nor conceited enough to be troublesome, and who is as willing to give pleasure, as desirous to receive it.

TENDERNESS TO MOTHERS.

Mark! that parent hen, said a father to his beloved daughter. With what anxious care does she call together

gether her little offspring, and cover them with her expanded wings. The kite is hovering into the air, and, disappointed of his prey, by the care the hen takes of her brood, may, perhaps, dart upon the hen herself, and bear her off in his talons.

Does not this sight suggest to you the tenderness and affection of your mother? Her watchful care protected you in the helpless period of your infancy, when she nourished you with her milk, taught your limbs to move, and your tongue to lisp its unform'd accents. In childhood, she has mourned over your little griefs, has rejoiced in your innocent delights, has administered to you the healing balm in sickness, and has instilled into your mind the love of truth, of virtue, and of wisdom. Oh! cherish every sentiment of respect to such a mother: she merits your warmest gratitude, esteem and veneration.

PERCIVAL,

SISTERLY UNITY AND LOVE.

Observe those two hounds that are coupled together, said Euphronius to Lucy and Emilia, who were looking through the window. How they torment each other by a disagreement in their pursuits! One is for moving slowly, and the other vainly urges forward.—The larger dog now sees some object that tempts him on this side, and see how he drags his companion along,
who

who is using all his efforts to pursue a different rout. Thus they will continue all day at variance, pulling each other in opposite directions, when they might, by kind and mutual compliances, pass on easily, merrily and happily. Lucy and Emilia concurred in censuring the folly and ill-nature of these dogs; and Euphronius expressed a tender wish that he might never see any thing similar in either of their behaviour to each other. Nature has linked you together, by the near equality of age; by your relation to the most indulgent of Parents, by the endearing ties of sisterhood, and by all those generous sympathies which have been fostered in your bosoms from your earliest infancy. Let these filken cords of mutual love continue to unite you in the same pursuits. Suffer no allurements to draw you different ways, no contradictory passions to distract your friendships, nor any selfish views, or sordid jealousies to render those bonds uneasy and oppressive, which are now your ornament, your strength, and highest happiness.

PERCIVAL.

CHARACTER OF TWO SISTERS.

Flirtilla is a gay, lively, giddy girl; she is what the world calls handsome; she dances and sings admirably, has something to say upon every fashion, person, play, opera, masquerade, or public exhibition, and has an
easy

easy flow of words, that pass upon the multitude for wit. In short, the whole end of her existence seems to be centered in a love of company and the fashion. No wonder it is she is noticed only by the less worthy part of the world. Amelia, the lovely Amelia, makes home her greatest happiness. Nature has not been so lavish of her charms, as to her sister, but she has a soft pleasing countenance, that plainly indicates the goodness of her heart within. Her person is not striking at first, but as it becomes familiar to the beholder, is more so than that of her sister. For her modest deportment, and her sweet disposition, will daily gain ground on any person who has the happiness of conversing with her. She reads much, and digests what she reads. Her serenity of mind is not to be disturbed by the disappointment of a party of pleasure, nor her spirit agitated by the shape of a cap, or the colour of a ribbon. She speaks but little when in company, but when she does, every one is hush, and attends to her as an oracle, and she has one true friend with whom she passes her days in tranquillity. The reader may easily judge which of these two sisters is the most amiable.

FAMILY LOVE AND HARMONY.

I will amuse you with a little experiment, said Sophron one evening to Lucy, Emilia, and Jacobus, and, rising from the table, he took the candles and held
about

about half an inch asunder, opposite to a medallion of Dr. Franklin, and about two yards distant from it. The motto round the figure, "Unhurt amidst the war of elements" was but just distinctly visible; when the degree of light had been sufficiently observed, he united the flames of the two candles, by putting them close together, and the whole figure with the inscription became instantly illuminated in a much stronger manner than before. They were all pleased, and struck with the effect, and they desired Euphronius, who now entered the parlour, to explain to them the cause of it. He commended their entertainment, and informed them that a greater degree of heat is produced by the junction of the two flames, and consequently a farther attenuation, and more copious emission of the particles of which light consists. But, my dear young friends,, continued he, attend to the lesson of virtue, as well as of science, which the experiment you have seen affords. Nature has implanted in your hearts, benevolence, friendship, gratitude, humanity and generosity; and these social affections are separately shining lights in the world: but, they burn with peculiar warmth and lustre, when more concentered in the kindred charities of brother, sister, child, and parent; and harmony, peace, sympathy in joy and grief, mutual good offices, forgiveness and forbearance are the bright emanations of domestic love. May the radiance of such virtues long illuminate this happy household,

PERCIVAL.

THE

THE FOLLY AND ODIOSNESS OF AFFECTATION.

Lucy, Emilia, and Sophronia, seated on a bank of daisies, near a purling stream, were listening to the music of a neighbouring grove. The sun gilded with his setting beams the western sky; gentle zephyrs breathed around; and the feathered songsters seemed to vie with each other in their evening notes of gratitude and praise. Delighted with the artless melody of the linnet, the goldfinch, the woodlark, and the thrush, they were all ear, and observed not a peacock, which had strayed from a distant farm, and was approaching them with a majestic pace, and expanded plumage. The harmony of the concert was soon interrupted by the loud and harsh cries of this stately bird; which, though chased away by Emilia, continued his vociferations with the confidence that conscious beauty too often inspires. Does this foolish bird, said Lucy, fancy that he is qualified to sing, because he is furnished with a spreading tail, ornamented with the richest colours? I know not, replied Sophronia, whether the peacock be capable of such a reflection; but I hope that you and Emilia will always avoid the display of whatever is inconsistent with your sex, your station, or your character.

Shun

Shun affectation in all its odious forms; assume no borrowed airs; and be content to please, to shine, or to be useful in the way which nature points out, and which reason approves.

PERCIVAL'S MORAL TALES.

THE PASSION FOR GAMING IN LADIES,

Ridiculed in a Letter from a Chinese Philosopher, to his Friend in the East.

BY GOLDSMITH.

THE ladies here are by no means such ardent gamblers as the women of Asia. In this respect I must do the English justice; for I love to praise where applause is justly merited. Nothing is more common in China, than to see two women of fashion continue gaming till one has won all the other's cloaths, and stripped her quite naked; the winner thus marching off in a double suit of finery, and the loser shrinking behind in the primitive simplicity of Nature.

No doubt, you remember when *Shang*, our maiden aunt, played with a sharper. First her money went; then her trinkets were produced; her cloaths followed piece by piece soon after; when she had thus played herself quite naked, being a woman of spirit, and willing to pursue *her own*, she staked her teeth; fortune was against her even here, and her teeth followed her cloaths;

cloaths; at last she played for her left eye, and, oh! hard fate, this too she lost: however she had the consolation of biting the sharper, for he never perceived that it was made of glass till it became his own.

How happy, my friend, are the English ladies, who never rise to such an inordinance of passion! Though the sex here are naturally fond of games of chance, and are taught to manage games of skill from their infancy, yet they never pursue ill fortune with such amazing intrepidity. Indeed I may entirely acquit them of ever playing—I mean of playing for their eyes or their teeth.

It is true, they often stake their fortune, their beauty, health, and reputations at a gaming-table. It even sometimes happens, that they play their husbands into a jail; yet still they preserve a decorum unknown to our wives and daughters of China. I have been present at a rout in this country, where a woman of fashion, after losing her money, has sat writhing in all the agonies of bad luck; and yet, after all, never once attempted to strip a single petticoat, or cover the board, as her last stake, with her head cloaths.

However, though I praise their moderation at play, I must not conceal their assiduity. In China our women, except upon some great days, are never permitted to finger a dice-box; but here every day seems to be a festival; and night itself, which gives others rest, only serves to encrease the female gamester's industry. I have been told of an old lady in the country, who being given over by the physicians, played with the curate of her parish to pass the time away: having won all his

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money

money, she next proposed playing for her funeral charges ; the proposal was accepted ; but unfortunately the lady expired just as she had taken in her game.

There are some passions, which, though differently pursued, are attended with equal consequences in every country : here they game with more perseverance, there with greater fury ; here they strip their families, there they strip themselves naked. A lady in China, who indulges a passion for gaming, often becomes a drunkard ; and by flourishing a dice-box in one hand, she generally comes to brandish a dram cup in the other. Far be it from me to say there are any who drink drams in England ; but it is natural to suppose, that when a lady has lost every thing else but her honour, she will be apt to toss that into the bargain ; and grown insensible to nicer feelings, behave like the Spaniard, who, when all his money was gone, endeavoured to borrow more, by offering to pawn his whisker.

ON CHASTITY AND MODESTY.

FROM THE LITERARY MISCELLANY.

CHASTITY is a delicious virtue to a handsome woman, who has an elevated soul. While she sees all the world at her feet, she triumphs over all, and over herself : she erects in her own heart a throne, at the foot of which every thing pays her homage. The tender or jealous, but always respectful sentiments of both sexes,

sexes, universal esteem and her own, repay her, without ceasing, glory, as a tribute for the struggles of a few moments.

The self-denials are transient, but their reward is lasting. What a satisfaction to a noble soul is the pride of virtue, joined to beauty ! It realizes the heroine of a romance ! She will taste more exquisite pleasure than Lais or Cleopatra ; and, when her beauty is no more, her glory and pleasure will still remain, and she alone will enjoy the past.

Purity is maintained by itself : the desires, always curbed, are accustomed to spring no more ; and temptations are multiplied only by the custom of giving way to them.

The strength of mind, which produces all the virtues, depends on purity, which nourishes them.

Nothing is despicable, that tends to preserve purity ; and little precautions preserve great virtues.

The desires, masqued by shame, become more seducing thereby : by restraint, modesty inflames them ; fears, reserves, evasions, timid avowals, its tender and genuine delicacy, speaks plainer what it means to conceal, than passion could have dictated without : it is that which gives a value to favours, and sweetness to refusals.

True love possesses, in reality, what modesty alone disputes with it. This mixture of weakness and modesty renders it more effectual and tender : the less it obtains, the more the value of what is obtained is increased ; and it is thus that it enjoys at once its wants and its pleasures.

Vice does well to conceal itself in obscurity ; its stamp is on guilty foreheads. Boldness in a woman is a certain mark of her shame : it is because she has too much to blush at, that she blushes not at all ; and if modesty sometimes survives chastity, what opinion can we entertain of a woman's chastity, when her modesty is extinct ?

Supreme modesty ! Supreme pleasure of love ! How many charms does a woman lose, when she loses thee ! How many, if they knew the power of thy empire, would be careful to preserve thee ; if not through shame, at least through coquetry ! but modesty is not to be counterfeited ; there is no artifice whatever more ridiculous than attempting at its imitation.

ON CHASTITY.

FROM MILTON'S COMUS.

- She that has that, is clad in complete steel ;
- And, like a quiver'd nymph, with arrows keen,
- May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
- Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds ;
- Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,
- No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,
- Will dare to foil her virgin purity :
- Yea there, where very desolation dwells,
- By grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
- She may pass on with unblench'd majesty ;
- Be it not done in pride or in presumption,

So

- So dear to heav'n is faintly chastity,
- That when a soul is found sincerely so,
- A thousand livery'd angels lacquey her,
- Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
- And in clear dream and solemn vision
- Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;
- Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
- Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
- The unpolluted temple of the mind,
- And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,
- Till all be made immortal.
- But when vile lust,
- By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
- But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
- Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
- The soul grows clotted by contagion,
- Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
- The divine property of her first being:



NARRATIVES.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

VALERIUS MAXIMUS relates a very singular fact upon this subject. A woman of illustrious birth had been condemned to be strangled. The Roman prætor delivered her up to the triumvir, who caused her to be carried to prison, in order to her being put to death. The goaler, who was ordered to execute her, was struck with compassion, and could not resolve to kill her. He chose therefore to let her die of hunger. Besides which, he suffered her daughter to see her in prison; taking care, however, she brought her nothing to eat. As this continued many days, he was surprised that the prisoner lived so long without eating, and suspecting the daughter, upon watching her, he discovered that she nourished her mother with her own milk. Amazed at so pious, and, at the same time, so ingenious an invention,

tion, he told the fact to the triumvir, and the triumvir to the prætor, who believed the thing merited relating in the assembly of the people. The criminal was pardoned; a decree was passed that the mother and daughter should be subsisted for the rest of their lives at the expence of the public, and that a temple sacred to piety should be erected near the prison.

PLIN. HIST.

The same author gives a similar instance of filial piety in a young woman named Xantippe, to her aged father Cimonus, who was likewise confined in prison, and which is universally known by the name of the Roman Charity. Both these instances appeared so very extraordinary and uncommon to that people, that they could only account for them, by supposing that the love of children to their parents was the first law of nature.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

HAVE I then no tears for thee, my father?
 Can I forget thy cares, from helpless years,
 Thy tenderness for me? an eye still beam'd
 With love? a brow that never knew a frown,
 Nor a harsh word thy tongue? Shall I for these
 Repay thy stooping venerable age
 With shame, disquiet, anguish, and dishonour?

It must not be.—Thou first of angels! come
 Sweet Filial Piety! inflame my breast:
 Yes, let one daughter to her duty bend,
 And love her father as her truest friend.

S T O R Y

OF A DISOBEDIENT DAUGHTER.

I AM the daughter of a gentleman, and not above seventeen years of age, yet old enough to be wiser, as I have a mother who ever made it her study to improve my morals, and every talent, had I attended properly to her instructions and admonitions: who was ever kind enough to persuade and reason, instead of commanding, till she found reason was too weak when opposed to obstinacy. I generally gave her admonitions the hearing, but always evaded practising the rules laid down in it; for it is with shame I now confess, that the impression, if it ever made one on me, was presently succeeded by vanity and self-opinion. I chose rather to believe the flattery of those my folly called my friends, in preference to the sincerity of my parent. Even the vulgar have power to flatter the vain; a servant was pleased to tell me I was very pretty, which I was pleased to believe, and therefore added affectation to the rest of my faults; this addition needed not, as I had, in spite of all intreaties, so long
 neg-

neglected a proper attitude, as to render my person intolerably awkward.

But whither am I running on? let me make haste to finish this odious picture, for my own likeness shocks me—in short, against duty, love, and every method used for my amendment, I still persisted in my obstinacy, rudeness, inattention, insolence, and contradiction. When one morning, (my mother being from home) my father entered my chamber, and with a countenance more solemn than usual, bid me pack up all my cloaths immediately, I was astonished at this order, and begged to know whither I was going, to make so large a provision necessary? I am, says he, about to place you with a friend of mine, at some distance from this house, in which I am now determined you shall live no longer; Every method has been tried in vain to reclaim you; your mother's health is greatly impaired by illness, and I am resolved to remove, at least, one object of disquiet from her, and an unworthy pattern from your sisters, who are expected to look upwards for examples.

If I was surprised before, I was now thunder-struck; but on seeing him about to leave the room, I ran after him, threw myself at his feet, and intreated him to defer my departure, but in vain. He told me this resolution was not the effects of hasty passion, but cool deliberation, and therefore unalterably fixed. I then proceeded to pack up my things, which I did with as much expedition as my tears and confusion would admit, and we set out for ———, the distance being

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great, we were obliged to lie on the road, and did not reach ——— till the next evening, when my father ordered the chaise to be stopped at a farm house. We got out, and were met by a lady whose countenance wore a sort of placid sorrow, mixed with some sweetness; behind her advanced a pretty innocent girl, her daughter; they both welcomed us to their dwelling with much affability, their dress was perfectly clean and plain, yet such as bespoke the gentlewoman. My father, on the intreaty of Mrs. ———, staid supper; he enquired what state of health and spirits she now enjoyed; to which she answered, indeed, my good friend, my health is but little mended since you last heard from me, for though Heaven is pleased to spare me from acute pains, I suffer much, and with small hopes of relief. As for my spirits, I hope you see they are bettered; for this dear affectionate child of mine is determined, by her kind solicitude and care, to make me, though not forget, yet cease to lament the loss of a tender husband. On uttering these words, tears stole into her eyes, which my father observing, changed the discourse to general topics, in which Miss ——— took her share, but with so much deference to the company, and such sweet humility as charmed me, and reproached me too.

I was taken up with my own reflections, and spoke very little. As my father was to set out early next morning, he chose to sleep at the inn. After taking leave of the ladies, he bade me farewell, saying, he should hear of my welfare from Mrs. ———, who had promised

misad him to write, and bid me be assured, as I had never wanted any thing heretofore which his little fortune could admit of, so neither should I now, but charged me on no account to trouble my mother with any letter or petition for a return; as daring to do that would entirely efface every spark of affection which might yet remain in his breast for me.

I could not resist the impulse I felt to weep at his departure, and begged to be shewn my chamber, which the good girl I have before described immediately complied with, telling me, if I chose a companion, she was at my service.

Was my mind at ease, I could be very happy in her company, notwithstanding she is ever raising my envy; I dare not describe her readiness to oblige, and affection to her mother more particularly; she is in every thing such a reproach to me, her unworthy companion, that I am confounded at the contrast. We pass most of our time, particularly the morning, in working and reading, Mrs. — sometimes doing us that favour, at others my young friend. I never attempt it, though invited, from a consciousness of my unworthiness to read before one of my own age, who was taught by her mother, as was myself; and who excelled in that part of her education; her air is too graceful, though she has learned to dance only half a year, when at a friend's house on a visit.

Several Sundays had passed ere I could persuade myself to go to church; as I had positively protested I would go on the next, my disappointment was great

34 DISOBEDIENT DAUGHTER.

when Miss ——— returned to our chamber, and said her mother was not so well as usual, and therefore she could not think of attending me as she had designed.—You will not break your promise, however, said she, for as I have already shewn you the church, and the place where we sit, you need be under no embarrassment. I was ashamed to retract, and therefore hastened to church. There were several smart ladies there, two of whom, at my return, followed me at a little distance, and as they thought, I believe, out of my hearing, I am sorry to say it was not so, for the satirical reflections they made on my awkward walk and carriage, reached my ears very clearly, and the bursts of laughter which accompanied their observations added to my confusion: My path being across a field, I was soon released from their barbarity, and the most mortifying trial my vanity had ever experienced! but why do I call it barbarity, since I am now taught by strangers what no one else but my relations would have had charity enough to tell me, and from them I never would hear it with patience or civility. O kind friends, I am at last convinced you unwillingly gave me transient pain, only to create a future and lasting happiness. I wish it might be once more in my power to listen to you.

I have yet a greater grief than can be occasioned by the mortification I have just before mentioned, a letter Mrs. ——— has received strikes daggers in my breast. My mother, that dear woman whom I have so often neglected is in a declining state of health: Oh! that I might

might be permitted to return to her, and prove, by my future behaviour, that I repent. Should death snatch her from me, I could never forgive myself; I should think that my ingratitude had multiplied her sorrows: I know her to be too susceptible of tender impressions not to have felt with equal force—I can no more, grief stops my hand, and I can only wish this confession may reach her eyes, and incline her heart to receive her penitent child.

MORAL MISCELLANY.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

THERE are no ties in nature to compare with those which unite an affectionate mother to her children, when they repay her tenderness with obedience and love.

Cornelia, the illustrious mother of the Gracchi, after the death of her husband, who left her twelve children, applied herself to the care of her family, with a wisdom and prudence, that acquired her universal esteem. Only three out of the twelve, lived to years of maturity, one daughter and two sons, whom she brought up with so much care, that, though they were born with the most happy geniuses and dispositions, it was thought they were more indebted to education than nature. The answer she gave a companion lady concerning them, is worthy of remark, and includes in it instructions which deserve the attention of every affectionate mother and daughter.

The lady, who was very rich, and still fonder of pomp and shew, after having displayed in a visit she made her, her diamonds, pearls, and richest jewels, earnestly desired Cornelia, to let her see HER jewels also. Cornelia dextrously turned the conversation to another subject, till her children were returned from school. When they entered their mother's apartment, she said to the companion lady, pointing to them with her hand, "*These are my jewels, and the only ornaments I admire.*" And such ornaments, which are the strength and support of society, add a brighter lustre to the fair, than all the jewels of the east,

BEAUTIES OF HISTORY.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE STORY OF CYRUS, KING OF
PERSIA.

OF all the pleasures that endear human life, there are none more worthy the attention of a rational creature, than those that flow from the mutual return of conjugal love.

When two minds are thus engaged by the ties of reciprocal affection, each alternately receives and communicates a transport, inconceivable to all, but those that are in this situation : whence arises, that heart-ennobling
foli-

felicitude for one another's welfare ; that tender sympathy, which alleviates affliction ; and that participated pleasure, which heightens prosperity and joy itself.

The following is a beautiful instance of this exalted passion :

Cyrus, king of Persia, had taken captive the young prince of Armenia, together with his beautiful and blooming princess, whom he had lately married, and of whom he was passionately fond. When they, along with other prisoners, were brought before the tribunal, Cyrus asked the prince, ' What he would give to be ' reinstated in his kingdom ? ' He answered, with an air of indifference, ' That, as for his crown, and his own ' liberty, he valued them at a very low rate : but, if ' Cyrus would restore his beloved princess to her native dignity, and hereditary possessions, he should infinitely rejoice ; and would pay ' (this he uttered with tenderness and ardour) ' would willingly pay his life ' for the purchase.'

When all the prisoners were dismissed with freedom, it is impossible to express how much they were charmed with their royal benefactor. Some celebrated his martial abilities, some applauded his social virtues : all were prodigal of their praise, and lavish in grateful acknowledgements. ' And you,' said the prince, addressing himself to his bride ; ' What think you of Cyrus ? ' ' I ' did not observe him,' said the princess. ' Not observe him ! Upon what then was your attention fixed ? '— ' Upon that dear and generous man, who declared, ' that he would purchase my liberty, at the expence of ' his own life !'

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

FROM MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

Hail wedded love ! mysterious law, true source
 Of human offspring, sole propriety
 In paradise, of all things common else !
 By thee, adult'rous lust was driven from man
 Among the bestial herds to range ; by thee,
 (Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure),
 Relations dear, and all the charities
 Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets !
 Here Love his golden shafts employs ; here lights
 His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings.
 When fix'd to one, Love safe at anchor rides,
 And dares the fury of the wind and tides.

THE WOMEN OF HENSBERG.

WHEN the emperor Conrade the Third had besieged
 Gullphus, duke of Bavaria, in the city of Hensberg,
 the women finding that the town could not possibly
 hold out, petitioned the emperor, that they might de-
 part out of it with as much as each of them could carry.

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The emperor knowing they could not take away any great quantity of their effects, granted their petition; when the women, to his great surprise, came out of the place, each of them with her husband upon her back. The emperor was so moved at the sight, that he burst into tears; and, after having much extolled the women for their conjugal affection, gave the men to their wives, and received the duke into his favour.

STORY OF

MR. POPE AND A HACKNEY COACHMAN.

WITH A MORAL REFLECTION FOR THE LADIES.

It is remarkable that the expletive Mr Pope generally used by way of oath, was, "God mend me!" One day in a dispute with a hackney coachman, he used this expression.—Mend you!" said the coachman,—"It would not be half so much trouble to him to make a new one." If it be allowable to draw a moral reflection from a ludicrous story, it is heartily to be wished that the ladies would every morning seriously address to their Maker this invocation of Mr Pope's; and, after devout meditation on the divine patronage to whom they have recommended their charms, apply themselves by all possible means to obtain the accomplishment of their prayer. I flatter myself that this advice may be palatable,

as it comprehends that celebrated example of uniting religion with politeness, handed down to us from the ancients, in these few words,

“ Sacrifice to the Graces.”

THE DISCREET WIFE.

IN the gay reign of king *Charles II*, there was a young lady, whom I shall call *Sophia*, who was one of the maids of honour to the duchess of *York*, that drew the attention of the whole court upon her; she was the reigning toast of that gallant age, and equally admired by the men of pleasure, and men of wit; with her beauty she was strictly modest; with her wit she was prudent and good-natured. Among her numerous train of admirers, none seemed so agreeable and deserving her esteem, as the young lord *Altmont*, who, incapable of any base designs, even when such designs were thought rather an honour than a reflection, gave such assurances of his love, that *Sophia* easily surrendered her heart. *Sophia's* aunt, who was her guardian, readily consented to the match, and the nuptials were celebrated with a mutual joy. As this was a marriage not made up by treaty, but free choice and inclinations, they did not fall into that modish coldness and complaisant indifference people of fashion are soon apt to do. My lord was a man of unusual sweetness and affability of temper, which, when joined to that of *Sophia's*, must necessarily make him

him happy with his wife ; yet this happiness of temper drew him into some misfortunes ; his easiness and credulity of the generosity and openness of some companions, had like to have lessened his domestic felicity, had not *Sophia's* discretion prevented it. My lord had contracted a most intimate acquaintance with one Mr. *Grinsly*, a man of a pleasant conversation, had a pretty knack of telling a story, sung agreeably, was an arch mimic ; and, in short, a humourous droll, whose particular talent was to make people laugh. Such was his public character ; but this was only a mask to conceal the tricking gamester, and the designing pander. To render himself more powerful with men of quality, he made himself instrumental to their follies or their vices. My lord *Altemont* was not inclined to any of these vices that *Grinsly* was procurer of ; yet this wretch had cunning enough to draw him into all : With drinking, his health soon began to impair ; with loses, his temper was often soured ; with wenching, that fondness and cordial love he was used to show to his lady, began to cease. *Sophia* was not a little alarmed at this conduct ; she was too well informed of his vices ; yet discreetly thought, that any violent opposition would but heighten the mischief ; on the contrary, she took care to make home as easy to him as possible ; studious to oblige him, she never disgusted him with harsh reproaches, or satirical reflections on his conduct ; neither, tho' careful to please him, did she run into an extreme of fondness ; she was not fond when she thought it would be disagreeable ; for she knew that a wife without discretion may make the tenderest

dereft endearments the moſt troubleſome, *Sophia* was gay or fond, as ſhe found my lord in the temper to receive either ; and without letting him know ſhe had an information of his gaming abroad, would propoſe cards or hazard at home, with ſuch company as ſhe thought would pleaſe him ; and never forgot to include Mr. *Grinſly* among them.

Sometimes her propoſal was accepted, and by that means found out the ſharper, the pander, the flatterer, and the villain, in the drolling Mr. *Grinſly*.

Luckily for this diſcreet lady it happened, that, at the ſame time, *Flavilla*, a beautiful lady, who had married my lord's brother, was extremely uneaſy by her jealouſy ; for, being certainly informed of her huſband's keeping a woman of the town, and, at the ſame time being ruined by ſharpers at gaming, *Flavilla* came one day to my lord to complain of his brother's conduct, and falſhood to her bed : She cried, ſhe raved, ſhe threatened to live not a moment longer with him. My lord did what he could to pacify her, but all in vain ; my lady ſucceeded better, who taking this opportunity to ſhew my lord his own foibles, thus addreſſed herſelf to her ſiſter : “ I fancy, dear ſiſter, ſaid ſhe, “ you want only a little prudential good humour to re- “ claim your huſband ; beauty and wit will not avail “ without diſcretion. There is a paſſive kind of vir- “ tue neceſſary to ſhew him his follies ; it muſt not be “ done with ill-nature and conſtant reproaches on his “ conduct, which, I am afraid, is your method. If my “ lord *Altemont* was guilty of the ſame follies, (which “ I dare

“ I dare affirm he never will) I should myself act as I
“ advise you. You have beauty enough to please a
“ husband; have therefore an equal desire to do it; be
“ the more studious of his humour, as he is more faulty
“ in his conduct; and let your affability shew his in-
“ justice in wronging you: Nor can you think this po-
“ licy false, when the mistresses men visit, exert all
“ their little arts to please them, and render their com-
“ pany agreeable; and this for gain only, without ho-
“ nour, without conscience, and without love. Why
“ then should not a virtuous woman shew as great a de-
“ sire to please her husband, as the artful jilts do to
“ please their gallants. In short, make home entirely
“ easy to him, and by endeavouring to fix his felicity,
“ you will fix your own.”

Flavilla was pleased with her advice; my lord ap-
proved it, and was secretly touched to the soul, for his
transgressions against so incomparable a wife, who had
acted what she spoke, and had more personal charms
than the woman, his false friend, had introduced him
to. When he had recollected himself, he proposed that
his sister should bring her husband to dinner next day,
and that his lady should repeat what she had already
said, and he was assured it would have an excellent ef-
fect. It was agreed, but with this discreet condition of
lady *Sophia*, that her discourse should be directed to my
lord, to take off any suspicion, that her discourse was
directed to his brother. The next day they met, and
my lord saw himself discreetly attacked by his lady for
his real faults, while she seemed to take them for ima-
ginary

ginary. To what she had said before, she added some reflections on the ill choice men of quality make of their acquaintance; among whom are the men of laughing buffoons, who lead them into all the vices of the age, under the false pretence of friendship; at which words looking at my lord in the most tender manner, she concluded, "These, my lord, are wretched friends, who
 "lead you into such evils; on the contray, the friendship between man and wife is cemented by virtue,
 "love, and interest; and cannot be dissolved without
 "destroying the happiness of both. Let not then, my
 "lord, any false friend deceive you to your ruin. I
 "desire a continuance of your love only so long as I
 "endeavour to deserve it."—At these words my lord overcome with the soft reproach, expressed himself in raptures, and a promise of mutual love, and mutual happiness ensued. These transports were followed by the like by the brother and his wife, who owned himself a convert to virtue and matrimonial love. Thus, what neither beauty nor wit could effect, discretion did: their lives afterwards were prosperous, and their deaths happy.

MORAL MISCELLANY.

THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD WIFE.

THE good wife is one, who, ever mindful of the solemn contract which she hath entered into, is strictly and conscientiously virtuous, constant and faithful to her
 husband:

husband: chaste, pure, and unblemished, in every thought, word, and deed: she is humble and modest, from reason and conviction, submissive from choice, and obedient from inclination: what she acquires by love and tenderness, she preserves by prudence and discretion: She makes it her business to serve, and her pleasure to oblige her husband: conscious that every thing that promotes his happiness, must, in the end, contribute to her own: her tenderness relieves his cares, her affection softens his distress, her good humour and complacency lessen and subdue his afflictions. "She openeth her mouth," as Solomon says, "with wisdom, and her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the way of her husband, and eateth not the bread of idleness: her children rise up, and call her blessed: her husband also, and he praiseth her." As a good and pious christian, she looks up with an eye of gratitude to the great dispenser and disposer of all things, to the husband of the widow and father of the fatherless, intreating his divine favour and assistance in this and every other moral and religious duty; well satisfied, that if she duly and punctually discharges her several offices in this life, she shall be blessed and rewarded for it in another.—"Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she, shall be praised."

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE good wife minds the contract she has made,
 And ne'er from virtue's path can be betray'd ;
 Her constancy admits no wav'ring fire,
 Her chaste ideas shield her from desire ;
 While from conviction humble she appears,
 She soothes her lord, and all his sorrow cheers.
 From inclination only she obeys,
 While reason leads her thro' discretion's ways :
 With prudence she her husband's substance carves,
 With joy obliges, and with pleasure serves,
 Soft, tender, kind, affectionate, and true,
 She keeps his happiness alone in view,
 And proves (while all who know her ways commend)
 The real wife, the mother, and the friend.

THE IMPRUDENT MOTHER.

I was making a visit the other day to a family that pass for what are called your very sensible clever folks. They have a large family of children, of whom they seem exceedingly fond, and indeed imprudently so. "Come hither my dear," said the lady of the house, to a little girl, about four years old, who was crying to

go out of the room almost as soon as she came into it, "Come hither Lucy! Look ye my dear, if you will behave yourself prettily, and go and talk to the company, papa will give you a fine new doll to-morrow." This stopped the crying for the present, but the consequence will be that every time Miss Lucy wants a new play thing, she has only to misbehave herself in the same manner, and she is sure of being bribed into good humour again. By this improper conduct of her mamma, the little gypsey will be taught to be artful and peevish, at an age, whose greatest ornament is innocence and good humour. Good behaviour should always be attended with reward, but should never be the consequence of bad behaviour. The approbation of Friends, is a better incentive to young persons acting properly than the reward of toys and sugar plumbs, and gives them a pleasure of a much higher kind. The notion of doing right, for the sake of doing right, should be gently inculcated, and strengthened by degrees, as they advance in age and understanding. This will settle in time, into a firm and steady rectitude of mind, which interest will never bias, which adversity will never shake, and which prosperity will never enervate. From hence will proceed a calm and even cheerfulness of temper; a regular and uniform conduct, that will for ever make them happy in themselves, and respected by others.

ORIGINAL STORIES.

F

OVER

OVER FONDNESS OF CARDS.

I REMEMBER a story of an old lady who used to divide her time principally between the church and the card table. A young man of more humour than discretion, laid a wager that he would make her talk of her cards at her devotions in the church. He contrived the next day, to kneel down by her, and whispered in her ear, "I had most terrible luck last night! No mortal was ever so unfortunate!" "Fie Sir! for goodness sake don't talk so." "I had four matadores, madam,"—and so on he went, telling his hand and the whole of the game. "A club was led, and I put on a small trump," "Pooh!" says this good lady, "you should have played your ponto."

What an impudent affront was this to the Almighty, and should caution ladies from a too fond attachment to the love of card playing.

THE EXTRAVAGANT FEMALE.

PRISONS, of all other places, exhibit a group of objects the most affecting to a good heart. There a variety of innocent and respectable characters may be daily seen, languishing under all the rigour of confinement and penury.

My situation, sometime ago, gave me frequent opportunities, in company with a few companions, of visiting and contemplating this most melancholy scene. Among all we then saw, none of them engaged our attention so deeply, as a man of an aspect and manner peculiar to himself. He was a perfect skeleton, and looked the very picture of sadness and want. Yet in all this distressful extremity, nothing about him had an appearance of meanness. Indeed the notice he always took of us, his concern for his fellow-sufferers, and every other part of his conduct, discovered uncommon manliness and simplicity. It was remarkable, that while his companions in misery kept teizing every one for money, he never did. This disposed us to exert ourselves among our respective acquaintance, and make up a little sum for him. When we begged his acceptance of it, we signified, at the same time, a desire of hearing how he had been reduced.

“ My story (said he) is but short, and has nothing in
 “ it very extraordinary. I was the only son, and con-
 “ sequently sole heir of rich and respectable parents,
 “ who gave me a liberal education, and left me in pos-
 “ session of an ample fortune. I married the daughter
 “ of a reputable citizen, who, from his mode of life,
 “ was thought very wealthy. His family, who knew
 “ nothing of his affairs, were accustomed to live in the
 “ greatest splendor. My wife had a thousand amiable
 “ qualities. There are few genteel accomplishments
 “ in which she did not excel. Her sweetness of tem-
 per, endeared her to all who knew her. Her viva-

“ city never forsook her, and was always pleasing. No
 “ heart was ever more tender, or more generous, or
 “ more uniformly alive to all the delicacies of conjugal affection, than her’s. Yet, what with the extreme
 “ sensibility of her nature, the superfluity in which she
 “ was bred, and her peculiar fondness for every species
 “ offashionable gaiety and dissipation, her habit of squandering was unconquerable and unbounded. She always had what money she wanted, and spent it as she pleased. For my heart never permitted me to lay her under the least restraint. Her extravagance, however romantic and distressing, arose from principles originally good, but ill directed. Nor could I retrench her expence, without occasioning such a shock, as might have injured her health. The moment I was involved, I stretched every point to keep it from her knowledge. I had still great expectations from her father, in whose hands the whole residue of my property was now lodged. My situation soon became too critical to be much longer concealed. But, in one fatal day, he failed, and I was at once arrested, and stript of every thing. My poor wife never left me, and never recovered our misfortune. Often did these walls, and these wretches, witness her lamentations. At last she grew quite frantic, and expired in my arms, muttering, with her last breath, curses on a conduct that had ruined me.”

That œconomy, which this anecdote points out, is, in fact, one of the best, and most necessary lessons that can be taught. With a little seasonable care and attention

UNHAPPY FEMALE RELIEVED. 101

sention of this kind, what a world of misfortune and misery might often be prevented ! For the giddiness so frequently and hastily censured in the sex, is not a natural but an adventitious quality, the obvious consequence of an unprincipled education.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

AN UNHAPPY FEMALE RELIEVED
FROM MOTIVES OF COMPASSION.

THE FRIEND.

*Al! little think the gay, licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround ;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth
And wanton, often cruel riot, waste ;
How many pine in want and dungeon-glooms,
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery !*

THOMSON.

It is but seldom that persons, who enjoy the advantages of health, affluence, and liberty, choose to meditate upon the unhappy condition of those who, by a variety of causes, have been deprived of these inestimable blessings : were they sometimes to look about them, and see the numerous ills to which the human species are

exposed, sure the time thus spent would not be ill employed. Would not the comparison they would naturally draw between the situation of the miserable and themselves, be a means of encreasing their own happiness? As a man passing a dungeon, immediately feels his heart glow with an unusual warmth at the thought which instantly strikes him of his being at liberty: so he that sees a fellow-creature sinking under the weight of some mortal disease, felicitates himself in the possession of sound health, and never knows the value of it so completely as at that moment: and the rich man is taught the worth of riches, by the sight of those miseries that attend poverty. There is another reason likewise why the Friend of mankind would recommend a little reflection on the calamities incident to the species: many of them may be removed by the assistance of the charitable: the pleasure arising from the relief of distress is infinitely beyond the most exalted gratifications of sense: it is, without doubt, the greatest human nature is capable of enjoying, and can be compared to nothing but a foretaste of those joys which are to be the reward of virtue in the realms of bliss. I have been led into these reflections by a scene of distress that I was lately a witness to, and which I intend to make the subject of this essay, in hope that it may be a means of procuring relief to some of the many unhappy creatures who experience the same dreadful misfortunes.

Walking some nights ago through a by-lane, in a remote part of the town, my curiosity was strongly excited by some discourse I heard between two women in a

little

little shop : one of them, who stood behind the counter, exclaimed rather vehemently, ‘ I am sorry for her
 ‘ with all my heart ; but I cannot afford to give her
 ‘ lodging and food for nothing ; and I am resolved she
 ‘ shall leave my house this very night.’ The other
 mildly answered, ‘ And where will she go, poor soul !
 ‘ She will certainly expire in the street, if you turn her
 ‘ out in such a condition.’ ‘ I cannot help it,’ replied
 the first woman : ‘ ‘ Charity begins at home.’ ‘ She
 ‘ owes me already for six weeks board and lodging.’
 This short discourse was sufficient to satisfy me, that
 some miserable object in great distress must be the sub-
 ject of their conversation ; and that now was the time
 for compassion to hold forth her assisting hand to com-
 fort the unhappy. Stepping therefore into the shop,
 ‘ Where is the unfortunate wretch,’ said I, ‘ that you
 ‘ are talking of ? Perhaps some method may be found
 ‘ to prevent your cruel intention of turning her into the
 ‘ street.’ ‘ Yes, good Sir,’ said the woman : ‘ a little
 ‘ of that money which, by your appearance, you must
 ‘ have plenty of, would have that effect ; and your Ho-
 ‘ nour can’t have a better opportunity of bestowing
 ‘ your charity.’ The woman conducted, and I fol-
 lowed her up a rotten stair-case, to one of the meanest
 garrets I ever was in. ‘ There, Sir,’ (said she, point-
 ing to a miserable bed in one corner of it) ‘ lies the
 ‘ poor creature you desire to see.’ I approached ; but,
 good God ! how shall I express my surprize, at seeing
 the wretchedness of the object I had before me ! a love-
 ly young woman, in the prime of youth, expiring un-

der a disorder of the most shocking kind. Disease had eaten her up; and death seemed, at this moment, to be performing his last kind office. Her eyes were closed, her features fixed; and, only for some convulsive motions, I should have thought her already dead: her face had still evident remains of the most perfect beauty, though emaciated to a great degree: her person was so poorly covered by the ragged bed cloaths, that it was easily to be seen she had been uncommonly lovely. Never did the power of compassion operate more strongly on my mind, than at that instant. I broke out into complaints, as if I had been myself the afflicted; and almost arraigned the justice of heaven, for punishing, in so severe a manner, any faults this poor unhappy creature might have committed. Pity had taken such possession of my soul, I forgot, for some moments, that now was the only time to try if human assistance would avail her any thing: for, in all probability, a delay but of a short space would be fatal. That no time might be lost, I ran myself for a surgeon, while the woman of the house hastened to get some cordial, which I directed should be given her instantly, if it could be procured; apprehending that want of the necessaries of life had done more towards reducing her to this miserable condition, than even her disorder. In a few minutes I returned with the surgeon; who assured me there was not the least danger, now that she had assistance. This was balm to my heart, and gave me the sincerest joy I ever felt. After having caused her to swallow a little, I
 ordered

ordered her to her landlady's bed, and giving strict charge to her, left her, having paid a little in advance. My impatience would not let me remain long before I returned to see the poor creature. When I entered the room, the nurse told me she was in a sweet sleep, and had been for some hours. I ventured, however, to approach the bed; and undrawing the curtain gently, sat down by her; where I gazed on her some time with tender sympathy. The interval of my absence, though short, had made a wonderful alteration: instead of a pale death-colour, she had now a blooming countenance. She lay with one arm under her head, and the other extended on the bed-cloaths; and in this posture, exhibited to my view a finer picture than ever was drawn by the hand of a Titian, or the pen of an Ovid. The peculiar style of languishment her lovely face expressed, was infinitely more touching than the most confirmed health:

Ev'ry beauty soften'd, ev'ry grace
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed.

THOMSON.

What must be my sensations at so bewitching a scene, may be guessed by any one who has relieved beauty in distress; but what were the feelings of my soul, none but those of an exalted mind can form any conception of. ‘Yes, tender unfortunate,’ said I, ‘I will protect thee, I will be thy friend, I will watch over thee as thy guardian angel; and, if possible, thy future
F 5 ‘ days

' days shall be as happy, as thy former ones were miserable.' ' Ah, no,' said she, (in faint, but the sweetest accent I ever heard) ' there is no penitence will ever atone for my sins ; they have been too great for pardon ; and, though committed in the course of a few days, ages of repentance will not blot them out.' Here she stopped, and gave way to some tears that had been gathering from the time I began to speak. After having comforted her, I gave her a little money for present use ; and promised her a place for her future living. I then left her, pleased to the heart at having rescued a fellow-creature from the jaws of death.

HUMANITY,

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF IT.

*See how yond' Justice rails upon yond' simple Thief,
Hark in thine ear : change places, and bandy-dandy,
Which is the Justice, which is the Thief ?*

* * * * *

*Through tatter'd cloaths small vices do appear :
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all, Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of Justice hurtleß breaks :
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.*

SHAKESPEARE.

As I was walking, the other evening, through a street not far from the Haymarket, I observed a concourse of people collected together ; joy was visible in every coun-

countenance, which tempted me, though not naturally of a curious disposition, to enquire the cause. I was soon informed, by one of the mob, that they had caught a thief, and were going to take him before a justice. Being naturally of a humane disposition, I can never see an object of this kind without concern; and when I returned home, I could not help making it a subject of meditation. ‘The poor man,’ said I, ‘has many enemies; if he commits a fault, let it be ever so small, every body is in arms against him; though want, that hungry, meagre fiend, might have forced him to be guilty of the crime. How many a well-meaning person have we seen, driven by the distress of poverty to take part of his neighbour’s substance; for which he is dragged before an unfeeling judge, who may perhaps, have been guilty of a thousand much worse crimes, and by him sent to prison, there to wait for his trial, on which he will probably be transported, for endeavouring to relieve the distress of a poor family starving in want, by means which the judge that condemned him would have been guilty of, had he felt the like distress? Who, that is not lost to all the feelings of humanity, can bear to see famine prey upon his family; to hear his children calling for bread, while their mother, scarce capable of supporting herself under her troubles, in vain attempts to stop their little cries; in vain calls on her husband for relief; and even implores the assistance of death, to relieve her from the miseries that surround her?’

It is easy for a person, whose wants are supplied, in imagination to hear distress, and still act according to the strictest rules of justice; but when, instead of the imaginary evil, he feels the real one, he will find that there is a much greater difference between speculation and action than he imagined. Human nature, in whatever situation it is placed, is human nature still; nor can there be any person whose virtue is so strong as to prevent him, when almost starving, from committing the crime (if it may in this case be called a crime) of endeavouring to relieve his distresses, by robbing of his neighbour. For the preservation of society, it is, I allow, necessary that crimes, even of the smallest kind, should be punished. All that I would wish is, that they may be punished with mercy; that those who are in office would take pains to distinguish between the artful, designing villain, and those unhappy persons who are, by the numerous distresses that attend poverty, necessitated to commit those crimes. In an affair of this kind it certainly cannot be inconsistent with justice to forgive and to assist. How many instances do we meet with every day in this metropolis, of persons who are forced to rob, in order to relieve those distresses, from which they have, in vain, attempted to extricate themselves by labour, and the assistance of the charitable? Among the many that are to be found, I shall mention one, that I met with not long ago.

I was accosted in Piccadilly by a poor man, who desired charity, assuring me he was the father of a family, who were then ready to die for want. The manner in which

which the man asked my charity had something so very particular, that it could not fail of exciting my attention. My reflection on it was the cause of my being for some time silent ; which he interpreted as a refusal, heaved a sigh, and left me. I called him back ; a faint smile overspread his countenance at the hopes of being relieved. He was a good-looking man ; young, though emaciated : I desired to know in what part of the town he lived : he answered me in the most grateful manner ; and, upon my expressing a desire to see his family, conducted me to a cellar near the Seven Dials.

The first object that attracted my attention, upon entering the cellar, was the poor woman lying on the ground, not even a wisp of straw to cover her : her countenance was pale, her eyes sunk, the cloaths which she had on were not able to preserve her from the cold. Upon my entrance she attempted to rise, and at last, with some difficulty, got half up ; her weakness however overcame her, and she fell back to the ground. Three or four children, I could hardly tell which (for there was no light but what came from an oyster-woman's lamp) were lying in different parts of the room, in the same miserable situation, I do not remember I was ever so much affected before : I gave the man some money, and ordered him to go and get some necessaries for his family : he went, and soon returned with what I ordered. It was, however, with no small difficulty that he got his wife or children to eat : they seemed to be past human assistance. When he had given each part of what he had bought, in which I offered him
what

what assistance I could, I asked him what brought him to that miserable situation? He said, he was a journeyman Book-binder; that he came to town for work, which not being able to meet with, he was obliged, in order to support his family, to sell some instruments that he brought with him; that when the money, which he had procured for these, was spent, he had nothing left but to ply about the streets for charity. What he had this way was, for some time past, his only subsistence, which had been barely sufficient for keeping them from starving. Having unfortunately, for these last two or three weeks, not met with his usual success, and finding that it was out of his power to procure subsistence for his family, he was at last driven to despair, and was resolved, if fortune had not thrown me in the way, that very evening to try some desperate method, in which, in all probability, as he must be a novice in the way, he would have been taken and sent to prison, unable to assist his family, who must inevitably have perished.

Wouldst thou, O reader! in this poor man's situation, couldst thou refrain from robbing? Think fairly: suppose thou wast driven to distress like this; no friend to assist thee;—in vain thou triest to get something by begging in the streets. Was it but thyself, possibly thou mightest bear it; but couldst thou bear to see thy wife, her who had so often softened thy cares, her who had so often taken pains to make thee happy; couldst thou bear to think that she must feel the distress of famine? Thy children in vain imploring thy assistance, in vain asking for food? And yet how many thousands do we see punished in this situation?

People in high stations seldom reflect upon the miseries of others, who are deprived of the necessities of life: could they but feel a few of the many miseries which some poor people are necessitated to bear, they would surely devote some part of their time and fortune in searching for, and relieving real objects of charity.

THE ILL EFFECTS OF AFFECTATION,

IN THE STORY OF THE AFFECTED GAUDIA.

TAKEN FROM THE GENERAL MAGAZINE.

IN the person of Gaudia, the spoiled child, had grown into the affected woman. Dress, cards, dancing, and the frequenting public places of entertainment, had hitherto engrossed her whole attention; and while she was thus indulging in those follies, her father, a merchant of some consideration, left the world; and on the winding-up of his affairs by his executors, his property was found to be insufficient to pay his creditors; consequently Gaudia's hopes of figuring away in life in a still greater degree than she had hitherto done, were at once blasted.

Gaudia's manner of bringing up, together with a superciliousness of behaviour which is but too often seen in young ladies of fortune, promised her but very little favour from the judicious part of mankind; and those persons

persons who were of her acquaintance were of that trifling sort who generally forget even the persons of their much-loved, their dear and valuable friends, so soon as adversity renders them incapable of continuing their favours.

Neglected, insulted, and in a manner forgotten, was the state of Gaudia, in less than six months after the decease of her indulgent parent; but affectation, which had been long nurtured by her with uncommon attention, and which had attained to its full growth in her bosom, did not leave her with her pretended friends; but being now unaided by fortune, it served only to make Gaudia appear more ridiculous than when in connexion with the bandaged Goddess.

Gaudia was handsome; but her vanity outstripped her beauty. She trusted that her person and manner were still sufficient for the re-establishment of her lost consequence; and her expectations, even at this time, were such, that she looked for nothing short of an union with a coronet.

Our heroine was not without suitors; indeed she had many, and amongst them several very respectable characters; some of whom probably, notwithstanding her vanity, might have been induced, from her personal appearance, to have offered her their hands; but her darling Affectation introduced her twin-sister Coquetry, and she very soon after lost the regards of her admirers, by assuming the blandishments of a jilt.

Gaudia now found her situation to be such, that an entire change in her mode of life was become absolutely

ly necessary. She assumed a plainness in dress, a steadiness, of temper, and, in fact, a line of conduct quite the reverse of her former manner; and she had the good fortune, from the externals of propriety, to captivate Applicatus, a young tradesman, who, after an acquaintance of little more than a month, married her, promising himself much happiness with a woman whose mind he conceived to be enlightened.

Gaudia had not been long a wife, before she began to introduce her old companion Affectation to the view of her husband; and before the completion of the first year of their connubial state, that child of pride and folly pervaded the very soul of the wife of Applicatus.

Applicatus, surprised at so great a change in Gaudia, expostulated with her on the impropriety of her conduct, hoping thereby to prevail on her to discard so unnecessary an attendant on the wife of a tradesman; but his endeavours were in vain; her attachment to her favourite was too great to be talked away. Her affectation now kept company with extravagance; they directed all her family concerns; and nothing would now serve her but the richest apparel for her wear, and the choicest morsel for her appetite; leaving the consideration of supplying the expence to her husband.

Applicatus still endeavoured to prevail on Gaudia to discard her favourite, but with the same success as before. The family concerns were wholly unattended to by her; and from her extravagance and extreme indolence, from the mismanagement of servants, and from losses in trade, Applicatus became a bankrupt in the
third

third year of their marriage. He being a man truly industrious and well-disposed, the disgrace which he conceived his inability to discharge every debt in full laid him under, affected first his mind, and afterwards his body, and he ultimately fell a martyr to his own feelings and his wife's affectation.

Gaudia was now almost hopeless: friends she had none; and those persons who respected her husband, would hardly hear her name mentioned with temper, from a supposition (but too well founded) that she was the cause both of his ruin and his death.

Affectation was, however, still her own; that favourite folly soothed her under every affliction; nor did it leave her even in sickness, until her clothes and every valuable was gone, and the parish-officers, from motives of humanity, had conveyed her to the WORKHOUSE.

PART OF THE HISTORY OF AMANDA, A PENITENT.

Go, and sin no more,

I left her weeping, but what would tears avail? she had been oft forewarned, and yet was off her guard; poor girl! she once was innocent, and like her mother Eve she early fell, a hapless prey to flattery and deceit. I knew her danger, and with frequent admonitions told her to beware. How frail is female virtue!

true! the love of admiration proved her ruin. Yet, she was handsome, thoughtless, young, and gay, all which combined to facilitate and accelerate her destruction; but she was daily told to watch and pray against the wiles of men. How little to be pitied then, if inattention was her known, persisted in, and fatal weakness—it was.—*Eugenius*, a youth well skilled in artifice and adulation, beheld her charms with fond desire, and sought with no small pains to seduce her—he succeeded—too well for poor *Amanda*—her virtue lost, her reputation gone, by friends abandoned, and relations scorned, what could she do?—alas!—but mourn—and this I found her doing. Moved by compassion, and pitying her distress (though it was her own procuring) with sentiments, the language of humanity and benevolence, I strove to comfort her—at first she seemed like *Rachael*, unwilling to take comfort, and fatally resolved to end her days in grief, despair, and woe—

Was this her duty?—no—she was not left without some ground to hope,—but hope for what? for pardon and forgiveness at the hands of her offended maker? yes, she might hope for this, but only through the medium of sincere repentance, mixed with faith on him who died for *Magdalens*, convinced of sin's desert, and humbly seeking mercy at a Saviour's feet.—I told her this—she strove to speak—her heart was full, but all she uttered was—“O sir, God knows my grief, he knows how much I have suffered since I lost” . . .

Her tears and deep-fetched sighs, for several minutes stopped her speech—at length, though with much

much difficulty she added, "heaven is my witness, what would I not do to regain my innocence (if that was possible)—how often and how fervently have I prayed to him, who does not take delight either in the death and punishment of his creatures, to forgive my sin, and cleanse me from my guilt.—"

"But may such a wretch as I—prostitute, chief of sinners, lowest of virtue, innocence, and reputation—hope for mercy?" "Yes, I replied, you may—but only on conditions—Are you resolved, if God should hear your prayers, to go and sin no more?"—She lifted up her hands and eyes to Heaven, and said—*O God, thou knowest*—then overcome with grief, burst into tears.

May the fair sex take warning from the unfortunate Amanda.

FEMALE MONITOR.

T H E

DREADFUL EFFECTS OF VICIOUS CONDUCT

Exemplified in the person of an unfortunate Female.

A Gentleman in the medical line was some time ago asked to visit a patient, and was conducted by an elderly woman up two or three pair of stairs, to a gloomy, shabby, sky-lighted apartment. When he entered,

tered, he perceived two young females sitting on the side of a dirty bed without curtains; on approaching he found one of them nearly in the agonies of death, supported by the other, who was persuading her to take a bit of bread dipped in spirits. The pale emaciated figure refused, saying, in a feeble languid voice, "That it could but contribute to prolong her misery, which she hoped was drawing to an end." Looking at the Doctor, she said, "you have come too late, sir, I want not your assistance.

Oh! could thou minister to a mind diseased,
Or stop th' access and passage to remorse."

Here she fetched a deep sigh, and dropped upon the bed—every means of relief was afforded, but in vain; for in less than two hours she expired.

In a small box by the side of the bed were found some papers, by which it appeared that the young woman had more than ordinary education—that she had changed her name, and concealed that of her parents, whom she pitied, and whose greatest fault had been too much indulgence, and a misplaced confidence in the prudence of their favourite daughter.

FEMALE MONITOR.

THE MAID OF SORROW.

UNHAPPY daughter of Distress and Woe,
Whate'er thy sorrows, and whoe'er thou art:

For thee the tears of Charity shall flow,
Warm from the purest fountain of the heart,

Perhaps,

Perhaps, tho' now neglected and forlorn,
A parent once survey'd thee with delight;
The idol of thy father's heart alone,
Or the lov'd darling of a mother's fight.

For thee, perhaps, they toiled, watch'd, and pray'd;
On thy sweet innocence with transport hung:
And well they thought their tender care repaid,
To hear the artless music of thy tongue.

When dawning Reason shed her ray benign,
And all thy excellence became reveal'd;
How did they see thy op'ning virtue shine,
And hear thy praise with rapture ill-conceal'd!

Some base deceiver, practis'd to betray,
Might win thy easy faith, destroy thy fame,
Then cast thee like a loathsome weed away,
The sport of Fortune, and the child of Shame.

Poor wand'rer! perhaps thou couldst not find
The liberal hand, the slender gift to spare;
Insatiate Avarice the soul confin'd,
Or timid Prudence disbeliev'd thy prayer.

Then, from the world, neglected and forlorn,
Careless of life, and hopeless of relief,
Thy agonizing heart retir'd to mourn,
And breathe its last in unmolested grief.

Unhappy shade! whate'er thy lot has been,
From sin at last, and sorrow thou art free;
Thy debt to Nature it is fully paid,
And wounded Pity pays her debt to thee.

THE STORY OF SCIPIO AND INDIBILIS.

THE mighty *Scipio* at four and twenty years of age, had obtained a great victory, and a multitude of prisoners, of each sex and all conditions, fell into his possession; and among others, an agreeable virgin, in her early bloom and beauty. He had too sensible a spirit to see the most lovely of all objects without being moved with passion: Besides which, there was no obligation of honour or virtue to restrain his desires towards one who was his by the fortune of war. But a noble indignation, and a sudden sorrow, which appeared in her countenance, when the conqueror cast his eyes upon her, raised his curiosity to know her story. He was informed, that she was a lady of the highest condition in that country, and was contracted to *Indibilis*, a man of merit and quality. The generous *Roman* soon placed himself in the condition of that unhappy man, who was to lose so charming a bride; and though a youth, a batchelor, a lover, and a conqueror, immediately resolved to resign all the invitations of his passion, and the rights of his power, to restore her to her destined husband. With this purpose he commanded her parents

rents and relations, as well as her husband, to attend him at an appointed time. They met accordingly, and in less than half an hour *Scipio* appears to them, and leads his prisoner into their presence. The *Romans* (as noble as they were) seemed to allow themselves a little too much triumph over the conquered: As *Scipio* therefore approached, they all threw themselves on their knees, except the lover of the lady: But *Scipio* observing in him a manly fullness, was the more inclined to favour him, and spoke to him in these words.

“ It is not the manner of the *Romans* to use all the power they justly may: We fight not to ravage countries, or break through the ties of humanity; I am acquainted with your worth, and your interest in this lady: Fortune has made me your master, but I desire to be your friend. This is your wife; take her, and may the gods bless you with her! Far be it from *Scipio*, to purchase a loose and momentary pleasure at the rate of making an honest man unhappy.”

Indibilis's heart was too full to make any answer, but he threw himself at the feet of the general, and wept aloud. The captive lady fell into the same posture, and they both remained so, till the father burst into the following words:

“ Oh, divine *Scipio*! The gods have given you more than human virtue. Oh, glorious leader! Oh, wondrous youth! does not that obliged Virgin give you, while she prays to the gods for your posterity, and thinks you sent down from them, raptures above all
the

the transports which you could have acquired from the possession of her injured person."

The temperate *Scipio* answered him without much emotion, and retired, saying, *Father, be a friend to Rome.* An immense sum was offered as her ransom: But he sent it to her husband, and smiling, said, *This is a trifle after what I have given him already.*

THE APPLICATION.

Chastity in youth is a much more difficult virtue to practise than generosity.

ATYS AND PHRYNE.

There was an old man whose name was Sophronius, who had two children, a son and a daughter. The name of the son was Atys, the daughter was called Phryne. It happened one day, as these two were playing together, they found a looking glass in their mother's bed chamber; and looking into it, they discovered that Atys was extremely handsome, but Phryne very deformed.

The boy was not a little proud of this: he immediately began to entertain a very high opinion of himself, and to despise his sister. He was always talking of his own beauty, and putting Phryne in mind of her deformity. He would run to the glass every minute, and

call upon his sister to observe how differently they appeared in it: in short, he omitted nothing which might create a mortification to his sister, or improve the opinion which he thought every one entertained of the comeliness of his person. Phryne, grieved to find herself the constant subject of her brother's mirth, at length complained to her father of his behaviour. The old man, who had a tender affection for them both, and was sorry to find there was any quarrelling between his children, thought this was a proper occasion to bestow some good advice upon them. After having kissed them both; "If, (said he) Atys, you find, by looking in the glass, that nature has bestowed a handsome face upon you, I would have you, by all means, endeavour to render your inward accomplishments answerable to such an outside. Let your actions be handsome as well as your person. And you, (said he) my dear Phryne, if you cannot recommend yourself by your beauty, may procure a more lasting commendation by your behaviour. The world will overlook the defects in your person, if they find you are not wanting in the perfections of the mind."

ATELMOULE. AN EASTERN STORY.

There was among the Caliphs, one more renowned than all the rest, for the goodness and singularity of his temper, whose name was Haroun Abrashid. It was his custom

custom to walk unknown among his subjects, and hear, from their own mouths, their grievances, and their opinion of their rulers. He advanced, and degraded according to these reports; perhaps sometimes too hastily, though always with an upright purpose; and used to say he was the only sovereign that heard the thoughts of his people. One morning about sun-rise, as he was walking along the side of a river, he saw an old man and his grandson earnest in discourse. The boy, in wantonness, had taken a water-worm out of the flags; and having thrown it on the ground, had lifted up his foot to crush it. The old man pulled him back, and just as the Caliph came up, was saying to him, "Boy don't take away that which is not in thy power to give. He who gave life to that insect, gave life also to thee: how darest thou destroy what he bestowed? Shew mercy, and thou wilt find mercy."

The Caliph stopped, and hearing rags and beggary so eloquent, stood astonished. "What is your name, and where is your habitation?" said he. The old man told him he was called Atelmoule, and pointed to his cottage. In an hour, a robe of state was sent to the cottage, officers attended, and Atelmoule was told he was appointed Visier. They conducted him full of wonder and confusion to the Caliph, when he fell upon his face before the throne, and without daring to look up, kissed the verge of the royal robe. "Rise, Atelmoule," said the Caliph, "you are now next to the throne; forget not your own lesson—" "Shew mercy, and you shall find it." The man with astonishment

and surprise recollected in the Caliph, the person whom he had spoke with in the morning. Mean time the sun was warm ; the worm whose life this new Visier had saved, opened his shelly back, and gave birth to a fly that buzzed about, and enjoyed his new-born wings with rapture ; he settled on the mule that carried back the Visier, and stung the creature. The mule pranced and threw his unaccustomed rider. The Visier hung by a part of his robe, and was killed by a stroke of the creature's heel. The account was brought to the palace, and even those who had murmured, at the exaltation of the man, pitied that death he owed to his virtue : even Providence was censured, so daring and ignorant is man ; but the Caliph, superior to the rest in virtue as in office, lifting up his hands to heaven, cried " Blessed be thy sacred name, O Prophet, I had decreed honours to Atelmoule, but thou hast snatched him to thy paradise, to enjoy greater honours.

THE FUNERAL OF MARIA,

O R,

Advantages to be drawn from Scenes of Sorrow.

FROM THE MIRROR.

Though neither the situation of the world, nor the formation of our minds, allow the thoughts of futurity or death a constant or prevailing effect upon our lives, they may, surely, sometimes, not unseasonably,

press

press upon our imagination; even exclusive of their moral or religious use, there is a sympathetic enjoyment which often makes it not only better, but more delightful, to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting.

Perhaps I felt it so, when, but a few days since, I attended the funeral of a young lady, who was torn, in the bloom of youth and beauty, from the arms of a father who doted on her, of a family by whom she was adored; I think I would not have exchanged my feelings at the time for all the mirth which gaiety could inspire, or all the pleasure which luxury could bestow.

Maria was in her twentieth year. To the beauty of her form, and excellency of her natural disposition, a parent equally indulgent and attentive had done the fullest justice. To accomplish her person, and to cultivate her mind, every endeavour had been used; and they had been attended with that success they commonly meet with, when not prevented by mistaken fondness, or untimely vanity. Few young ladies have attracted more admiration—none ever felt it less: With all the charms of beauty, and the polish of education, the plainest were not less affected, nor the most ignorant less assuming. She died when every tongue was eloquent on her virtues, when every hope was ripening to reward them.

It is by such private and domestic distresses, that the softer emotions of the heart are most strongly excited. The fall of more important personages is commonly distant from our observation; but, even where it happens

under our more immediate notice, there is a mixture of other feelings by which our compassion is weakened. The eminently great, or extremely useful, leave behind them a train of interrupted views, and disappointed expectations, by which the distress is complicated beyond the simplicity of pity. But the death of one, who, like Maria, was to shed the influence of her virtues over the age of a father, and the childhood of her sisters, present to us a little view of family afflictions, which every eye can perceive, and every heart can feel. On scenes of public sorrow, and national regret, we gaze, as upon those gallery pictures which strike us with wonder and admiration; domestic calamity, is like the miniature of a friend, which we wear in our bosoms, and keep for secret looks and solitary enjoyment.

The last time I saw Maria, was in the midst of a crowded assembly of the fashionable and the gay, where she fixed all eyes by the gracefulness of her motion, and the native dignity of her mien: yet so tempered was that superiority which they conferred with gentleness and modesty, that not a murmur was heard, either from the rivalry of beauty, or the envy of homeliness. From that scene the transition was so violent to the hearse and the pall, the grave and the sod, that once or twice my imagination turned rebel to my senses; I beheld the objects around me as the painting of a dream, and thought of Maria as living still.

I was soon, however, recalled to the sad reality. The figure of her father bending over the grave of his darling child; the silent suffering composure in which
his

His countenance was fixed ; the tears of his attendants whose grief was capable of tears ; these gave me back the truth, and reminded me that I should see her no more. There was a flow of sorrow with which I suffered myself to be born along, with a kind of melancholy indulgence ; but, when her father dropped the cord with which he had helped to lay his Maria in the earth, its sound on the coffin chilled my heart, and horror for a moment took place of pity.

It was but for a moment——He looked eagerly into the grave ; made one involuntary motion to stop the assistants who were throwing the earth into it ; then suddenly recollecting himself, clasped his hands together, threw up his eyes to heaven ; and then first I saw a few tears drop from them. I gave language to all this. It spoke a lesson of faith, of piety, and resignation. I went away sorrowful, but my sorrow was neither ungentle nor unmanly ; cast on this world a glance rather of pity than of enmity ; on the next a look of humbleness and hope.

Such, I am persuaded, will commonly be the effect of scenes like that I have described ; on minds neither frigid nor unthinking ; for of feelings like these, the gloom of a sceptic is as little susceptible as the levity of the giddy. There needs a certain pliancy of the mind, which society alone can give, though its vices often destroy, to render us capable of that gentle melancholy which makes sorrow pleasant, and affliction useful.

If the influence of such a call to thought, can only smother in its birth, one allurements to evil, or con-

firm one wavering purpose to virtue, I shall not have unjustly commended that occasional indulgence of pensiveness and sorrow, which will thus be rendered not only one of the refinements, but one of the improvements of life.

A NOBLE

EXAMPLE OF VIRTUE AND FORTITUDE,

IN THE HISTORY OF FELICITAS, THE MARTYR,
AND HER SEVEN CHILDREN.

AMONG all the female sex, who are candidates for the admiration of posterity, the lady whose history I now offer is among the foremost.

In those early periods, when our religion was as yet but thinly disseminated through the world; when the tyrant frowned, the gibbet threatened, and all the laws of every country seemed armed with vengeance to oppose it, then, bravely to assert the cause of Christianity, might dignify the greatest hero; but how much greater is the praise, when a feeble woman boldly asserts her Master's cause, and for his sake, gives up to the executioner, not only her own person, but the persons of her seven sons, all remarkable for their courage, fidelity, beauty, and unerring virtue.

Felicitas was born at Rome, in the reign of Trajan the emperor, at a time when the general persecution
against

against the Christians was beginning to subside. This interval of rest to Christianity served to spread its doctrines, and invigorate its professors for any future contingent calamity. Felicitas was the daughter of a Roman senator, who had been formerly converted himself, and gave all his family a Christian education: But this daughter in particular engaged his greatest attention. She was the child of his age, and the object, next to heaven, of his peculiar care. She was equally remarkable for sense and beauty, and she added virtue to both, which finishes the picture. She was sought for in marriage by persons of the greatest eminence then in the Roman empire, and at last made choice of one, who was equally zealous in the cause of Christianity with herself. This couple lived together with the utmost harmony for several years, and had seven children, all sons, who were early instructed in the principles of their parents. The father, however, dying, and Adrian ascending the throne, the sons, in order to support the honour of the family, and with the consent of the mother, went to the Roman army, which was employed in stopping the incursions of the Parthians and Persians, who now began to invade the empire. Upon their arrival at the army, and being dressed in uniform, Adrian, in reviewing his troops, was particularly struck with the exquisite form of the eldest as he passed along, but his pleasure increased, when he saw six more, all of whom, he knew by their faces, were brothers. He therefore demanded who they were, and being informed, made Januarius, the eldest, the tribune of his own

cohort, and gave each of the rest, some subordinate posts in his army. The confidence he reposed in them was by no means displaced, not even the oldest officers, shewed more complacency in camp, or more bravery in the day of battle. In their own example they revived true military glory, and taught Rome to behold the spirit of ancient intrepidity not entirely extinguished. The very name of Januarius, grew terrible to the enemy, and yet the merciful manner, in which he treated them when subdued, and his giving them their liberty, on condition of turning Christians, attracted their love, respect, and esteem. In this manner they continued to fight the battles of their country for several years, whilst every messenger brought to Rome, some new accounts of their generosity, their courage, and the wounds they had received or given. Their country was pleased, and praised their merit; but chiefly their mother, though now grown old, thought herself happy. She received the news of their victories with pleasure, and thanked heaven that gave her an opportunity of bringing into the world, so many heroes for the defence of their declining country. Upon Adrian's return, after conquering the enemy, a triumph was decreed him by the senate, and he entered Rome in the usual solemnities, with his whole army, and the captives and spoils taken from the enemy; but in the whole army, none were more remarkable than the seven brothers, all exactly cloathed alike in similar armour, and all covered over with the wounds they had received in several years hard campaigns. The acclamations of the people were
loudest

loudest wherever they passed by, whilst they moved forward with modest downcast looks, and at last went to pay those duties which they longed to pay to their mother. They continued in Rome for some years, and though they had been long bred soldiers, yet a military life only served to encrease their love for Christianity, being (if possible) rather more remarkable for their piety than their valour. It was in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, that a new persecution commenced against Christians of every denomination: neither sex, age, dignity, nor former services were remembered, but all were indiscriminately dragged to execution, and suffered all the punishments that barbarous superstition, or mistaken zeal could inflict. Among the number, who were accused of being Christians, were Felicitas the matron, and her seven sons. The idolatrous priests, had long been incensed at the numbers which were converted to Christianity by their influence, arguments, and example. They complained to the emperor, then at Rome, representing her and her sons as so many implacable enemies to the gods of Rome, and assuring him that the security of his empire depended on appeasing the offended deities by their blood. They were therefore seized in their own palace, and orders were given from the emperor himself, that they should recant their opinions, or suffer the punishment which the magistrates, in such cases, were empowered to decree. It was in vain that the unhappy family remonstrated, that they had long faithfully served their emperor and country, when they were most wanted, and

that it was hard now to condemn them for opinions they had before professed with openness and impunity ; they enlarged on the favours they received from Nerva, and entreated at least to be rescued from the resentment of the priesthood, and that if they must fall, that it might be by the judgment of a secular tribunal. Upon this the emperor's orders were dispatched to Publius, who was then governor of Rome, to see the judgment executed without severity : But Publius himself was of the number of those, who still adhered to the barbarous worship established by law, and was one of the most zealous persecutors of the Christians that had ever been known before. He therefore called the Christian family into his presence, and began with the mother, now aged seventy-three, imagining that if he could gain her, the example would influence her sons, at the same time hoping that maternal tenderness would induce her to change her opinions, merely to secure her children. He therefore addressed her in the language of an able orator ; laid before her the numberless advantages that would result to her upon her abjuring of Christianity ; talked largely of the religion of her ancestors, by which they had grown into power and fame, and displayed the ill consequences that would be the result if Christianity should prevail : But to those remonstrances Felicitas answered, “ That she had learned the truths of her religion from her very infancy, of which she was thoroughly convinced, and that to recant them now, would only be giving the lie to her professions. She knew, she said, all that could be urged against her, and was prepared

to receive it. Her ancestors, she told him, had many of them died for their country, but she was determined to be greater still, and die for her God."

The magistrate now began to change his language, and let her understand the tortures that were prepared in case she should refuse: But Felicitas with a look of the utmost intrepidity, regarding her children that stood round her, replied, "that she had seven sons who were not terrified when surrounded with dangers, and that she would shew herself worthy to be their mother." Publius, surprised at the resolution of her reply, endeavoured to bring her to compliance, by observing, that though she had no consideration for her own life, yet he hoped she would have some tenderness for the lives of her children. To which she answered, "that life and death were things but of small consequence in her estimation, and that whether her children lived or died, she hoped they would behave like professors of Christianity, like soldiers, and like men." This was the first conference, and was held privately, at the governor's own house; but the next day he took his seat, in the place appointed for the public examination of criminals, and ordered the prisoners to be conducted from their dungeons into his presence. Upon their appearance, he again accosted the heroic mother, observing, "that her life might be indifferent to her, as she had not long to live, yet it was her duty to regard her children, whose flourishing youth, promised long services to society." "No, replied the undaunted matron, they have long fought for their ungrateful country, their God, now, calls for an exertion
of

of their courage, and as they formerly toiled for a transitory reward, let them now fight for rewards that shall be eternal." The warmth of this reply raised the judge's utmost indignation; he considered it as an insult upon his authority, and ordered her to be struck on the face for her presumption, and to be instantly removed from the tribunal.

The judge now signified his desire to examine the sons, which he undertook to do separately, and Januarius, the tribune, was first brought to his trial. The governor attempted to shake his constancy, by shewing him what preferments, authorized by the emperor himself, would attend his conforming to the religion by law established, at the same time, laying before him what cruel tortures must attend his refusal. But Januarius still remained inflexible, and shewed his bosom all covered with wounds: "Think you," cries he, "that I, who have borne all these in fighting for you, while you remained inactive here, will fear to receive a thousand for the Master who died for me? No! prepare your whips and torments; at least you shall find, that, as I have given my fellow soldiers an example how to live, they shall see in me, an example how to die."

This reply only exasperated the governor still the more, he therefore ordered him to be immediately whipped in his presence, at the same time, loading him with invectives. While the orders were performing, Felix, the second son of this illustrious family, was called forth to the tribunal, who followed his brother's example, and

and met with the same treatment. Philip, the third brother was then brought forward, and told the emperor's orders, were, that he should sacrifice to Mars; to which he replied, "that the God which had given him courage in battle, he had sacrificed to every day; and whilst he had life, he would never quit his standard, nor by a base desertion gain his safety here, by the loss of immortality." In this manner, they all persisted in their adherence to Christianity. But the governor had some hopes of prevailing with the youngest, as he was as yet but a mere youth, and consequently unable to refute the objections which could be brought against his opinions. There was, therefore, every method tried to influence him: he was told, that the emperor had a right to challenge his obedience preferable to his mother, and had it in his power to exact it under severe penalties. But the young Christian replied, that, "It was true he owed the emperor his duty, but that his God challenged it first; that gratitude, justice, and every other motive, conspired to make him the servant first of an heavenly Master; and when his duties to him were fulfilled, that then he should discharge all that was due to his temporal sovereign."

In this manner they were brought to and from the tribunal for several days, and allowed in their prison nothing but bread and water; yet still they continued fixed in their resolutions of dying, and encouraged each other in setting an example of heroic, or rather, of Christian fortitude. At length however the emperor's orders for their execution arrived, and they were
all

all taken from prison ; the mother to be beheaded, and the sons whipped to death, with cords loaded with plummets of lead.

The terrible procession began from the prison gates ; the mother, with a firm and resolute countenance, marched first, and the sons followed, laden with chains, and attended by the executioners, with the instruments of death in their hands. This was a very different procession, from that in which they had some years before traversed the streets of Rome, when they were crowned with garlands, and saluted with acclamations in every street. Yet those very looks which, after their return from victory, were so modest, now assumed a noble majestic severity ; and they walked forward through pitying multitudes ; their eyes directed to that heaven to which these honourable martyrs were hastening.

When arrived at the place of execution, they were unbound, in order to take leave of each other ; and the mother, fondly hanging on the face of her eldest son, who was first to undergo the torture, is said to have spoken in the following manner : “ I thought myself
“ once happy in having so many children to present to
“ my country, I am now much happier, in having so
“ many to offer to my God. Blest, blest be the day in
“ which you were born, and the pangs which I felt in
“ bringing you into the world. Oh, my boy, my
“ soldier, my hero, my Christian ! this, this is your
“ day of triumph ; I shall soon have more reason to re-
“ joice at your groans and sufferings, than when,
“ crowned with conquest, you triumphantly entered
the

“ the streets of Rome. As for my own life, it is worn
 “ to the very last dregs, and cannot be an offering so
 “ acceptable to heaven as thine : persevere to the last,
 “ and we shall in a few minutes meet together, where
 “ we shall fear no future disturbance from men, and no
 “ ingratitude from our country.”

The executioner now began to inflict the dreadful punishment, and the mother, without fainting or betraying the least weaknesses of her sex, continued to look on. Januarius kept his eye still directed to heaven, nor could the severity of his torture, nor the insults from his executioners, draw from him a single groan. In the same manner the rest of her children took leave, and even the spectators, averse as they were to the Christians, could not refrain from shedding tears on this horrid occasion.

Felicitas still looked on with a steady and noble countenance, till it came to the turn of her youngest child, who, with looks still blooming with youth and beauty, came to take his last farewell of her. Upon his coming up to embrace her, her spirits could no longer contain, but she burst into a flood of tears, and hung upon his neck for sometime, in a transport of unspeakable sorrow. At last resuming her former fortitude : “ O
 “ thou,” said she, “ my all that’s now left me, my
 “ youngest, last, dear child, resist but a few moments
 “ and we shall soon be together. I have now but one
 “ short pang, and all will be over. All mankind are
 “ set against us, and what have we to do amongst them ?

“ No,

“ No, my child, let us go to a place of endless rest;
“ where the good shall meet with friends like them-
“ selves, and the wicked cannot intrude to molest us.
“ Look upon the poor mangled bodies of your already
“ happy brethren ! What is there terrible in death,
“ when attended with those rewards which shall crown
“ the righteous ? They now are looking on, with hap-
“ piness, upon us two miserable creatures, as we are,
“ thus struggling under, thus loaded with earthly
“ calamity.”

When all the sons were tortured to death, at last it came to the matron's turn to suffer ; but their fortitude seemed nothing, when compared to hers : she received the stroke with greater looks of joy than she had ever before testified, and bravely set the surviving world a pattern of constancy, piety, and maternal tenderness.

St. Gregory observes, that she seemed as much afraid of leaving her children in the world, as other parents are of surviving them.

LETTERS.

A LETTER FROM ONE LADY TO ANOTHER,

ON THE NECESSITY OF AN EARLY APPLICATION TO THE CULTIVATION OF KNOWLEDGE.

Now let me assure my dear Charlotte, it is necessary to habituate our minds, in our younger years, to some employment, which may engage our thoughts, and fill the capacity of the soul at a riper age. For, however we may roam in youth from folly to folly, too volatile for rest, too soft and effeminate for industry, ever ambitious to make a splendid figure ;

figure; yet the time will come, when we shall outgrow the relish for these dissipations; and if we are not provided with a taste for rational satisfactions to succeed in their room, we must of course become miserable at an age more difficult to be pleased. Whilst Ladies, however unthinking and unemployed, enjoy an inexhaustible flow of vigorous spirits, a constant succession of gay ideas, which flutter and sport in the brain, makes them pleased with themselves, and with every frolick as trifling as themselves: but, when the ferment of their blood abates, and the freshness of their youth, like the morning dew, passes away, their spirits flag for want of entertainments more satisfactory in themselves, and more suited to a wiser age; and the soul, from a sprightly impertinence, from quick sensations, and florid desires, subsides into a dead calm, and sinks into a flat stupidity. The fire of a glowing imagination (the property of youth) may make folly look pleasing, and lend a beauty to objects which have none inherent in them: just as the sun-beams may paint a cloud, and diversify it with beautiful stains of light, however dark, unsubstantial, and empty in itself. But nothing can shine with undiminished lustre but Religion and Knowledge, which are essentially and intrinsically bright. Take it therefore for granted, which you will find by experience, that nothing can be long entertainment but what is in some measure beneficial, because nothing else will bear a calm and sedate review. You may be fancied for a while, upon the account of good nature, the inseparable attendant upon a flush of sanguine

sanguine health, and a fulness of youthful spirits; but you will find, in process of time, that among the wise and good, useless good nature is the object of pity, ill nature of hatred; but nature, beautified and improved by an assemblage of moral, intellectual, and scientific endowments, is the only object of a solid and lasting esteem.

There is not a greater inlet to misery and vices of all kinds, than the not knowing how to pass our vacant hours; for what remains to be done, when the first part of their lives, who are not brought up to any employment, is slipped away without an acquired relish for reading, or taste for science or other rational satisfactions? That they should pursue their pleasures. But, religion apart, common prudence will warn them to tie up the wheel, as they begin to go down the hill of life. Shall they then apply themselves to their studies? Alas! the seed-time of life is already past: the enterprising and spirited ardour of youth being over, without having been applied to those valuable purposes for which it was given; all ambition of excelling upon generous and laudable schemes quite stagnates. If they have not some poor expedient to deceive the time, or, to speak more properly, to deceive themselves; the length of a day will seem tedious to them, who perhaps, have the unreasonableness to complain of the shortness of life in general. When the former part of our life has been nothing but vanity, the latter end of it can be nothing but vexation. In short we must be miserable, without some employment to fix, or some amusement to dissipate

pate our thoughts: the latter we cannot command in all places, nor relish at all times; and therefore there is an absolute necessity for the former. We may pursue this or that new pleasure; we may be fond for a while of a new acquisition: but when the graces of novelty are worn off, and the briskness of our first desire is over, the transition is very quick and sudden, from an eager fondness to a cool indifference. Hence there is a restless agitation in our minds, still craving something new, still unsatisfied with it when possessed; till melancholy encreases, as we advance in years, like shadows lengthening towards the close of day.

How much otherwise is it with those who have laid up an inexhaustible fund of knowledge! When we have been laying out that time in the pursuit of some great and important truth, which others waste in a circle of gay follies; we are then conscious of having acted up to the dignity of our nature; and from that consciousness there results that serene complacency, which, though not so violent, is much preferable to the pleasures of the irrational life: we can travel on from strength to strength; for in literature each new conquest which we gain impowers us to push our conquests still farther, and to enlarge the empire of reason.

Thus we are ever in a progressive state, ennobling the faculties of the soul, not thinking ourselves complete till our understanding is beautified with the valuable furniture of useful knowledge, and our minds enriched with every virtue.

ELEGANT AMUSEMENTS.

LET.

LETTER
TO A YOUNG LADY TOO FOND OF
ADULATION.

AMIALE Calista—you are in your parents hands, and at their disposal; your beauty, like the bloom of the peach, attracts admiration, and creates esteem; your affability and good nature, like the sweetness of the apple, recommends you to all your acquaintance; your good sense and discretion, give reason to hope you will add happiness to their happiness as well as your own.

But there is a certain snail which soon will corrode your winning temper, and spoil your pleasing charms, unless removed by the hand of prudence, and destroyed by the foot of reason: It is called Flattery, and covered with the shell of auspicious friendship; encourage not it's approach by your approving smiles, nor permit it too near you, lest you are overcome: for when once fixt, it is impossible to shake it off; let the dictates of sincerity engage your attention, and the word of truth excite your regard.

Despise the treacherous flatterer with a just abhorrence, and look on adulation with disdain: so shall vanity be a stranger to your person, and the man of sense and discernment, the worthy inheritance of your charms.

I remain your real friend,

SOPHRONIUS.

Peruse these and the following Lines, my Dear, with attention.

Let the foolish and vain at the toilet still vie,
In the simple endeavour to rival—a fly;
Do you, like the bee, ev'ry moment improve,
And merit a love which no time can remove?

FEMALE MONITOR.

THE FAIR MORALIST.

WHILE beauty and pleasure are now in their prime,
And folly and fashion expect our whole time,
Ah! let not these phantoms our wishes engage,
Let us live so in youth, that we blush not in age.

Tho' the vain and the gay may attend us a while,
Yet let not their flatt'ry our prudence beguile,
Let us covet those charms that will never decay,
Nor listen to all that deceivers can say.

How the tints of the rose, and the jasmine's perfume
The eglantine's fragrance, the lilac's fair bloom,
Tho' fair, and tho' fragrant, unheeded may lie,
For that neither is sweet when Florella is by.

I sigh

SOPHRONIS.

© Proverbs xxvi. 28.

I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth,
 But grant me, kind Providence, virtue and health;
 Then richer than kings, and as happy as they,
 My days shall pass sweetly and swiftly away.

When age shall steal on me, and youth is no more,
 And the moralist, Time, shakes his glass at my door;
 What charm in lost beauty or wealth shall I find?
 My treasure, my wealth, is a sweet peace of mind.

That peace I'll preserve, then, as free as 'twas giv'n,
 And taste in my bosom, an earnest of heav'n;
 For virtue and wisdom can warm the cold scene,
 And sixty may flourish as gay as sixteen.

When long I the burden of life shall have borne,
 And death, with his sickle, shall cut the ripe corn,
 Resign'd to my fate, without murmur or sigh,
 I'll bless the kind summons, and lie down and die.

H

FROM

FROM MISS MIDDLETON TO MISS PEMBERTON,
 GIVING HER THE MELANCHOLY ACCOUNT OF
 HER SISTER'S DEATH.

Dear Miss Pemberton,

JUST as I was setting out for Worcestershire, in order to follow my sister, who, you know, has been some time there, I received a letter from my aunt, acquainting me that she was taken ill last Friday, and died in two days after.——Yes, that lately so much admired, that splendid beauty, is now reduced to a cold lump of clay;—for ever closed are those once sparkling eyes;—hushed is that voice that gave so much delight;—those limbs, which art has ransack'd to adorn, have now no other covering than a simple shroud, and in a few days will be confined within the narrow compass of a tomb.—Ah! what is life!—What all the gaudy pride of youth, or pomp, or grandeur! What the vain adoration of a flattering world!—Delusive pleasures,—fleeting nothings, how unworthy are you of the attention of a reasonable being!——You know the gay manner in which we have always lived, and will no doubt, be surprised to find expressions of this kind fall from my pen;—but, my dear Pemberton, hitherto my life has been a dream;
 but

but I am now, thank heaven, awake:—My sister's fate has roused me from my lethargy of mind, made me see the ends for which I was created, and reflect that there is no time to be lost for their accomplishment.—Who can assure me, that in an hour, a moment, I may not be as she is!—And if so, oh! how unfit, how unprepared to make my audit at the great tribunal!—In what a strange stupidity have I passed fourteen or fifteen years; (for those of my childhood are not to be reckoned.)—I always knew that death was the portion of mortality, yet never took the least care to arm against the terrors of it.—When ever I went a little journey, I provided myself with all things necessary, yet have I got nothing ready for that long, last voyage, I must one day take into another world:—What an infatuation to be anxious for the minutest requisites for ease and pleasure, in a dwelling where I proposed to stay a few weeks or months, perhaps, yet wholly regardless of what was wanting for making my felicity in an eternal situation. Reason, just kindled, shudders at the recollection of that endless train of follies I have been guilty of:—Well might the poor Berinthia feel all their force; vain, gay, unthinking as myself, I tremble at the bare imagination of those ideas, which her last moments must inspire, for I now faithfully believe with Mr. Waller, that,

Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
Who stand upon the threshold of the new.

Whether it was the suddenness of her fate, or a letter she wrote to me not two hours before her death, I know not,

not, that has made this alteration in me ; but of this I am certain, that I can never enough acknowledge the goodness of that Divine Power, without whose assistance it could not have been brought about.

I shall make no apology for this melancholy epistle, because I am very sensible that whatever concern you may feel for my sister, it will be greatly alleviated, by finding I am become at last a reasonable creature. I enclose you the letter she sent, to the end you may judge with what kind of sentiments she left this world.— Heaven has, I hope, accepted her contrition, and will enable me, as you will find she desires, to be more early in mine.

I am, dear Miss,

Your most afflicted humble Servant,
PEMBERTON.

ENCLOSED IN THE FOREGOING.

MISS MIDDLETON'S LETTER TO HER SISTER,

WROTE A FEW HOURS BEFORE HER DEATH,

ADVISING HER NOT TO DEFER MAKING THE NECESSARY PREPARATIONS FOR FUTURITY.

My dear sister,

BEFORE this can possibly reach you, the unchanging fiat will be passed upon me, and I shall be either happy or miserable for ever.—None about me pretend to

flatter me with the hopes of seeing another morning.—Short space to accomplish the mighty work of eternal salvation!—Yet I cannot leave the world, without admonishing,—without conjuring you to be more early in preparing for that dreadful hour, you are sure not to escape, and know not how shortly may arrive:—We have had the same sort of education,—have lived in the same manner, and though accounted very like, have resembled each other more in our follies than our faces.—Oh! what a waste of time have we not both been guilty of! To dress well has been our study,—parade, equipage, and admiration our ambition,—pleasure our avocation, and the mode our God.—How often, alas! have I profaned, in idle chat, that sacred name, by whose merits alone I have hopes to be forgiven? How often have I sat and heard his miracles and sufferings ridiculed by the false wits of the age, without feeling the least emotion at the blasphemy!—Nay, how often have I myself, because I heard others do so, called in question that futurity I now go to prove, and am already convinced of!—One moment, methinks, I see the blissful seats of Paradise unveiled;—I hear ten thousand myriads of myriads of celestial forms tuning their golden harps to songs of praise, to the unutterable name.—The next a scene all black and gloomy, spreads itself before me, whence issues nought but sobs, and groans, and horrid shrieks.—My fluctuating imagination varies the prospect, and involves me in a sad uncertainty of my eternal doom:—On one hand beckoning angels smile upon me, while on the other, the furies stand prepared to

seize my fleeting soul.—Methinks I dare not hope, nor will the Reverend Doctor G*** suffer me to despair; he comforts me with the promises in holy writ, which to my shame, I was unacquainted with before; but now I feel them balm to my tormented conscience.—Dear, dear sister, I must bid you eternally adieu; I have discharged my duty in giving you this warning: O! may my death, which you will shortly hear of, give it that weight I wish and pray for: You are the last object of my earthly cares:—I have now done with all below,—shall retire into myself, and devote the few moments allowed me to that penitence which alone can entitle me to a glorious immortality. I die,

Your sincere friend

And most affectionate and departing sister,

BERINTHIA.

TO MISS W——,

ADVISING HER TO TAKE CARE OF HER HOUSE, &c.

As you are tenant at will in a very handsome genteel house, and are now capable of furnishing it in the politest manner, ruling it by the strictest maxims of œconomy and decorum, permit a friend to give a few cursory hints in an affair of so much importance.

Your

Your building is composed of some of the finest materials I ever saw, and is so much the more liable to discover any flaw or spot that may accidentally touch it.—'Tis erected of a proper height, a just size, reared on a regular plan, and finished with the most accurate proportion.—On the top stands an eminent turret, furnished with a room of a globular form, which I observe has two crystal windows in the front; these are so constructed as to be exceeding useful, as they command an extensive prospect, and, if always kept clean and bright, will prove a very great ornament to the house. I advise you not to look through them at every object that passes by; be sure to shut them soon at night, and you may open them as early as you please in the morning.—On each side I discover a small portal to receive company; take care they don't always stand open, for then you will be crowded with visitors, and perhaps with many such as you will not like; let them never be shut against the instructive parent, the advising friend, or the supplicating orphan. I took notice of one gate in the front, at which all your company goes out; let that generally be barred close; be cautious what visitors you let out publicly, lest any of ill character be seen coming from it, you draw a scandal upon your house; it will be necessary therefore to lay a strict injunction of vigilance on your two porters, who stand centinels in liveries of the deepest scarlet, just without the ivory palisades. —I have seen some people paint the two panels, just below the windows; but I would advise you

to the contrary, for your natural colours far exceed all the decorations of art.

Beneath is the great hall, in which you have a small closet of exquisite workmanship; this I suppose, is the place of your secret retirement, open to none but yourself, or some faithful intimate friend.—I advise you to keep this always clean, furnish it well, make it a little library of the best practical authors, and visit it frequently, especially when you return home from church, or leave a circle of acquaintance, which you have met at the tea-table: Let the outside of the hall not appear like an hearse hung round with escutcheons, nor like a coach of state bedaubed with gilt and colourings, but let it be plain, neat, and clean, to convince the world that 'tis kept more for use than ornament.

You are sensible, Miss, time effaces the beauty, and demolishes the strength of the noblest structure, and therefore will not be surprised to find your little tenement subject to the same change: Doubtless, it has often wanted repairs, though you have lived in it no longer, which are plain intimations that the house will one day fall.—You may soon be turned out—the landlord may give you warning, or may not—this is all uncertain—be ever ready to go when call'd upon, and then you will not be afraid to leave it at the shortest notice. One thing I would observe too, is, that when you quit the house, no other tenant will inhabit it, but 'twill lie waste and in ruins; yet the proprietor will some time or other rebuild it for your reception, in a more durable

ble manner, with the same materials, but so refined and modified, that it will be liable to no accident or decays; and as it is absolutely necessary that your habitation be new-reared in some other place, I heartily wish it may be in a finer country, under a milder climate, and well sheltered from all storms; then will your situation be happy and honourable, and your lease never expire.

Yours, &c.

FORM HER LOOKING-GLASS.

TO THE BEAUTIFUL ANGELICA.

Madam,

I have enjoyed the honour of serving your ladyship some years, during which time you have been pleased to favour me with evident marks of your esteem, and a familiarity that none of your other utensils can boast of tho' many of them my betters by far; as therefore I have shewn you to yourself so often, and been so happy always to have my fidelity approved of by your ladyship, I hope you will pardon my boldness, in taking this method to discover to you some failings in yourself, which my surface cannot properly represent. If I may presume to say so, madam, you consult me much too

H 5

often;

often; and I am confident, it would be better for you, if you was to be a greater stranger to me. How many thousand times must you be told, that you are handsome?——I assure you of it every day, but you will not be satisfied, unless I tell you so every hour, nay, almost every moment.—I cannot lie; your person is exceeding amiable; but I must, at the same time, inform your ladyship with my usual sincerity, that you would be infinitely more agreeable, if you did not think so. Consider, madam, I beseech you, that if you come to me ten thousand times a day, I cannot make you a bit the better, or the handsomer: But shall certainly destroy one of the finest ornaments of beauty, by rendering you too well acquainted with your own perfections. Whenever you stand before me, with all your charms set forth to the best advantage, I perceive you are apt to view yourself with too great pleasure, and grow proud and conceited of your own beauty; which, in time, will make other people despise and ridicule you; and therefore I honestly and ingenuously intreat you, to avoid my company; for madam, I must confess, that the worst enemy the fair ones have, can't do them so much prejudice as I their chief favourite. It grieves me to the heart to find it so, and often puzzles me extremely to account for their fondness of me, when I so continually do them mischief:—Whether it be, as a witty gentleman once said of me, from my talent of casting reflections;——or whether it be from the large quantity of quicksilver which belongs to me, and without which I am useless as well as innocent——or whether

whether my gaily gilded frame is too apt to infect the mind of the beholder with vanity :—Or lastly, whether it be from the brittleness of my other materials, which, by a kind of sympathy, affects people who are too frequently conversant with me.—From whatever cause it proceeds, a lady who has a fine face, might almost as well fall into the small-pox, as be too often in my company. How many charming creatures have I spoil'd, and made beauty the greatest misfortune that could befall them :—I can't think on't without concern ;—why am I fated to be thus unlucky, and injure those the most that love me best !—Alas ! Why was I made a looking glass !—Was it my desire to be covered with silver, and inclosed in a frame of gold !—Did I aspire to be fixed in this honourable place, and become a lady's favourite !—Oh ! that I had been some meaner piece of furniture ! less respected, and less mischievous ! Keep off, dear madam, I beseech you, from an unhappy thing, which destiny makes pernicious to the loveliest creature under heaven : Or I shall soon infect you with the worst disease incident to beauty ; and that is vanity :—I am, 'tis true, a useful servant, if employed only when I ought to be, which is seldom ; but if a lady grows so fond of me, that she runs to ask my opinion of every look ; if she consults me forty times for once that she goes to her prayer-book or bible, I shall certainly prove much more hurtful to her than age or ugliness. I beg, madam, that you'll interpret what your poor servant says, to proceed wholly from respect and love for you :—The tender regard I have for your

ladyship, together with some symptoms I have lately discovered, make me fearful for you.—I dread the apprehension of bringing contempt on so good a mistress, and would not for the world be the occasion of your losing any one grace of a fine woman:—No! rather let me be broken into a thousand pieces! I am not without fear of giving offence by the freedom I have taken; but tho' you banish me your presence, I cannot forbear speaking, in a case where your ladyship's good seems so much concerned; and, indeed, if what I dread should come to pass, it would be better for us both to part for ever:—Better for you to be without my service, than suffer by it; and better for me to lose my lady, and be thrown into a corner, than remain where I am, and be necessary and instrumental in spoiling as much sweetness and beauty as ever looking-glass had the happiness to shew. I am,

Madam, with the most dutiful respect,

Your most faithful and

devoted humble servant,

PARLOUR LOOKING-GLASS.

MISS J—— TO MISS LOVELACE, ON
LETTER WRITERS,

AND HER OPINION OF A WELL-WROTE LETTER.

Want of time, is, I think, the general complaint of all letter-writers; and your's in haste, includes wit, business, every thing. For my own part, my whole
life

life is little more than a perpetual hurry of doing nothing; and, I think, I never had more business of that sort upon my hands than now. But as I can generally find time to do any thing I've a mind to do, so can always contrive to be at leisure to pay my respects to Miss L.

But the most universal complaint among scribblers of my rank is *want of sense*. These generally begin with an apology for their *long silence*; and end with that moving petition, *excuse this nonsense*. This is modest, indeed; but though I'm excessive good-natured, I'm resolved for the future not to pardon it entirely, in any one but myself.

I have often thought there never was a letter wrote well, but what was more easily; and, if I had not some private reasons for being of a contrary opinion at this time, should conclude this to be a master-piece of the kind, both in easiness of thought and facility of expression. And in this easiness of writing (which Mr. Wycherly says, is easily wrote) methinks I excel even Mr. Pope himself; who is often too elaborate and ornamental, even in some of his best letters; though it must be confessed he out does me in some few trifles of another sort, such as spirit, taste, and sense. But let me tell Mr. Pope, that letters, like beauties, may be overdrest. There is a becoming negligence in both; and if Mr. Pope could only contrive to write without a genius, I don't know any one so likely to hit off my manner as himself. But he insists upon it, that a genius is as necessary towards writing, as straw towards making bricks;

bricks ; whereas, 'tis notorious that the Israelites made bricks without that material, as well as with.

The conclusion of the whole matter is this, I never had more inclination to write to you, and never fewer materials at hand to write with. Therefore have fled for refuge to my old companion, Dullness, who is ever at hand to assist me ; and have made use of all those genuine expressions of herself, which are included under the notion of *Want of Time*, *Want of Spirit*, and, in short, *Want of every Thing*, but the most unfeigned regard for that lady whose most devoted

I remain, &c.

TO MISS D.——

ON THE EXPRESSIONS AND COMPLIMENTS COMMONLY MADE USE OF IN LETTERS.

THE money and books came *sound* as a roach. *Safe* is so common an expression, that I'm tired of telling people for ever, *things came safe*. We geniuses are forced to vary our expressions, and invent new terms ; as well to shew our surprising compass of thought, as our great command of language. This sometimes appears stiff and affected, to the common class of readers, or hearers, who are apt to be out of their element, upon hearing any new or unusual sounds ; but our nicer ears cannot always bear the same cadences. There's something peculiar in the make and structure of the auditory nerve, that

that requires diversification, and variety, as well as some skill in the anatomy of language, to make an impression on it, without wounding it. 'Tis for this reason, when I ask a favour (a thing I seldom choose to do) I always select the most delicate phrases I'm mistress of; but in regard to forms, which most people are sick of, and yet surfeit their friends with, these I vary according as my own humour or inclination preponderates. Of consequence, when I come towards the end, or peroration of a letter, I sometimes *communicate* my compliments, sometimes desire they may be *made known*——or where there's a large family, and of consequence a number of civilities to be paid, the laconic style of——*my deferences as usual*, has sometimes succeeded beyond my expectation. I'm sick of saying for ever, *I beg my compliments* to such a one.——But as I propose soon to give your ladyship a particular dissertation upon style, and as I have many flowers of rhetoric yet inexhausted, I shall wind up the words above-mentioned into the form of a letter, and communicate all the things I have to say in the postscript.

FROM MISS ——— TO HER BROTHER,

TO ACQUAINT HIM WITH THE DEATH OF THEIR
MOTHER.

My dear brother,

WHAT shall I tell you? How will you be able to bear the fatal news of the death of our much honoured mother, whose loss is to me more bitter than death, and will

will plunge you, I fear, into the deepest sorrow. But the other night she called me to her bedside, and taking me by the hand, said, " My dear child, I am just going to leave you ; a few hours will bear me to the world of spirits. I willingly resign you, my dear charge, and your brothers, if they are yet alive, to the care of a good God, who will always befriend the virtuous. I rejoice you are of that number : If you continue as you have sat out, you cannot fail of being happy. When you have an opportunity to write to your brothers, or shall see them, tell them, I died with them on my heart, left them a mother's blessing, and had no higher wish on earth than to hear they were wise and good. Alas, poor Pamphilus ! would to God he were so : Were I sure of this, I should die perfectly easy. I hope Ebulus will return to you, and heaven make you happy in each other. Farewel, my dearest child ! May heaven preserve you wise and good ; and when you drop a tear to the memory of a loving mother, be excited thereby to imitate whatever you thought good in her. Oh ! farewell." With these words, the dear woman resigned her soul into her Maker's hands, and smiled in the agony of death. Oh ! my dear brother, grief overwhelms me ; I can add no more, but that I long exceedingly to see you, that will be my only cordial, to alleviate the heavy loss of your affectionate sister,

ELIZ. ROWE.

The

FROM A YOUNG LADY,

[Whose vivacity can give interest to trifles, and entertainment to absurdity]

TO HER FRIEND.

“ Dear Sir,

“ You made me promise, on leaving town, that I would write to you whenever the country afforded any thing worth writing about. The country, at present, merely as country, presents no landscape but one undistinguished tract of snow; vegetation is locked up in frost, and we are locked up within doors; but something might be traced within doors, had I a good pencil for the purpose—Mine host, of whom you have heard a good deal, is no bad subject: suppose I make him sit for his picture.

“ Believe me, he is not quite the sensible intelligent man we were told he was—So much the better; I like oddities—even now and then, in town; still better in the country;—but in frost and snow, and all the dreary confinement of winter—Oh! your battledore and shuttlecock are a joke to them.

“ You remember, a long while ago, (so long, that I have forgot every part of the book but the name,) we read *Nature displayed together*. You then told me of a certain Mr. Leeuwenhoek, I think you called him,
whose

whose microscope shewed the circulation of a frog's blood, the scales of the scales of fishes, the bristles of mites, and every tiny thing in the world. Now, my worthy landlord, Mr. G. R. has always such a glass as Leeuwenhoek's in his noddle; every little thing is so great to him, and he does little things, and talks of little things, with an air of such importance!—but I hate definitions; pictures are ten times better; and now for a few sketches of my winter-quarters, and of the good man under whose government I live.

“ I discovered, on my first entry into his house, that every thing was in exact order, and every place inviolably appropriated to its respective use. The gentlemen were to put their hats and sticks in one corner, and the ladies their clogs in another. I have hitherto escaped much censure on this score: luckily I have attracted the regard of Mr. R——'s youngest sister; a grave, considerate, orderly young lady. I don't know how it is, but I have often got into favour with those grave ladies——God knows, I little deserve it—Miss Sophia R—— therefore keeps me right in many important particulars, or covers my deviations with some apology; or, if all won't do, I laugh, as is my way: Mr. R—— calls me Rattlescull, says he shall bring me into order by and bye, and there's an end on't.

“ By that attention to trifles, for which, from his earliest days, he was remarkable, Mr R—— made himself commodious to some persons of considerable influence,
and

and procured many advantages, to which, neither from birth nor fortune, he was any ways entitled. He travelled in company with a gentleman of very high rank and distinguished abilities, by whose means he procured an introduction to many eminent men in foreign countries; and, when he returned from abroad, was often in the society of the eminent men of our own. But his brain, poor man! was like like a gauze scarce; it admitted nothing of any magnitude: amidst great men, and great things, it took in only the dust that fell from them.

“ He was reading in the news papers, the other morning, of the marriage of the honourable Miss W—— to Sir H. S——. ‘ Ah! (said he) to think how time passes! I remember her grandfather, Lord W——, well; a great man, a very great man. We met at Naples, and afterwards went to Parma together. I gave him the genuine receipt for the Parmesan cheese, which I went purposely to procure, while he was examining some statues and ancient manuscripts. We were ever afterwards on the most friendly footing imaginable. I was with him a few mornings before the marriage of Lord C. W——, this very Miss W——’s father. I remember it well—it was at breakfast—I often breakfasted with him before he went to the house—he always eat buttered muffins; but, when I was there, he used to order dry toast; I always eat dry toast.—The bride was with us; I was intimately acquainted with her too: she let me into the whole secret of the courtship. Her father’s principal inducement to the match—it was a long affair

affair—the B—— estate was to be settled on the young folks at the marriage,—no not all—part of the B—— estate, with the manor in Lincolnshire.—But, as I was saying, we were at breakfast at Lord W——’s. His son and the bride were by; Lord C—— had velvet breeches, and gold clocks to his stockings; the question was, whether this was proper? I put it to the bride; she was a fine woman, a prodigious fine woman; she always used my wash-ball; I wrote out the receipt for her; it was given me at Vienna by Count O——; a very great man Count O——, and knew more of the affairs of the empire than any man in Germany—From him I first learned with certainty, that the Dutchess of Lorraine’s two fore-teeth were false ones. I remember he had an old grey monkey—Sister Mary, you have heard me tell the story of Count O——’s monkey.’—But here it pleased heaven that William called his master out of the room, and saved us from the Count and his old grey monkey.

This superficial knowledge of great men, and accidental acquaintance with some of the vocables of state-business, has given him a consequential sort of phraseology; which he applies, with all the gravity in the world, to the most trifling occurrences. When he orders the chaise for his eldest sister, himself, and me, the white pad for Sophy, and the old roan mare for her attendant, he calls it ‘regulating the order of the procession.’ When he gives out the wine from the cellar, and the groceries from the store-room, (for he does both in person,) he tells us, he has been ‘granting the supplies.’

The

The acceptance, or offer of a visit, he lays before ' a committee of the whole house ;' and for the killing of the fat ox this Christmas, he called the gentlemen three successive mornings to a grand council of war.'

It were well if all this were only matter of amusement ; but some of us find it a source of very serious distress. Your managing men are commonly plagues ; but Mr. R—— manages so much to a hair's breadth, that he is a downright torment to the other members of his family. It was but yesterday we had the honour of a ceremonious visit from some great folks, as we think them, who came lately from your town to eat their mince-pies in the country. After a wonderful ringing of bells, calling of servants, and trampling upon the stairs all morning, Mr. R—— came down to the drawing-room at a quarter before three, with all his usual fiddle faddleton ; but, as I thought, in very good humour. He had on his great-company wig, and his round set shoe-buckles. The servants had their liveries new white-balled, and the best china was set out, with the large silver salvers, and the embossed porter-cups on the side-board. The covers were stripped from the worked chair bottoms, and his grandmother's little diced carpet was taken off the roller, and laid, like a patch, on the middle of the floor, the naked part of which was all shining with bees-wax. The company came at their hour ; the beef was roasted to a turn ; dinner went on with all imaginable good order and stupidity ; supper was equally regular and sleepy ; in short, every thing seemed quite as it should be : yet, next morning, I perceived

ceived foul weather in all the faces of the family; Mr. R—— and his sister scarce spoke to one another; and he talked, all the time of breakfast, of female carelessness and inattention. Miss Sophia explained it to me when we were left alone. ‘Oh! do you know (said she) a sad affair happened last night: my brother and sister had such a tiff! You must understand, before the company arrived yesterday, he had, as usual, adjusted the ceremonial of their different apartments; but he discovered, on attending them to their rooms at night, that my sister had put the gilt china bottle and basin into the callico bed-chamber, and the ordinary blue and white into the pink damask.’—It is lucky this man is no guardian of mine; were he to watch me as he does his sisters, I would——But what has he to do to be a guardian? Yet Nature, perhaps, meant him for something, if Fortune had allowed it; he might have been excellently employed in a pin-shop, in sticking the rows of a pin paper.

I fancy you have got quite enough of my landlord. You used to say I was the best of your philosophers, your Democritus in petticoats. If I have any philosophy about me, it is without my knowledge, I assure you; you are welcome to it, however, such as it is. Other folks may give you what I have heard you call the great views of nature and life; it is enough for me if I can furnish you with a description of insects.

Your's most truly,
G. F.”

TO A YOUNG LADY, WITH A GOLD
THIMBLE.

BELIEVE me, my little friend, when I tell you that the present I now make you, may be of much service to you in the course of your life, and that I deserve your thanks as much as if I had given you the cap of Fortunatus. But tell me, you say, how this thimble can be of such service.

At your age, my little friend, employment is of the utmost use; to be busy, if it be not learning to be virtuous, will at least protect you from the contrary impressions: whilst your imagination is employed how to shade a rose, or your fancy determines the colours of the various parts of your work, vanity will scarce have time to whisper in your ear, that you have more beauty than another, or inspire you with too early a love of gaiety and pleasure.

When you have lived to that age in which your reason shall be ripened, you will, perhaps, perceive that those little follies which your sex are guilty of, proceed from a fault in their education, and that idleness is the parent of vice. Thus then, in the early years of life, whilst you place the thimble on your finger, you are guarding your bosom against the approach of foibles
which

which might banish from your mind every virtuous idea, and interrupt your true felicity. Another of its virtues, is, that if properly applied, it continues a charm against the calamities of poverty. I have known many a female, who, by its assistance, has supported herself with decency, and felt the pleasure of living without depending on the beneficence of others. Let me intreat you then, to be frequently in the use of it; to wear it out for the sake of him who is, with the truest affection,

Yours sincerely,

B. C.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH A PRESENT OF BOOKS.

If I imagined that your thoughts were employed only on the improvement of your external charms, I must indeed confess, that my present would have been extremely ill chosen, and should perhaps have deserved your pity for knowing so little of the human breast: but from what I have seen of you, I have conceived a much better opinion of your merit. I flatter myself on my skill in physiognomy, and think I have discovered in that pretty face of yours a mixture of great understanding and good-nature; from this motive I was led to make
you

you a present, by which you might improve your natural talents, and render yourself as amiable as I wish you to be.

As I am too well acquainted with your mother to imagine she has any of that ridiculous tenderness which shall condemn pretty miss to universal ignorance through fear of spoiling her eyes, I must insist on your reading the authors I have sent, but I am almost assured that every persuasion is needless, and that your own desire of improvement will sufficiently incite your attention.

You do not, however, I hope resemble some of your sex, who, if on opening a book, the title should present them with the pleasing term of adventures, can sit down with the utmost satisfaction, and attend to a set of incidents which some distorted imagination has thrown together, and from whence probability is for ever banished for the marvellous.

'Tis from pages of this character that the tender maid has her head filled with romantic ideas. To her every handsome young coxcomb becomes a lover, and the tender confinement of her parents the duration of an enchanted castle, from whose battlements she is ready to leap into the arms of some knight-errant, who has discovered the strength of her fortune and the weakness of her understanding.

As it would be taking up too much of your time to speak of all the authors I have sent you, I shall only mention the *Spectacle de la Nature*, by l'Abbé de la Pluche, and the *Physico-Theology* of Derham, which the *Guardian* has so favourable spoken of. When you

I

have

have attended to these, you will never after breathe the balmy evening, or enjoy the fragrance of the rose, without having your imagination lifted to their author; the snow-drop will be eloquent in the cause of its maker, and the warblers from the spray attune his praise.

A greater degree of acquaintance with the works of nature than what may be drawn from these authors, I consider as useless to the fair, and the female who talks in pompous terms of attraction and repulsion, or who decides between the opinions of different philosophers, is, perhaps, less to be admired than one who should be unacquainted with the simplest laws of nature.

When I come next to R—— I expect a very pleasing detail of what you approve: by that means your taste will be discovered, which at present I fancy to be sufficiently delicate. You will then be convinced of the value of my present, and thank me more than if I had decked you with the brilliants of the east, since you have drawn from it the greatest ornaments of the mind, and virtue, the diamond which should ever be hung upon the heart.

I am, &c.

FROM DR. JOHNSON TO MISS SUSAN
THRALE.

Dearest Miss Susy,

WHEN you favoured me with your letter, you seemed to be in want of materials to fill it, having met with no

great adventures, either of peril or delight, nor done or suffered any thing out of *the common course of life*.

When you have lived longer, and considered more, you will find the *common course of life* very fertile of observation and reflection. Upon the *common course of life*, must our thoughts and our conversation be generally employed. Our general course of life must denominate us wise or foolish; happy or miserable: if it is well regulated, we pass on prosperously and smoothly; if it is neglected, we live in embarrassment, perplexity, and uneasiness.

Your time, my love, passes I suppose in devotion, reading, work, and company. Of your devotions, of which I earnestly entreat you to be very punctual, you may not perhaps think it proper to give me an account; and of work, unless I understood it better, it will be of no great use to say much; but books and company will always supply you with materials for your letters to me, as I shall always be pleased to hear what you are reading, and with what you are pleased; and shall take great delight in knowing what impression new modes or new characters make upon you, and to observe with what attention you distinguish the tempers, dispositions, and abilities of your companions.

A letter may always be made out of the books of the morning, or the talk of the evening; and any letters from you my dearest, will be always welcome to

Your, &c.

S. JOHNSON.

MRS. ROWE TO THE COUNTESS OF
HERTFORD.

Madam,

WHEN I begin a friendship 'tis for immortality. This confession, I own, is enough to put you in some terror that you are never like to drop my conversation in this world, nor the next; but I hope I shall improve in the realms of light, and get a new set of thoughts to entertain you with at your arrival there, which for the public interest I wish may be long after I'm sleeping in the dust: But perhaps mine will be the first joyful spirit that will welcome you to the immaterial coasts, and entertain you with one of the softest songs of paradise at your arrival.—Mr. Rollie would think this all gay chimeras and gay visions, but how much more so are all the charming scenes on earth?

As the fantastic images of night,
Before the opening morning take their flight;
So vanish all the hopes of men; their pride,
And vain designs the laughing skies deride.

You'll think, madam, I'm resolved you shall remember your latter end, whoever forgets it. I suppose you will expect the next picture I send you will be time, with a scythe and an hour-glass; but really these
me-

mementos of mortality are necessary to people like you in the height of greatness, and the full bloom of youth and beauty. If I go on you'll think me in the height of the vapours, and the perfection of the spleen, but in all the variety of my temper,

I am your ladyship's most humble servant,

ELIZ. ROWE.

FROM ONE YOUNG LADY TO ANOTHER.

Yet a few years, or days, perhaps,

Or moments, pass in silent lapse,

And time to me shall be no more;

No more the sun these eyes shall view,

Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew,

And life's fantastic dream be o'er.

KING OF PRUSSIA.

A young lady, who I have the pleasure of being intimately acquainted with, has been so obliging as to favour me with the following copy of a letter from another young lady, with whom she is united in the strictest band of friendship.

' You know, Mira, I have often pressed Siderio to
' give me a view of the secret room you and I have ob-
' served him to retire to so constantly, evening and
' morning, during our residence last summer at Clin-
' don-house. I am now returned again to the same de-

‘ lightful spot, on a visit of a month to Siderio’s sister ;
‘ and ever since my arrival, I have been plaguing him
‘ with the old request. He always resisted my impor-
‘ tunity, and put me off with some trifling excuse, till
‘ last night. He had been talking to me on several
‘ grave subjects : I, in my usual manner, rallied him on
‘ a gravity so unbecoming his years and rank in life ;
‘ but he, with the persuasive eloquence he is so much
‘ master of, attempted to convince me, that a serious
‘ air is much more becoming than the thoughtless flip-
‘ pant one of a modern fine gentleman. After talking
‘ some time, he brought me to a subject he knows I
‘ think very little of—Death. He talked upon the
‘ subject with all the gravity of a philosopher, and then
‘ taking my hand between both his, he pressed it with
‘ that graceful freedom you know is so natural to him ;
‘ and looking on me, said, “ The lovely Asphelia
“ knows very well she one day must die : yet how little
“ she thinks of that period which will put an end to all
“ those personal charms she now possesses ? The time
“ will come, when those bright eyes, which now sparkle
“ with so engaging a radiance, that they captivate every
“ beholder, will lose their splendor in the gloomy re-
“ gions of the dead ; that lovely face, and engaging
“ person, which now can scarcely be matched for
“ beauty, will one day be a prey to death ; corruption
“ shall destroy their charms, and moulder them into
“ dust. Why then should Asphelia give all her at-
“ tention to this corruptible part, and neglect so much
“ that incorruptible part, her soul, which is doomed to
“ live

“live for ever ? ‘ I could make no answer to so home a question. Observing my silence, he continued :

“The generality of the youth of the present age think more of enjoying the present moment, than they do of preparing themselves for eternity, which is to come ; but I (since the death of my brother, who was carried off so suddenly) have resolved that death shall not come upon me unexpected ; for I make that awful period, and futurity, the principal subjects of my thoughts. I am satisfied I should not now look upon his arrival as premature ; on the contrary, I should welcome the kind messenger, who comes to set me free from this earthly prison, and gives me liberty in the realms of happiness. That the gaiety which surrounds me may not tempt me to forget that I am mortal, I have had recourse to a precaution, that, in spite of the bewitching allurements of the world, keeps me constantly in mind of death. If you will give me leave to attend you into the private room you have so often wished to see, I will explain myself.” ‘ I offered my hand, and he conducted me, well pleased, to see this secret place.

‘ The first door opened, not as I expected, into a room, but into a long gallery, at the end of which was another door ; but before Siderio opened it, he desired I would not be surprised if I saw a very extraordinary sight. I answered, “ I could depend on his honour, and had no fear.” ‘ He then opened the door ; but what was my astonishment at the sight I beheld ! A very large dark room, enlightened only by

the feeble glimmer of several small lamps, that spread
horror over the awful contents of this dismal place :
the room was lined with black, and surrounded with
coffins and ensigns of death. I started, and was go-
ing to run back ; but recollecting myself, I ventured
in with him. He shut the door, and said : “ Now,
“ Asphelia, your curiosity is gratified, you see here the
“ secret room you have so often wished to see ? here I
“ resort morning and evening, to think on death, and
“ offer up my devotions to the great Creator : the so-
“ lemnity of the place keeps out all thoughts of the
“ world, and my imagination wings its way through
“ boundless futurity, to those permanent delights,
“ which, I make no doubt, my soul will one day en-
“ joy : every object you see is calculated to compose
“ the mind into thoughtfulness : those coffins contain
“ the remains of my ancestors for many ages back ;
“ I had them removed privately from the family-vault,
“ to assist me in my meditations, That one covered
“ with black contains the body of my beloved brother ;
“ his sudden death reminds me how uncertain life is,
“ and teaches me to live so as to be always ready to
“ resign it : the sight of his coffin reads a more affect-
“ ing lecture on the levity of human life, than the most
“ eloquent divine could ; it speaks to the heart ; there
“ is no resisting such evidence. The paintings you see
“ are all upon subjects suitable to the place : there is
“ one done by an eminent hand, representing the day
“ of judgment ; nothing can more effectually remind
“ me of the account I am to render of all my actions,
“ on

“ on that great day of decision and despair ! That I may
 “ be prepared for the solemn reckoning, I make it a rule,
 “ every night, to revolve in my mind the actions of the
 “ preceding day, and note them down in that small
 “ book lying on my brother’s coffin. Oh, Asphelia, how
 “ deplorable is the condition of those foolish mortals.
 “ who never think of death till it arrives ! It is then too
 “ late to reflect, the grizzly tyrant will not stay any
 “ longer, but gives the fatal stroke, and sends them,
 “ unprepared, to give an account of their actions be-
 “ fore the great and just Judge. What account can
 “ they give ? None at all : they have lived the life of
 “ the ungodly, and they must receive their doom ac-
 “ cordingly.”

‘ I was so much affected with the solemn scene, I
 ‘ could not speak : my conscience began to reproach
 ‘ me for the heedless life I had lived. It is true, I have
 ‘ never committed great crimes ; but the levities I have
 ‘ been guilty of immediately occurred to me. I re-
 ‘ mained silent, looking fixedly on one of the coffins.
 ‘ He proceeded.

“ Oh, how shocking would it be, if the king of ter-
 “ rors was now to throw his unerring javelin at the
 “ gay, the lively Asphelia ! Her charms would not
 “ save her : Death is no respecter of persons : I fear
 “ she is but ill prepared for the summons that will call
 “ her to the shade : that final scene has yet employed
 “ but a small portion of her reflections. I have ob-
 “ served, with infinite regret, how thoughtlessly she
 “ advances to that last period, and with what heedless

“ gaiety she passes away the flying moments that ought
 “ to be better employed. I have often tried to reason
 “ her out of this fancied security, but in vain; she
 “ turned all I said into raillery, which induced me to
 “ give her a sight of these awful remembrancers. I
 “ pray heaven they may effect what I have so often at-
 “ tempted without success.”

“ Siderio then took my hand, and led me to a coffin
 “ at the other end of the room! the lid was off, and it
 “ empty.” “ There, Asphelia,” said he, “ is my
 “ coffin; in a very few years at farthest, perhaps, in a
 “ very few days, that small spot will contain your
 “ friend Siderio.”

“ I started.”

“ Why starts Asphelia? There is nothing frightful
 “ in this sight; I enjoy the most pleasing reflections
 “ when I look at it: it is the door through which I
 “ am to enter into eternity: here my body will sleep
 “ in peace, till the trumpet, at the last day, proclaims
 “ the coming of my blessed Redeemer; then I shall
 “ arise, and appear at the dread tribunal, without any
 “ fear or apprehension; my actions will be approved,
 “ and I shall be blessed to all eternity.”

“ You can hardly conceive, my dear Mira, the con-
 “ dition I was in during this scene. At my first en-
 “ trance, conscience upbraided me for my past conduct,
 “ and the words of eloquent Siderio had a double force
 “ in so solemn a place. His last words affected me very
 “ much; to see him look with so much composure on
 “ his own coffin, convinced me of the greatness of those
 “ prin-

' principles he would fain inspire me with. He con-
 ' tinued looking at the coffin with a fixed attention. I,
 ' unable to view it longer, turned to a monument I ob-
 ' served on the wall—an angel, descending from the
 ' clouds, on which was wrote the * adjuration out of
 ' Young's Night Thoughts. I read, and I felt the
 ' whole force of the powerful words. While I was
 ' thinking of the solemn warning they give, Siderio
 ' came up to me, and taking my hand, led me to ano-
 ' ther monument, at the upper part of the room. It
 ' was of white marble, and executed in a most masterly
 ' manner, the subject, a beautiful young woman,
 ' rising out of her coffin at the sound of the trump, at
 ' the last day; around her are graves giving up the
 ' dead, in basso relievo; the young woman's counte-
 ' nance expresses her joy, and reliance on the merits of
 ' her Redeemer. Her eyes are fixed on Heaven.

' After we had viewed it some time, Siderio said,
 " That, Asphelia, is a monument to the memory of my
 " eldest sister; I loved her as I love myself: she was
 " all that is amiable; her person was lovely beyond de-
 " scription, but her mind infinitely eclipsed those les-
 " ser beauties: she is now a bright inhabitant of the
 " regions of light."

' How amiable this description, Mira! Oh, how
 ' trifling a life I have lived! Till now I never felt what
 ' it is to live; I only existed before. These solemn fore-
 ' runners have awakened me to reflections of a nature
 ' vastly different from those which formerly occupied
 ' my thoughts. Before the blooming young philoso-
 ' pher

* The Consolation, Night the 9th.

pher led me out of the solemn repository, he gave me advice, cloathed in the tenderest expressions, for the regulation of my future conduct, and implored me, in the most ardent manner, to live such a life as would make my election sure ; and ended by saying, “ Act thus, adorable Aspelia ! and you will with pleasure meet the end of all things. Death, when he comes, will wear the form of an angel, instead of a tyrant : he will give you liberty, in the mansions of bliss, there to enjoy, during the round of vast boundless eternity, happiness beyond the power of mortals to form any idea of.”

FROM A LADY TO HER NIECE.

ONCE more, my dear Catherine, let me remind you, that you are now entering on the grand stage of life, in which you will be expected to perform a part becoming yourself, and your house. Your knowledge has been enlarged as far as books and a lively imagination could enlarge it. Your observation must now be directed to the actual conduct of those around you ; and as you will, in your turn, be subject to the observation of others, learn to imitate what is most amiable in them. Follow the dictates of your own good sense, and do not let either the example or precept of others influence you against what you conceive to be propriety ; and, believe me, when the passions are not deeply interested,
you

you can seldom mistake the measures you ought to adopt in almost all cases.—Your breast is susceptible of friendship; and the world, to such as you, is but a thorny wilderness without a friend—without some one to share your joys and sorrows. I am sure you will avoid the good-natured folly of those young women who have a confidante in every female acquaintance. A discreet friend is a rare prize, I think you will have discernment sufficient to discover when such a prize falls to your lot; and I am sure you have virtue enough to deserve and to retain it.

May the Almighty guide and direct you in this choice, and in all your concerns, that you may be happy both here and hereafter, is the sincere wish and prayer of your affectionate

AUNT.

FROM A MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER
AT SCHOOL.

My dear Sophy,

It is with great pleasure I at any time hear of any advancement in your learning. Mrs. S. writes me word that you make great progress in the knowledge of your native language, and that she expects you will soon be one of the best readers in your class. To be able to read with propriety, is not only a most necessary qualification,

tion, but a very genteel accomplishment, and not so easy to be acquired, as many people imagine, and perhaps, you will not find one woman in five hundred an entire mistress of it. There are so many faulty ways of reading which young persons run into, that it is very difficult to avoid them all, and when a bad habit is once contracted, it requires great pains in the learner, and ability in the teacher to correct it.

Mrs. B. you know reads with such a disagreeable tone that it offends the ears of all who listen to her, and your cousin D. reads with such hurry and rapidity, without any attention to her stops or pauses, that the most attentive hearer cannot understand one sentence she utters; on the other hand Miss G. draws out her words in such a manner, that no one has patience to follow her.

I would therefore wish you to form yourself from the examples of such teachers, who are appointed to instruct you; such, whom I will take for granted, read with the same easy natural tone of voice they use in conversation, who observes the stops and pauses with great exactness, who know where to lay the proper emphasis, and are able to judge when you read too fast or too slow. And if your teacher is a complete mistress of the art of reading, you cannot fail to improve under her instructions; which will greatly contribute to the happiness of your papa, and

Your affectionate mother,

A. L.

When ever you write to me, pray pay a strict regard to your spelling. I have herewith sent you a Dictionary to consult when you are at a loss.

THE YOUNG LADY'S ANSWER.

Dear Mamma,

I have all your letters lying by me, and I read them carefully every morning. I think myself much obliged to you for every part of your good advice, which I shall endeavour to follow, and shall pay a particular attention to your advice concerning my reading and spelling. I hope you will perceive in this short acknowledgement of your kindness to me, I have paid some regard to my spelling, and shall take care, whenever I find myself at a loss, to look into the Dictionary you was so kind to send me, for which I am also much obliged to you, and return you my best thanks.

If I have made any mistakes, be so kind to let me know in your next letter. I beg my kind love and duty to my papa, and believe, dear madam, that

I am

Your truly affectionate daughter,

M. L.

D I A L O G U E S.

MRS. MILD MAY AND NARCISSA.

FROM THE WIDOWED WIFE.

Narcissa. Bless me, mama, what harm can there be in the indulgence of a little harmless mirth? Is it possible my chearfulness can give any body offence?

Mrs. Mildmay. I am fearful, my dear, least it should offend no body so much as yourself. When I was of your age, I was just such another wild unthinking thing as you are; careless of censure, and presuming that while I preserved my innocence, I might laugh at decorum, as mere formality; but the world is come to such

Such a pass, Narcissa, that virtue itself is often of less consequence to the peace and happiness of our lives than the appearance of it. It is not enough to be innocent, unless we appear so.

Narcissa. And in what do I appear so heinously guilty madam? in laughing at the rueful dejection of the poor Colonel? or in giving encouragement to the addresses of Mr. Melmoth, to whom you have never before made any objection.

Mrs. Mildmay. It is true, my dear, I have hitherto made none, because I would not assume too great an influence over you, in making a choice of so much importance to the future happiness of your life. But I should but ill discharge the duty of a mother, Narcissa, if I did not confess, and that, without any particular objection to Mr. Melmoth, that I think you would be much happier with my Lord Courtly, who has made the fairest offers, and of whose regard for you, I am now more than ever convinced.

Narcissa. I am obliged to Lord Courtley, madam, for his good opinion of me; and under other circumstances he might possibly have had less reason to complain of my indifference.

Mrs. Mildmay. Well, my dear, I only speak my sentiments. I have no objection to your engaging the affections, or encouraging the address of a really deserving lover; but I must insist on your indulging yourself less in raillery, at the expence of your friends.

Narcissa. I should think, madam, ones friends would be the least apt to take offence, and that the behaviour
you

you complain of, might be a good method to put their friendship to the proof.

Mrs. Mildmay. Then you think wrong, Narcissa. I know, by woful experience, the danger of trifling with a heart that loves one. It was this fatal indiscretion in me that gave rise to a groundless jealousy in the breast of the fondest of husbands, and deprived you of the tender affections of a father.

Narcissa. I am so happy, madam, in having that loss so well supplied by yours, that I never felt it. But, my dear mamma, why do you so often touch upon this subject? you know, it always makes you melancholy.

Mrs. Mildmay. I cannot help it, Narcissa: in you, now, all my hopes are centered; let me not be deprived of the only comfort left me, (since the death of my husband) in the prospect of your real happiness.

Narcissa. Be assured, madam, that if it depend upon me, you shall not. I will check the vivacity of my temper and be more on the reserve.

Mrs. Mildmay. Do, my dear, and in return, be assured, that I shall be no further an advocate for Lord Courtly, than his merit will justify. But you must excuse my still indulging a wish, that you had less partiality for young Melmoth.

Narcissa. Indeed, madam, he is possessed of such goodness of heart, that I should hope it is out of his power to make a bad husband.

Mrs. Mildmay. I should hope so too: but the goodness of a man's heart, Narcissa, is not always a sufficient guard.

guard against the impetuosity of his passions; witness your unhappy father.

Narcissa. Pray, mamma, say no more on this subject. I hope I shall give it its due weight.

Mrs. Mildmay. I have done, my dear.

THE LIBERTINE REPULSED AND OVER-
POWERED BY VIRTUE.

FROM THE MACARONI.

Lord Promise, a Rake. Come, thou tempting fair one, let me gently force you to comply.

Maria. Stand off my Lord! do you think it possible, that all the riches of the east could tempt me a moment to deviate from the paths of virtue? no—destitute as I am, at this instant of any friend, save heaven; conscious of being entirely in your power, without the least human means to escape, yet such is my reliance on Providence, that I am regardless of the consequences. You may kill me if you please, but you cannot triumph over my innocence. And I have this consolation, in the midst of my distress, that there is a being will amply revenge my cause, and reward my sufferings.

Lord P. (Aside) Persuasive force dwells upon her tongue.

Maria. If your breast be susceptible, my lord, of pity, or manly sentiment, do not take an ungenerous
advan-

advantage of the helpless condition I am reduced to, nor give me cause to look upon you as the destroyer of my peace and happiness.

Lord P. (Aside) Sure, there must be some magic power in virtue, when it can charm even such a son of vice as I am!

Maria. A mighty conquest you have gained, indeed, my lord! deceived a poor old man who had nearly reached his journey's end, without this stroke to help it, by endeavouring to ruin his unsuspecting daughter.

Lord P. (Aside) I must retire or she will discover my weakness.

Maria. You have a sister, my lord, whom you dearly love; an honoured parent, whose life, perhaps, depends on her prosperity. What must you think of that man who wantonly endeavours to destroy so fair a prospect. How much nobler is he who, commanding his passions, gives proof of his greatness of soul, by acknowledging his errors, and making every attonement in his power?

Lord P. Be composed, Maria; and be assured that I will make no further attempts on that virtue which you have so justly and nobly defended.

BENEDICK AND BEATRICE.

A SPRIGHTLY DIALOGUE.

FROM MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Benedick. If Seignor Leonato be her father, she wou'd not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beatrice. I wonder, Signor Benedick, that you will still be talking, no body marks you.

Ben. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible Disdain should die, while she has such meet food to feed it, as Signor Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Ben. Then is courtesy a turncoat, for it is certain that I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted; and I wou'd I cou'd find in my heart,——that I hadn't a hard heart, for truly I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women! they wou'd else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank my stars, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that. I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Ben.

Ben. Heaven keep your ladyship still in that mind, so some gentleman or other, shall escape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching cou'dn't make it worse, if it were such a face as yours.

Ben. Well, well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird, of my tongue, is better than a beast of yours.

Ben. I wish my horse had the speed of your tongue, and had as good a continuance. But keep your way, do, I have done.

Beat. Ay, ay, you always end with some jade's trick or another. I know you of old.

LORD AND LADY TOWNLEY.

FROM THE PROVOKED HUSBAND.

Lord Townley, solus.

WHY did I marry?—Was it not evident, my plain, rational scheme of life was impracticable, with a woman of so different a way of thinking?—Is there one article of it that she has not broke in upon?—Yes—let me do her justice—her reputation—That—I have no reason to believe is in question—But then how long

long her profligate course of pleasures may make her able to keep it—is a shocking question! and her presumption while she keeps it—insupportable! for on the pride of that single virtue she seems to lay it down as a fundamental point, that the free indulgence of every other vice this fertile town affords, is the birth-right prerogative of a woman of quality—Amazing! that a creature so warm in the pursuit of her pleasures, should never cast one thought towards her happiness—Thus, while she admits no lover, she thinks it a greater merit still, in her chastity, not to care for her husband; and while she herself is solacing in one continual round of cards and good company, he, poor wretch, is left at large, to take care of his own contentment—'Tis time, indeed, some care were taken, and speedily there shall be—Yet, let me not be rash—Perhaps this disappointment of my heart may make me too impatient; and some tempers, when reproach'd, grow more untractable—Here she comes——Let me be calm a while.

Enter Lady Townley.

Going out so soon after dinner, Madam?

Lady T. Dear, my Lord! what can I possibly do at home?

Lord T. What does my sister, Lady Gace, do at home?

Lady T. Why, that is to me amazing! Have you ever any pleasure at home?

Lord

Lord T. It might be in your power, Madam, I confess, to make it a little more comfortable to me.

Lady T. Comfortable! And so, my good Lord, you would really have a woman of my rank and spirit stay at home to comfort her husband. Dear, what notions of life some men have!

Lord T. Don't you think, Madam, some ladies' notions are full as extravagant?

Lady T. Yes, my Lord, when the tame doves live coop'd within the pen of your precepts, I do think 'em prodigious indeed.

Lord T. And when they fly wild about this town, Madam, pray what must the world think of 'em then?

Lady T. Oh, this world is not so ill bred as to quarrel with any woman for liking it!

Lord T. Nor am I, Madam, a husband so well bred, as to bear my wife's being so fond of it; in short, the life you lead, Madam——

Lady T. Is to me the pleasantest life in the world.

Lord T. I should not dispute your taste, Madam, if a woman had a right to please nobody but herself.

Lady T. Why, whom would you have her please?

Lord T. Sometimes her husband.

Lady T. And don't you think a husband under the same obligation?

Lord T. Certainly.

Lady T. Why, then, we are agreed, my Lord——
For if I never go abroad, till I am weary of being at home——which you know is the case——is it not
equally

equally reasonable, not to come home 'till one is weary of being abroad?

Lord T. If this be your rule of life, Madam, 'tis time to ask you one serious question.

Lady T. Don't let it be long a coming, then—— for I am in haste.

Lord T. Madam, when I am serious, I expect a serious answer.

Lady T. Before I know the question?

Lord T. Psha!——Have I power, madam, to make you serious by entreaty?

Lady T. You have.

Lord T. And you promise to answer me sincerely?

Lady T. Sincerely.

Lord T. Now then recollect your thoughts, and tell me seriously why you married me?

Lady T. You insist upon truth, you say?

Lord T. I think I have a right to it.

Lady T. Why then, my Lord, to give you, at once, a proof of my obedience and sincerity—I think—I married—to take off that restraint that lay upon my pleasures while I was a single woman.

Lord T. How, Madam! is any woman under less restraint after marriage than before it?

Lady T. Oh, my Lord, my Lord! they are quite different creatures! Wives have infinite liberties in life, that would be terrible in an unmarried woman to take.

Lord T. Name one.

K

Lady

Lady T. Fifty if you please—To begin, then,—in the morning—A married woman may have men at her toilet; invite them to dinner; appoint them a party in the stage-box at the play; engross the conversation there; call them by their christian names; talk louder than the players; from thence jaunt into the city; take a frolicsome supper at an India-House; perhaps, in her *gaieté de cœur*, toast a pretty-fellow; then clatter again to this end of the town; break, with the morning, into an assembly: crowd to the hazard-table; throw a familiar *levant* upon some sharp, lurching man of quality, and if he demands s money, turn it off with a loud laugh, and cry——you'll owe it him, to vex him, ha, ha!

Lord T. Prodigious!

[*Aside.*

Lady T. These, now, my Lord, are some few of the many modish amusements that distinguish the privilege of a wife, from that of a single woman.

Lord T. Pray, Madam! what law has made these liberties less scandalous in a wife, than in an unmarried woman?

Lady T. Why the strongest law in the world, custom—custom time out of mind, my Lord.

Lord T. Custom, Madam, is the law of fools; but it shall never govern me.

Lady T. Nay, then, my Lord, 'tis time for me to observe the laws of prudence.

Lord T. I wish I could see an instance of it.

Lady T. You shall have one this moment, my Lord; for I think, when a man begins to lose his temper at home,

home, if a woman has any prudence, why—she'll go abroad 'till he comes to himself again. [*Going.*]

Lord T. Hold, Madam—I am amaz'd you are not more uneasy at the life you lead. You don't want sense, and yet seem void of all humanity; for, with a blush I say it, I think I have not wanted love.

Lady T. Oh, don't say that, my Lord, if you suppose I have my senses.

Lord T. What is it I have done to you? What can you complain of?

Lady T. Oh, nothing in the least! 'Tis true, you have heard me say, I have owed my Lord Lurcher an hundred pounds these three weeks—but what then—a husband is not liable to his wife's debts of honour, you know—and if a silly woman will be uneasy about money she can't be sued for, what's that to him? As long as he loves her, to be sure, she can have nothing to complain of.

Lord T. If my whole fortune, Madam, thrown into your lap, could make you delight in the cheerful duties of a wife, I should think myself a gainer by the purchase.

Lady T. That is, my Lord, I might receive your whole estate, provided you were sure I would not spend a shilling of it.

Lord T. No, Madam; were I master of your heart, your pleasures would be mine; but, different as they are, I'll feed even your follies, to deserve it—Perhaps you may have some other trifling debts of honour abroad, that keep you out of humour at home—at least it shall

not be my fault, if I have not more of your company
—There, there's a bill of five hundred—and now,
Madam—

Lady T. And now, my Lord, down to the ground I
thank you—Now am I convinced, were I weak enough
to love this man, I should never get a single guinea from
him. [*Aside.*

Lord T. If it be no offence, Madam—

Lady T. Say what you please my Lord ; I am in that
harmony of spirits, it is impossible to put me out of
humour.

Lord T. How long, in reason, then do you think
that sum ought to last you ?

Lady T. Oh, my dear, dear Lord ! now you have
spoiled all again : how is it possible I should answer for
an event that so utterly depends upon fortune ? But to
shew you that I am more inclined to get money than to
throw it away—I have a strong possession, that with this
five hundred, I shall win five thousand.

Lord T. Madam, if you were to win ten thousand,
it would be no satisfaction to me.

Lady T. Oh, the churl ! ten thousand ! what ! not
so much as wish I might win ten thousand !—Ten
thousand ! Oh, the charming sum ! what infinite pretty
things might a woman of spirit do with ten thousand
guineas ! O' my conscience, if she were a woman of true
spirit—she—she might lose them all again.

Lord T. And I had rather it should be so, Madam,
provided I could be sure that were the last you would
lose.

Lady

Lady T. Well, my Lord, to let you see I design to play all the good house-wife I can ; I am now going to a party at quadrille, only to piddle with a little of it, at poor two guineas a sh, with the Duchefs of Quite-right. [Exit.

Lord T. Insensible creature! neither reproaches or indulgence, kindness or severity, can wake her to the least reflection !

LADY GRACE AND LADY TOWNLEY.

Lady T. Oh, my dear Lady Grace ! how could you leave me so unmercifully alone all this while ?

Lady G. I thought my Lord had been with you.

Lady T. Why yes, and therefore I wanted your relief ; for he has been in such a fluster here——

Lady G. Bless me ! for what ?

Lady T. Only our usual breakfast ; we have each of us had our dish of matrimonial comfort this morning——We have been charming company.

Lady G. I am mighty glad of it : sure it must be a vast happiness, when a man and a wife can give themselves the same turn of conversation !

Lady T. Oh, the prettiest thing in the world !

Lady G. Now I should be afraid, that where two people are every day together so, they must often be in want of something to talk upon.

Lady T. Oh, my dear, you are the most mistaken in the world ! married people have things to talk of, child, that never enter into the imaginations of others.——

Why, here's my Lord and I, now, we have not been married above two short years, you know, and we have already eight or ten things constantly in bank, that whenever we want company, we can take up any one of them for two hours together, and the subject never the flatter: nay, if we have occasion for it, it will be as fresh next day, too, as it was the first hour it entertained us.

Lady G. Certainly that must be vastly pretty.

Lady T. Oh, there's no life like it! Why, t'other day, for example, when you dined abroad, my Lord and I, after a pretty cheerful *tete a tete* meal, sat us down by the fire side, in an easy, indolent, pick-tooth way, for about a quarter of an hour, as if we had not thought of any other's being in the room—At last, stretching himself, and yawning—My dear—says he—aw—you came home very late, last night—'Twas but just turned of two says I—I was in bed—aw—by eleven, says he—So you are every night, says I—Well, says he, I am amazed you can sit up so late—How can you be amazed, says I, at a thing that happens so often?—Upon which we entered into a conversation—and though this is a point has entertained us above fifty times already, we always find so many pretty new things to say upon it, that I believe in my soul, it will last as long as we live.

Lady G. But pray, in such sort of family dialogues, (though extremely well for passing the time) don't there, now and then, enter some little witty sort of bitterness?

Lady

Lady T. Oh, yes! which does not do amiss at all. A smart repartee, with a zest of recrimination at the head of it, makes the prettiest sherbet. Ay, ay; if we did not mix a little of the acid with it, a matrimonial society would be so ridiculous, that it would be impossible to bear it.

Lady G. Well—certainly you have the most elegant taste——

Lady T. Though to tell you the truth, my dear, I rather think we squeezed a little too much lemon into to it, this bout! for it grew so sour at last, that—— I think——I almost told him he was a fool——and he, again——talked something oddly of——turning me out of doors.

Lady G. Oh, have a care of that!

Lady T. Nay, if he should, I may thank my own wife father for that——

Lady G. How so?

Lady T. Why——when my good Lord first opened his honourable trenches before me, my unaccountable papa, in whose hands I then was, gave me up at discretion.

Lady G. How do you mean?

Lady T. He said, the wives of this age were come to that pass, that he would not desire even his own daughter should be trusted with pin-money; so that my whole train of separate inclinations are left entirely at the mercy of a husband's odd humours.

Lady G. Why, that, indeed, is enough to make a woman of spirit look about her.

Lady T. Nay, but to be serious, my dear; what would you really have a woman do, in my case?

Lady G. Why—if I had as sober a husband, as you have, I would make myself the happiest wife in the world, by being as sober as he.

Lady T. Oh, you wicked thing! how can you teize one at this rate, when you know he is so very sober, that (except giving me money) there is not one thing in the world he can do to please me. And I, at the same time, partly by nature, and partly, perhaps, by keeping the best company, do, with my soul, love almost every thing he hates. I doat upon assemblies; my heart bounds at a ball; and at an opera—I expire. Then I love play to distraction; cards enchant me—and dice—put me out of my little wits—Dear, dear hazard!—Oh, what a flow of spirits it gives one!—Do you never play at hazard, child?

Lady G. Oh, never! I don't think it fits well upon women; there's something so masculine, so much the air of a rake in it. You see how it makes the men swear and curse; and when a woman is thrown into the same passion—why——

Lady T. That's very true; one is a little put to it sometimes, not to make use of the same words to express it.

Lady G. Well—and, upon ill luck, pray what words are you really forced to make use of?

Lady T. Why upon a very hard case, indeed, when a sad wrong word is rising, just to one's tongue's end, I give a great gulp—and swallow it.

Lady

Lady G. Well—and is not that enough to make you forswear play, as long as you live?

Lady T. Oh, yes: I have forsworn it.

Lady G. Seriously?

Lady T. Solemnly! a thousand times; but then one is constantly forsworn.

Lady G. And how can you answer that?

Lady T. My dear, what we say, when we are losers, we look upon to be no more binding than a lover's oath, or a great man's promise. But I beg pardon child; I should not lead you so far into the world; you are a prude, and design to live soberly.

Lady G. Why, I confess, my nature, and my education do, in a good degree, incline me that way.

Lady T. Well, how a woman of spirit, (for you don't want that, child) can dream of living soberly, is to me inconceivable; for you will marry, I suppose.

Lady G. I can't tell but I may.

Lady T. And won't you live in town?

Lady G. Half the year, I should like it very well.

Lady T. My stars! and you would really live in London half the year to be sober in it?

Lady G. Why not?

Lady T. Why can't you as well go and be sober in the country?

Lady G. So I would——t'other half year.

Lady T. And pray, what comfortable scheme of life would you form now, for your summer and winter sober entertainments?

Lady G. A scheme that I think might very well content us.

Lady T. Oh, of all things, let's hear it.

Lady G. Why, in summer, I could pass my leisure hours in riding, in reading, walking by a canal, or sitting at the end of it under a great tree; in dressing, dining, chatting with an agreeable friend; perhaps, hearing a little music, taking a dish of tea, or a game of cards, soberly; managing my family, looking into its accounts, playing with my children, if I had any, or in a thousand other innocent amusements——soberly; and possibly, by these means, I might induce my husband to be as sober as myself——

Lady T. Well, my dear, thou art an astonishing creature! For sure such primitive antediluvian notions of life, have not been in any head these thousand years——Under a great tree! Oh, my stars!—But I beg we may have the sober town-scheme too—for I am charmed with the country one!——

Lady G. You shall, and I'll try to stick to my sobriety there too.

Lady T. Well, though I'm sure it will give me the vapours, I must hear it however.

Lady G. Why then, for fear of your fainting, Madam, I will first so far come into the fashion, that I would never be dressed out of it—but still it should be soberly: for I can't think it any disgrace to a woman of my private fortune, not to wear her lace as fine as the wedding suit of a first duchess. Though there is one extravagance I would venture to come up to.

Lady

Lady T. Ay, now for it——

Lady G. I would every day be as clean as a bride.

Lady T. Why the men say, that's a great step to be made one——Well, now you are drest——Pray let's see to what purpose?

Lady G. I would visit—that is, my real friends; but as little for form as possible——I would go to court; sometimes to an assembly, nay, play at Quadrille——soberly: I would see all the good plays; and, because 'tis the fashion, now and then an opera——but I would not expire there, for fear I should never go again: and lastly, I can't say, but for curiosity, if I liked my company, I might be drawn in once to a masquerade; and this, I think, is as far as any woman can go——soberly.

Lady T. Well, if it had not been for that last piece of sobriety, I was just going to call for some surfeit-water.

Lady G. Why, don't you think, with the farther aid of breakfasting, dining, taking the air, supping, sleeping, not to say a word of devotion, the four and twenty hours might roll over in a tolerable manner?

Lady T. Tolerable! Deplorable! Why, child, all you propose, is but to endure life, now I want to enjoy it——but, my dear, you will excuse me; you know my time is so precious——

Lady G. That I beg I may not hinder your least enjoyment of it.

Lady T. You will call on me at Lady Revel's?

Lady G. Certainly.

Lady

Lady T. But I am so afraid it will break into your sober scheme, my dear.

Lady G. When it does, I will——soberly break from you.

Lady T. Why then, 'till we meet again, dear sister, I wish you all tolerable happiness. [*Exit Lady T.*]

Lady G. There she goes—Dash! into her stream of pleasures! Poor woman, she is really a fine creature; and sometimes infinitely agreeable; nay, take her out of the madness of this town, rational in her notions, and easy to live with: but she is so borne down by this torrent of vanity in vogue, she thinks every hour of her life is lost that she does not lead at the head of it. What it will end in, I tremble to imagine.

GLOLSTER AND JANE SHORE.

Glost. Oh! You are come most fitly. We have ponder'd
On this your Grievance: And tho' some there are,
Nay, and those great ones too, who would enforce
The rigour of our pow'r to afflict you,
And bear a heavy hand, yet fear not you,
We've ta'en you to our favour, our protection
Shall stand between, and shield you from mishap.

J. Sh.

7. *Sb.* The blessings of a heart with anguish broken;
 And rescu'd from despair, attend your highness.
 Alas! my gracious Lord, what have I done
 To kindle such relentless wrath against me?
 • If in the days of all my past offences,
 When most my heart was lifted with delight,
 If I with-held my morsel from the hungry,
 Forgot the widow's want and orphan's cry;
 If I have known a good I have not shar'd,
 Nor call'd the poor to take his portion with me.
 Let my worst enemies stand forth, and now
 Deny the succour, which I gave not then.

Gloſt. Marry there are, tho' I believe them not,
 Who say you meddle in affairs of state:
 That you presume to prattle like a busy body,
 Give your advice, and teach the lords o' the council
 What fits the order of the commonweal.

7. Sb. Oh that the busy world, at least in this,
 Would take Example from a wretch like me!
 None then would waste their hours in foreign thoughts,
 Forget themselves and what concerns their peace,
 To tread the mazes of fantastic falsehood,
 To haunt their idle sounds and flying tales,
 Thro' all the giddy noisy courts of rumour;
 Malicious slander never would have leisure
 To search with prying eyes for faults abroad,
 If all, like me, consider'd their own hearts,
 And wept the sorrows which they found at home.

Gloſt. Go to! I know your pow'r, and tho' I trust
 not

To

To ev'ry breath of fame, I'm not to learn
 That Hastings is profess'd your loving Vassal.
 But fair befall your beauty : Use it wisely,
 And it may stand your fortunes much in stead.
 Give back your forfeit land, with large increase,
 And place you high in safety and in honour :
 Nay, I could point a way, the which pursuing,
 You shall not only bring yourself advantage,
 But give the realm much worthy cause to thank you.

J. Sb. Oh ! where or how ?——Can my unworthy
 hand

Become an instrument of good to any ?
 Instruct your lowly slave, and let me fly
 To yield obedience to your dread command.

Gloft. Why that's well said—Thus then—Observe
 me well,

The state, for many high and potent reasons,
 Deeming my brother Edward's sons unfit
 For the imperial weight of England's crown——

J. Sb. Alas for pity !

Gloft. Therefore have resolv'd
 To set aside their unavailing infancy,
 And vest the sov'reign rule in abler hands,
 This tho' of great importance to the public,
 Hastings for very peevishness and spleen,
 Does stubbornly oppose.

J. Sb. Does he ! Does Hastings ?

Gloft. Ay, Hastings.

J. Sb.

J. Sb. Reward him for the noble deed, just heavens ;
For this one action, guard him and distinguish him
With signal mercies, and with great deliverance,
Save him from wrong, adversity, and shame.
Let never-fading honours flourish round him,
And consecrate his name e'en to time's end :
Let him know nothing else but good on earth ;
And everlasting blessedness hereafter.

Gloſt. How now !

J. Sb. The poor forsaken, royal little ones !
Shall they be left a prey to savage power ?
Can they lift up their harmless hands in vain,
Or cry to heaven for help, and not be heard ?
Impossible ! O gallant, generous Hastings,
Go on, pursue, assert the sacred cause :
Stand forth, thou proxy of all-ruling Providence,
And save the friendless infants from oppression.
Saints shall assist thee with prevailing prayers,
And warring angels combat on thy side.

Gloſt. You're passing rich in this same heav'nly
speech,
And spend it at your pleasure. Nay, but mark me !
My favour is not bought with words like these.
Go to—you'll teach your tongue another tale.

J. Sb. No ; can I—O my heart abhors the thought !
Stand by, and see his children robb'd of right ?

Gloſt. Dare not, ev'n for thy soul, to thwart me
further :

None of your arts, your feigning, and your foolery ;
Your dainty, squeamish coying it to me.

You

You know my purpose, look that you pursue it,
And make him yield obedience to my will,
Do it——or woe upon thy harlot's head.

J. Sb. Oh that my tongue had ev'ry grace of
speech,

Great and commanding as the breath of kings,
Sweet as the poets numbers, and prevailing
As soft persuasion to the human mind :
That I had art and eloquence divine !
To pay my duty to my master's ashes,
And plead 'till death, the cause of injur'd innocence,

Gloft. Ha ! Do'st thou brave me, minion ? Do'st
thou know

How vile, how very a wretch, my pow'r can make
thee ?

That I can let loose fear, distress and famine,
To hunt thy heels, like hounds throughout the world ;
That I can place thee in such abject state,
As help shall never find thee ; where repining,
Thou shalt sit down, and gnaw the earth for anguish,
Groan to the pitiless winds without return,
Howl like the midnight wolf amidst the desert,
And curse thy life in bitterness and misery.

J. Sb. Let me be branded for the public scorn,
Turn'd forth and driven to wander like a vagabond,
Be friendless and forsaken, seek my bread
Upon the barren wild, and desolate waste,
Feed on my sighs, and drink my falling tears,
E'er I consent to teach my lips injustice,
Or wrong the orphan, who has none to save him.

Gloft.

Gloſt. 'Tis well—we'll try the temper of your heart.

What hoa! Who waits without?

Enter Ratcliffe, Catesby, and Attendants.

Rat. Your Highneſs's pleaſure——

Gloſt. Go ſome of you, and turn this ſtrumpet forth,
Spurn her into the ſtreet, there let her periſh,
And rot upon a dunghill. 'Thro' the city
See it proclaim'd, that none, on pain of death,
Preſume to give her comfort, food, or harbour,
Who miniſters the ſmalleſt comfort, dies.
Her houſe, her coſtly furniture and wealth,
The purchaſe of her looſe luxurius life,
We ſeize on, for the profit of the ſtate.
Away, be gone!

J. Sh. O thou moſt righteous judge——
Humbly behold, I bow myſelf to thee,
And own thy juſtice in this hard decree,
No longer then my ripe offences ſpare,
But what I merit, let me learn to bear.
Yet, ſince 'tis all my wretchedneſs can give,
For my paſt crimes, my forfeit life receive;
No pity for my ſuff'rings here I crave,
And only hope forgiveness in the grave.

BETWEEN.

BETWEEN GUILFORD AND LADY JANE
GRAY.

Guil. Oh teach me! say, what energy divine
Inspires thy softer sex and tender years
With such unshaken courage?

L. Jane. Truth and innocence;
A conscious knowledge rooted in my heart,
That to have sav'd my country was my duty.
Yes, England, yes, my country, I would save thee;
But heav'n forbids, heav'n disallows my weakness,
And to some dear selected hero's hand
Reserves the glory of thy great deliverance.

Lieut. My Lords, my orders——

Guil. See! we must——must part.

L. Jane. Yet surely we shall meet again.

Guil. Oh! Where!

L. Jane. If not on earth, among yon golden stars.
Where other suns arise on other earths,
And happier beings rest in happier seats:
Where, with a reach enlarg'd, the soul shall view
The great creator's never-ceasing hand
Pour forth new worlds to all eternity,
And people the infinity of space.

Guil. Fain wou'd I chear my heart with hopes like
these;

But my sad thought turns ever to the grave,

To that last dwelling, whither now we haste,
Where the black shade shall interpose betwixt us,
And veil thee from these eyes for ever.

L. Jane. 'Tis true, by those dark paths our journey leads,

And thro' the vale of death we pass to life :
But what is there in death to blast our hopes ?
Behold the universal works of Nature,
Where life still springs from death. To us the sun
Dies every night, and every morn revives.
The flowers, which winter's icy hand destroy'd,
Lift their fair heads, and live again in spring.
Mark, with what hopes upon the furrow'd plain
The careful plowman casts the pregnant grain ;
There hid as in a grave a while it lies,
'Till the revolving season bids it rise,
'Till Nature's genial pow'r's command a birth,
And potent call it from the teeming earth :
'Then large increase the bury'd treasures yield,
And with full harvest crown the plenteous field.

SCENE FROM SHAKSPEARE'S KING
HENRY VIII.

Enter *Catharine* Dowager, sick, led between *Griffith*,
her Gentleman-Usher, and *Patience*, her Woman.

Grif. How does your Grace ?

Cath. O Griffith, sick to death :

My legs, like loaded branches, bow to the earth,

willing

Willing to leave their burden : reach a chair ;—
 So—now methinks, I feel a little ease.
 Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
 That the great child of honour, Cardinal *Wolsey*,
 Was dead ?

Griff. Yes, madam ; but I think your Grace,
 Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

Cath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died ;
 If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
 For my example.

Griff. Well, the voice goes, madam :
 For after the stout Earl Northumberland
 Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
 (As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
 He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
 He could not sit his mule.

Cath. Alas, poor man !

Griff. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
 Lodg'd in the abbey ; where the reverend abbot,
 With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him ;
 To whom he gave these words :—" O father abbot,
 " An old man, broken with the storms of state,
 " Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
 " Give him a little earth for charity !"
 So went to-bed : where eagerly his sickness
 Pursu'd him still ; and, three nights after this,
 About the hour of eight (which he himself
 Foretold should be his last) full of repentance,
 Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,

He

He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heav'n, and slept in peace.

Cath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity—he was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with Princes; one, that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom; simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: i'the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: he was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Griff. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your Highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Cath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Griff. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble flock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one:
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty, and sour to them that lov'd him not:
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,

Which

(Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, Madam,
 He was most princely : ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
 Ipswich and Oxford ; one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to outlive the good he did it ;
 The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
 And found the blessedness of being little :
 And, to add greater honours to his age
 Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Cath. After my death I wish no other herald,
 No other speaker of my living actions,
 To keep mine honour from corruption,
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith,
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
 With thy religious truth, and modesty,
 Now in his ashes honour : Peace be with him :—
 Patience, be near me still ; and set me lower :
 I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note
 I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
 On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn Music.

Griff. She is asleep. Good wench, let's sit down
 quiet,
 For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.

Vision.

The Vision.

Cath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Griff. Madam, we're here.

Cath. It is not you I call for.

Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Griff. None, Madam.

Cath. No! Saw you not e'en now a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall assuredly.

Griff. I am most joyful, Madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Cath. Bid the music leave,
'Tis harsh and heavy to me.

[*Music ceases.*]

Pat. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold? Observe her eyes.

Griff. She is going, wench. Pray, pray——

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. An't like your Grace——

Cath. You are a saucy fellow.
Deserve we no more reverence?

Griff. You're to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,

To

To use so rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.

Mef. [*kneeling*] I humbly do intreat your Highness' pardon ;

My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman sent from the King, to see you.

Cath. Admit him entrance, Griffith. But this
fellow

Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

Enter Capucius.

If my sight fail not,

You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,
My royal nephew ; and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Cath. O my Lord,

The times and titles are now alter'd strangely
With me since you first knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me ?

Cap. Noble Lady,

First mine own service to your Grace ; the next,
The King's request that I would visit you,
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Cath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too
late ;

'Tis like a pardon after execution.

That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me ;
But now I'm past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his Highness ?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Cath.

Cath. So may he ever do, and ever flourish
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom!—*Patience*, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.

Cath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Most willing, Madam.

Cath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter.
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,
(She's young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope she will deserve well) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble Grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully;
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
And now I should not lye, but well deserves,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul;
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband; let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is for my men: they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me.
If Heaven had pleas'd to've given me longer life,

L

And

And able means, we had not parted thus.
 These are the whole contents. And, good my Lord,
 By that you love the dearest in this world,
 As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the King
 To do me this last right.

Cap. Madam, I will,
 Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Cath. I thank you, honest Lord, Remember me
 In all humility unto his Highness;
 And tell him, his long trouble now is passing
 Out of this world. Tell him, in death I blest'd him;
 For so I will—Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,
 My Lord—Griffith, farewell—Nay, Patience,
 You must not leave me yet. I must to bed —
 Call in more women—When I'm dead, good wench,
 Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
 I was a chaste wife to my grave; embalm me,
 Then lay me forth. Although unqueen'd, yet like
 A Queen, and daughter to a King, inter me.
 I can no more——— [*Exeunt, leading Catharine.*]

SCENE BETWEEN BRUTUS AND PORTIA.
 FROM JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Brutus alone.

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep. It is no matter;
 Enjoy the honey heavy dew of slumber.

Thou

Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Par. Brutus, my Lord !

Eru. Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise you
now ?

It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently,
Brutus,

Stol'n from my bed ; and, yesternight at supper,

You suddenly arose and walk'd about,

Musing and sighing, with your arms across ;

And, when I asked you what the matter was,

You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.

I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :

Yet I insist'd ; yet you answer'd not ;

But with an angry waſture of your hand

Gave sign for me to leave you . so I did,

Fearing to strengthen that impatience,

Which seem'd too much inkindled ; and, withal,

Hoping it was but an effect of humour,

Which sometime hath his hour with every man.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;

And could it work so much upon your shape,

As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,

I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my Lord,

Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise ; and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick?
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus,
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you ; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle, Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, consort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Then am I Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this
secret

I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well reputed Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!

Render me worthy of this noble wife. [*Knock.*

Hark, hark, one knocks! Portia, go in awhile;
And, by and by, thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.—

Leave me with haste.

Exit Portia.

SCENE FROM HAMLET.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd. Farewel.
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent; though sweet, not lasting:
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more. ———

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:
If with too credent ear you list his songs;
Or lose your heart, or chastity,
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia; fear it, my dear sister;
And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes;
The canker galls the infants of the spring,

Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd ;
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.
 Be wary then ; best safety lies in fear ;
 Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effects of this good lesson keep,
 As watchmen to my heart. But, good my brother,
 Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
 Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven ;
 Whilst, like a puff'd and careless libertine,
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
 And recks not his own reed.

Laer. Oh, fear me not.

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long ;—but here my father comes :
 A double blessing is a double grace :
 Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes ! Abroad, abroad, for shame ;
 The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
 And you are staid for. There ;—
 My blessing with you ;

[*Laying his hand on Laertes's head.*]
 And these few precepts in thy memory
 See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act ;
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar :
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel ;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment

Of each new hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel ; but being in,
 Bear't that the opposer may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear ; but few thy voice :
 Take each man's censure ; but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit, as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man ;
 And they in France of the best rank and station
 Are most select and generous ; chief in that.
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry,
 This above all ; to thine ownself be true ;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 Farewell ; my blessing season this in thee !

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my Lord,

Pol. The time invites you ; go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewel, Ophelia, and remember well

What I have said.

Opb. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
 And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewel.

[*Exit Laer.*]

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you ?

Opb. So please you, something touching the Lord
 Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought !

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
 Given private time to you ; and you yourself

Have

Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
If it be so, as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you? Give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my Lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection! puh! you speak like a green girl,
Unfitted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my Lord, what I should think:

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you. Think yourself a baby,
That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Wronging it thus) you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion,

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it indeed—Go to.

Oph. And hath giv'n count'nance to his speech, my
Lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springs to catch woodcocks, I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, oh! my daughter
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Ev'n in their promise, as it is a making,
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scanter of thy maiden presence;

Set your intreatments at a higher rate
 Than a command to parley. In few, Ophelia,
 Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,
 Not of that dye which their investments shew,
 But mere implorers of unholy suits,
 The better to beguile. This is for all:
 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
 Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
 As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
 Look to't, I charge you. Come your way.

Oph. I shall obey, my Lord.

BETWEEN COMUS AND THE LADY.

FROM THE MASQUE OF COMUS.

Spirit. From the realms of peace above,
 From the source of heav'nly love,
 From the starry throne of Jove,
 Where tuneful muses, in a glitt'ring ring,
 To the celestial lyre's eternal string,
 Patient virtue's triumph sing;
 To these dim labyrinths, where mortals stray,
 Maz'd in passion's pathless way,
 To save thy purer breast from spot and blame
 Thy guardian spirit came.

S O N G:

Nor on beds of fading flowers,
 Shedding soon their gaudy pride;
 Nor with swains in syren bowers,
 Will true pleasure long reside.

On awful virtue's hill sublime,
 Enthroned sits th' immortal fair;
 Who wins her height, must patient climb;
 The steps are peril, toil and care.
 So from the first did Jove ordain,
 Eternal blifs for transient pain.

[Exit the Spirit, the music playing loud and solemn.]

Lady. Thanks, heav'nly songster! whosoe'er thou
 art,
 Who deign'st to enter these unhallow'd walls,
 To bring the song of virtue to mine ear!
 O cease not, cease not the melodious strain,
 Till my rapt soul high on the swelling note
 To heav'n ascend—far from these horrid fiends!

Comus. Mere airy dreams of air-bred people these;
 Who look with envy on more happy man!
 Drink this, and you will scorn such idle tales.

[He offers the cup, which she puts by and attempts to rise.]

Nay, lady, fit; if I but wave this wand,
 Your nerves are all bound up in alabaster,
 And you a statue: 'or, as Daphne was,
 'Root-bound, that fled Apollo.'

Lady. Fool, do not boast;
 Thou can'st not touch the freedom of my mind,
 With all thy charms, altho' this corp'ral rind
 Thou hast immanacl'd while heav'n sees good.

Comus. Why are you vex'd, lady? why do you frown
 Here dwell no frowns nor anger; from these gates

Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts;
And, first behold this cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds.

Lady. Know, base deluder, that I will not taste it.
Keep thy detested gifts for such as these.

[*Points to his crew.*]

Comus. Why shou'd you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs, which Nature lent
For gentle usage and soft delicacy;
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted? But, fair virgin,
This will restore all soon.

Lady. 'Twill not, false traitor!
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? Hence with thy brew'd enchant-
ments.

Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
I wou'd not taste thy treas'nous offer—None,
But such as are good men, can give good things;
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

SCENE

SCENE FROM THE MERCHANT OF
VENICE.

BETWEEN LORENZO AND JESSICA.

Lor. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this
bank !

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears ; soft stillness, and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica : look, how the floor of heav'n
Is thick inlay'd with patterns of bright gold ;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Sill quiring to the young ey'd cherubims :
Such harmony is in immortal sounds !
But whilst this musty vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.

Jes. I'm never merry when I hear sweet music. [*Music*]

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive ;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
(Which is the hot condition of their blood)
If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand ;
Their

Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
 By the sweet power of music. Therefore, the poet
 Did feign that Orpheus drew tears, stones, and floods;
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But music for the time doth change his nature.
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils:
 The motions of his spirits are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus:
 Let no such man be trusted—Mark the music.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall:
 How far that little candle throws his beams!
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone we did not see the candle,

Por. So doth the greater body dim the less,
 A substitute shines brightly as a king,
 Until a king be by; and then his state
 Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
 Into the main of waters. Music, hark! [*Music.*

Ner. It is the music, madam, of your house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
 Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows the virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
 When neither is attended: and, I think,
 The nightingale, if she could sing by day,
 When every goose is cackling, would be thought

No

No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection.

BETWEEN MERCURY AND A FINE
LADY.

FROM THE DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

Mrs. Modish. Indeed, Mr. Mercury, I cannot have the pleasure of waiting upon you now ; I am engaged, absolutely engaged.

Mercury. I know you have an amiable affectionate husband, and several fine children ; but you need not be told that neither conjugal attachments, maternal affections, nor even the care of a kingdom's welfare or a nation's glory, can excuse a person who has received a summons to the realms of death. If the grim messenger was not as peremptory as unwelcome, Charon would not get a passenger (except now and then an hypochondriacal Englishman) once in a century. You must be content to leave your husband and family, and pass the Styx.

Mrs. Modish. I did not mean to insist on any engagement with my husband and children ; I never thought myself engaged to them. I had no engagements but such as were common to women of my rank. Look on my chimney-piece, and you will see I was engaged

gaged to the play on Mondays, balls on Tuesdays, the opera on Saturdays, and the card-assemblies the rest of the week, for two months to come; and it would be the rudest thing in the world not to keep my appointments. If you will stay for me till the summer season, I will wait on you with all my heart. Perhaps the Elysian fields may be less detestable than the country in our world. Pray, have you a fine Vauxhall and Ranelagh? I think I should not dislike drinking the Lethe waters when you have a full season.

Mercury. Surely you could not like to drink the waters of oblivion, who have made pleasure the business, end, and aim of your life! it is good to drown cares, but who would wash away the remembrance of a life of gaiety and pleasure?

Mrs. Modish. Diversion was indeed the business of my life; but as to pleasure, I have enjoyed none since the novelty of my amusements was gone off. Can one be pleased with seeing the same thing over and over again? Late hours and fatigue gave me the vapours, spoiled the natural cheerfulness of my temper, and even in youth wore away my youthful vivacity.

Mercury. If this way of life did not give you pleasure, why did you continue in it? I suppose you did not think it was very meritorious?

Mrs. Modish. I was too much engaged to think at all: so far indeed my manner of life was agreeable enough. My friends always told me diversions were necessary, and my doctor assured me dissipation was good for my spirits. My husband insisted that it was not,
and

and you know that one loves to oblige one's friends, comply with one's doctor, and contradict one's husband and besides I was ambitious to be thought *du bon ton**.

Mercury. *Bon ton!* what's that, Madam? Pray define it.

Mrs. Modish. Oh, Sir, excuse me, it is one of the privileges of the *bon ton* never to define or be defined. It is the child and the parent of jargon. It is—I can never tell you what it is: but I will try to tell you what it is not. In conversation it is not wit; in manners it is not politeness; in behaviour it is not address; but it is a little like them all. It can only belong to people of a certain rank, who live in a certain manner, with certain persons who have not certain virtues, and who have certain vices, and who inhabit a certain part of the town. Like a place by courtesy, it gets an higher rank than the person can claim, but which those who have a legal title to precedence dare not dispute, for fear of being thought not to understand the rules of politeness. Now, Sir, I have told you as much as I know of it, though I have admired and aimed at it all my life.

Mercury. Then, Madam you have wasted your time, faded your beauty, and destroyed your health, for the laudable purposes of contradicting your husband, and being this something and this nothing called the *bon ton*.

Mrs. Modish. What would you have had me do?

* *Du BON TON*, is a cant phrase in the modern French language for the fashionable air of conversation and manners.

Mercury.

Mercury. I will follow your mode of instructing. I will tell you what I would not have had you do. I would not have had you sacrifice your time, your reason, and your duties to fashion and folly. I would not have had you neglect you husband's happiness and your children's education.

Mrs. Modish. As to my daughters' education, I spared no expence: they had a dancing-master, music-master, and drawing-master, and a French governess to teach them behaviour and the French language.

Mercury. So their religion, sentiments, and manners were to be learnt from a dancing-master, music-master, and a chamber-maid! perhaps they might prepare them to catch the *bon ton*. Your daughters must have been so educated as to fit them to be wives without conjugal affection, and mothers without maternal care. I am sorry for the sort of life they are commencing, and for that which you have just concluded. Minos is a sour old gentleman, without the least smattering of the *bon ton*, and I am in a fright for you. The best thing I can advise you is to do in this world as you did in the other, keep happiness in your view, but never take the road that leads to it. Remain on this side Styx; wander about without end or aim; look to the Elysian fields, but never attempt to enter into them, lest Minos should push you into Tartarus; for duties neglected, may bring on a sentence not much less severe than crimes committed.

DOMESTIC INDUSTRY.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

PHILLIS and Damaris were two country lasses, the pride of the village where they lived; both handsome to perfection, but exceedingly different. The unaffected Damaris, had no attention but to assist the infirmities of an aged parent, whom severe illness confined to his cottage, while she tended his flock by the wood side, her hands were generally employed in some useful work; and while she knit or spun, to procure her old father a more tolerable subsistence, the cheerfulness of her songs expressed a contented heart. Her dress, though very poor, was always neat and clean; she studied no ornament in it, and if the neighbours commended her person, she paid them very little attention. Phillis, had been bred up under a careless mother, she was exceedingly pretty, and knew it perfectly well. On holidays, no-body so spruce as she. Her hat was wreathed with flowers or ribbands, every fountain was consulted for her dress, and every meadow ransacked to adorn it. From morning till night she was dancing and sporting on the green. The shepherds all courted and admired her, and she believed every word they said, yet she felt many a discontent. Sometimes her garland was less becoming than she wished it. Sometimes she would fancy that a shepherd slighted her, or that a newer face
was

was more admired than her's. Every day was spent in the pursuit of gaiety, and every day brought with it some disquiet : she was one morning sitting very pensive under a poplar, tying up a nosegay, when she heard Damaris (who was concealed from her only, by the shade of some bushes) singing with a merry heart, a song in praise of industry. Phillis could not help interrupting her in the midst of it, and when she went towards her, found her busy in plying the distaff, which was fixed in her side. When the gay maid thus accosted her :

PHILLIS.

How is it possible, Damaris, that you should be so merry in leading a life of such drudgery ? What charms can you find in it ? How much better would it become your years to be dancing at the may-pole ?

DAMARIS.

Ah ! Phillis, I prefer this way of life, because I see you very unhappy in yours. For my part, I have never a moment's uneasiness. I am sensible I am doing what I ought. I see myself the comfort of a good old father, who supported my helpless infancy, and now wants this return of duty in his decrepid age. When I have penned the fold at night, I return home, and cheer him with my sight, I dress his little supper, and partake it with more pleasure than you enjoy at a feast. He, in the mean time, tells me some stories of his younger days, and instructs me, by his experience.

Sometimes

Sometimes he teaches me a song, like that I was singing just now, and on holidays, I read to him out of some good book. This, Phillis, is my life, I have no great expectations, but have every cheerful hope that can make the heart light and easy.

PHILLIS.

Well, Damaris, I shall not dispute your taste. My father is able enough, by his own labour, to provide for his family, and my mother never sets us the example of working. 'Tis true, we are poor, but who knows what good fortune may throw in our way. Youth is the time for mirth and pleasure, and I don't care how hardly I fare, provided I can get a silk lining to my hat, and be lady of the May next year.

DAMARIS.

Oh! Phillis, this is very pretty for the present, but in what will it end? Do you think that smoothness of face will last always? Yon decrepid old woman that now limps upon her crutches, was once, they say, as handsome as you. Her youth passed without engaging any body's real affection for her, and her good name was lost among the follies she engaged in. Poverty and age came on together. She has long been a burden to the village and herself. If any neighbour's cow is ill, all suspicions of witchcraft fall upon her. She can do nothing to maintain herself, and every body grudges her what she has,

PHILLIS.

PHILLIS.

You are ill-natured, Damaris, to compare me with her whom all the world abhors! I wish you would come to the pastimes, they would put you into a better humour? besides, you would there hear what the shepherds say to this Phillis, whom you are pleased to despise so.

DAMARIS.

I don't despise you, Phillis, but wish you well, and would fain see you as happy as myself. That fine green stuff your gown is made of, would become you much better if it was your own spinning. But I talk like an old man's daughter, and am little heeded. Go, pretty butterfly, and rejoice in the summer of thy days. Let me, like the homely but industrious ant, lay up some provision for the winter.

MISS TALBOT.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN WORTHY,
SOFHRON, AND SOPHIA.

FROM THE UNIVERSE DISPLAYED.

WORTHY.

I do not wonder that our English Poets have so often made the month of May the subject of their theme. All the landscape around us is now extremely charming, and I cannot forbear thinking of, and repeating to myself, Milton's beautiful song on May morning:

Now

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May ; who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, beauteous May, that dost inspire,
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire ;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

And I see too, Sophia, your care in your flower-garden has collected all the beautiful flowers of May, to entertain our sight and smell. How lovely do those flowers that border the parterre, look from this window !

Sophia. We will, if you please, go down and take a nearer view ; but I must first intreat you to inform me, Mr. Worthy, why the first appearance of a flower-garden inspires each beholder with a sudden pleasure ; and whence it can proceed, that without any distinct thought we are, that moment, sensible of a satisfaction we experience in no other place ? The cause, in my opinion, is to be derived from the rich colours which strike our sight ; and it is not without design, that flowers have been arrayed with so much splendor.

Worthy. I would willingly know Sophron's sentiments on this subject.

Sophron. I freely confess it never entered into my thoughts to seek for any design in flowers : but if I may judge of them by the delight they afford me, they were certainly created to please us.

Sophia.

Sophia. That seems to be a flattering thought: But is there nothing more? And must we really take it for an illusion of self-love.

Worthy. I am far from entertaining that opinion: When God created the flowers, he thought fit to blend utility with pleasure. If he had only appointed them to furnish each plant with a re-productive seed, he would not have graced the generality of them with such amiable forms and engaging colours; but they would have resembled roots, which being only calculated to impart nourishment to the plant in a situation of obscurity, were not provided with any embellishment. Whereas the Great Being, who formed the flowers, seems to have taken pleasure to shape and paint the greatest part of them in such a manner, as qualifies them to regale the view of man, and adorn his habitation.

Sophia. Would not one be apt to say, that, at least, the most lovely of all the tribe are separated from the commonalty of flowers, in order to form a shining embassy; and that they advance to render homage to their Lord, and are deputed to hail him King of Nature?

Worthy. 'Tis an infallible truth, that the beauty of flowers never fails to inspire us with joy; and when we have sufficiently examined the fairest, we are sensible they are only proper to refresh the sight; and, indeed, the prospect they afford is so touching, and we experience their power to be so effectual, that the generality of those arts which are ambitious to please, seem most successful when they borrow their assistance. Sculpture imitates

imitates them in its softest ornaments, architecture bestows the embellishments of leaves and festoons on those columns and fronts, which would otherwise be too naked. The richest embroideries are little more than foliage and flowers; the most magnificent silks are almost covered with these charming forms, and are thought beautiful, in proportion as they resemble the lively tinge of natural flowers.

Sophon. All persons in general are touched with the beauty of these productions; and 'tis a misfortune we should ever be deprived of their view.

Sophia. It is certain, that what has been said of a different kind of beauty, may be applied to each flower in particular.

The fairest forms that nature shows
Sustain the sharpest doom;
Her life was like the morning rose,
That withers in its bloom.

But as the generality of flowers are employed to adorn the dwellings of man, at least for a certain time, they never make their appearance in one united body, nor at the same period of time. They tender him their service in succession; they agree to beautify the different seasons: they succeed each other, without leaving any vacant spaces; and we seldom complain of their absence, since they divide among them the four portions of the year.

Worthy. The flowers are not only diversified from one season to another, but even those that bloom together in the same period of time have a beautiful variety of forms, which demonstrate the endless invention of their author, together with his design to multiply the ornaments of our habitations. 'Tis impossible to enumerate the different plans by which all the families of flowers have been formed, without repeating any perfect similitude between them. Every touch is truly original, and peculiar to a certain species.

Soph. How pleasing are the charms of variety!

Worthy. This is visible in all the works of God, and every part of his creation. His will regulates all that is amiable. The object which he has once created is always pleasing. He makes it evident, that he is the master of nature, and that he renders it tractable to his laws. This matter, which conforms to his orders with so much pliancy and obedience, assumes all the shapes with which he pleases to impress it, and is immediately productive of each effect that he ordained. He imprints upon it the most apparent and opposite characters, according to his sovereign pleasure. He moulds the face of a lion, a tyger, and a leopard, into an assemblage of dreadful features and lineaments, that fill the most undaunted hearts with terror. But when his unerring hand fashions the same matter into flowers, to delight our view, he frames them in a different manner. He gives them a soft and elegant form, and arrays them with the most delicate attractions, that inspire us with delight the moment we behold them. He confines the
terrifying

terrifying forms of nature to woods and desarts, remote from man, but sheds a profusion of flowers and verdure over our fields, our meadows, our gardens, and all the prospect around us. Man, therefore, beholds himself encompassed with objects that are only offered to his view, with an intention to solace himself in his labours, by presenting him with pleasures in every part, that amuse him without corrupting his mind

Sophia. Flowers are not only intended to beautify the earth with their shining colours, but the greatest part of them, in order to render the entertainment more exquisite, diffuse a fragrance that perfumes all the air around us; and it should seem as if they were solicitous to receive their odours for the evening and morn, when walking is most agreeable; but their sweets are very faint during the heat of the day, when we visit them the least.

Worthy. In the study of natural things, true philosophy is never limited to the contemplation of their mechanism, but extends its curiosity to the benefits they produce. We are easily sensible of the intercourse that appears between the flowers, the air, and the sunbeams; and can we possibly be unacquainted with that goodness which is so attentive to make this correspondence advantageous to man? Providence has not only enamelled his way with flowers, for the entertainment of his view, but has taken care to embalm and purify the air he breathes, by shedding the noblest perfumes in his passage. One would even imagine that the flowers acquitted themselves of this duty with a conscious

punctuality, since they reserve their most sensible and pleasing exhalations for those moments of the evening, when they behold man resorting to their beauties for his recreation after his labours.

Sophia. Their services are not limited to the sight and smell; other senses may derive advantages from their ministration. They supply us with pastes to enrich our deserts, and present us with powders to perfume our wardrobes; they afford us delicate syrups, and even remedies to relieve us when we are indisposed. Violets, jonquils, and peach blossoms, roses, jassamines, carnations, and especially orange-flowers, accommodate us with conserves, and a variety of confections: together with essences and distilled waters, that continue to us the enjoyment of the odours and other useful qualities of flowers, when they have long ceased to be in season.

Sophron. I have always been fond of flowers, but my idea of their merit was too mean and imperfect; I considered them as little productions, that were accidentally scattered over the earth. But I am now sensible they make their appearance to please me, and I regard them with admiration and gratitude.

Sophia. Nothing can be more just than that thought. What advantage could we derive from the sense of sight, were it not accompanied with proper sentiments?

Worthy. The flowers, Sophron, which tender us such pleasing services, disclose a function still more noble and beneficial than perpetuating the plants, and embellishing the face of nature.

Sophron.

Sophon. What can they possibly do more?

Worthy. They furnish us with instruction, and conduct us by gentle steps to the knowledge of the first Being, who has condescended to shape and paint them with so much delicacy, and to grace them with such a variety of beauties. How amiable must he then be, who is the source of so many charms in such an infinity of objects, to which he constantly imparts the same lustre they disclosed when they first appeared on the earth? And if he has been pleased to bestow so magnificent an array on creatures of such a transient duration, and who to-morrow will be withered and trodden under foot, like the herbage of the field, what will he not do for us, who are the objects of his complacency? What riches will he not shower upon us with profusion, when he shall fill the desires which he himself has created within us, and when his omnipotence shall be employed to embellish the souls of men?

THE SISTERS CHOICE.

O R,

JUDGMENT OF THE FLOWERS.

Near Avon's banks, a cultur'd spot,
 With many a tuft of flow'rs adorn'd,
 Was once an aged shepherd's cot,
 Who scenes of greater splendor scorn'd.

M 3

Three

Three beauteous daughters blest his bed,
 Who made the little plat their care;
 And ev'ry sweet by Flora spread,
 Attentive still they planted there.

Once, when still ev'ning veil'd the sky,
 The fire walk'd forth and sought the bow'r;
 And bade the lovely maids draw nigh,
 And each select some fav'rite flow'r.

The *first* with radiant *splendor* charm'd,
 A variegated *Tulip* chose;
 The *next* with love of *beauty* warm'd,
 Preferr'd the sweetly blushing *Rose*.

The *third*, who, mark'd with depth of thought,
 How these bright flow'rs must droop away;
 An ev'ning primrose only brought,
 Which opens with the closing day.

The sage awhile in silence view'd
 The various choice of flow'rs display'd;
 And then (with wisdom's gift endued)
 Address'd each beauteous list'ning maid:

“ Who chose the *Tulip's* splendid dyes,
 “ Shall own, too late, when that decays,
 “ That vainly proud, not greatly wise,
 “ She only caught a short-liv'd blaze:

“ The

- " The *Rose*, though beauteous leaves and sweet,
 " It's glorious vernal pride adorn,
 " Let her who chose, beware to meet
 " The biting sharpness of its thorn.

 " But she, who to fair day-light's strain,
 " The *ev'ning flow'r* more just prefer'd ;
 " Chose real worth, nor chose in vain,
 " The one great object of regard.

 " Ambitious *thou*, the *Tulip* race,
 " In all life's varied course beware ;
 " Caught with sweet pleasure's *rosy* grace,
 " Do *thou*, it's sharper *thorns* beware.

 " *Thou*, prudent still to *virtue's* lore,
 " Attend, and mark her counsels sage ;
 " *She*, like thy *flow'r*, has charms in store,
 " To soothe the *ev'ning* of thine age."

He ceas'd,—attend the moral strain,
 The muse enlighten'd pours ;
 Nor let her pencil trace in vain
 The judgment of the *flow'rs*.

MORAL MISCELLANY.

CONVERSATION.

FROM MORAL TALES.

BY PERCIVAL.

Honour and shame from no condition rise.

POPE.

SACCHARISSA was about fifteen years of age. Nature had given her a high spirit, and education had fostered it into pride and haughtiness. This temper was displayed in every little competition which she had with her companions. She could not brook the least opposition from those whom she regarded as her inferiors; and if they did not instantly submit to her inclination, she assumed all her airs of dignity, and treated them with the most supercilious contempt. She domineered over her father's servants; always commanding their good offices with the voice of authority, and disdain the gentler language of request. Euphronius was walking with her yesterday, when the gardener brought her a nosegay, which she had ordered him to collect. You blockhead! she cried, as he delivered it to her; what strange flowers have you chosen, and how awkwardly have you put them together! Blame not the
man

man with so much harshness, said Euphronius, because his taste is different from yours! He meant to please you; and his good intention merits your thanks, and not your censure. Thanks! replied Saccharissa, scornfully, He is paid for his services, and it is his duty to perform them. And if he does perform them, he acquits himself of his duty, returned Euphronius. The obligation is fulfilled on his side; and you have no more right to upbraid him for executing your orders according to his best ability, than he has to claim from your father more wages than were covenanted to be given him. But he is a poor dependant, said Saccharissa, and earns a livelihood by his daily labour. That livelihood, answered Euphronius, is the just price of his labour; and if he receive nothing farther from your hands, the account is balanced between you. But a generous person compassionates the lot of those, who are necessitated to toil for his benefit or gratification. He lightens their burthens; treats them with kindness and affection; studies to promote their interest and happiness; and as much as possible conceals from them their servitude, and his superiority. The distinctions of rank and fortune he regards as accidental; and though the circumstances of life require that there should be hewers of wood, and drawers of water, yet he forgets not that mankind are by nature equal; all being the offspring of God, the subjects of his moral government, and joint heirs of immortality. A conduct directed by such principles, gives a master claims which no money can purchase, no labour can repay. His affection can only

be compensated by love ; his kindness, by gratitude and his cordiality, by the service of the heart.

Saccharissa heard these remonstrances with astonishment : and was shocked at the idea of being degraded to an equality with her father's domestics. Euphronius perceived the emotions of her mind ; and thus continued the conversation. In the form and structure of their bodies, you must acknowledge that they bear a perfect resemblance to you. Perhaps you will confess also, that they excel you in health, strength, and agility. They can endure the heats of summer, and the rigours of winter ; the cravings of hunger, and the fatigues of labour ; whilst you shiver with the summer's breeze, obey every call of appetite, and are incapable of toil or hardship. Thus your more elevated station increases your wants, and lessens your personal abilities to supply them : And you are a dependant on the industry and skill of thousands, for your food, raiment, and habitation. Saccharissa startled at the word dependant ; and urged Euphronius to explain his meaning. Remember then, said he, that if I mortify your pride, it is in compliance with your own request. You are no stranger to the composition of bread ; but it is probable that you never considered how much art and labour are necessary to furnish you with this plain and common article of diet. The farmer and his hinds sow the grain ; reap it when ripe ; gather it into the barn ; thrash it ; and separate the chaff from the wheat. These operations require the plough, the harrow, the sickle, the cart, the flail, and the winnower ; instruments which give employ-

ployment to numberless hands, in the workmanship or materials of them. Take the plough for an example. It consists of iron and wood. Iron is dug out of the bowels of the earth, and perhaps transported to us from Sweden or America. The ore of it is to be calcined, fused, cast, and wrought into bars, before the metal is fitted for the artist, who is to fashion it. Such processes cannot be carried on without furnaces, bellows, charcoal, and a variety of tools and conveniencies. These again admit of further sub-division; and you see miners, shipwrights, sailors, smelters, coakers, masons, black-smiths, &c. &c. unite their labours to complete the ploughshare.

The other part of the plough is generally made of the wood of the ash and of the oak; and employs the planter, feller, sawyer, and carpenter, besides all the artificers who furnish them with their several implements. When the wheat is separated from the chaff, it is put into sacks, and sent to the mill. The sacks are manufactured of hemp, which passes through a multiplicity of hands, before it reaches the weaver; whose loom, shuttle, and reed, are again the productions of a variety of artists. The same observation is applicable to the mill; the machinery of which consists of so many parts, that it would be tedious, to attempt the enumeration of them.

The flour being thus provided, at the expence of so much time, skill, and industry, it must be mixed with water, yeast, and salt, and then baked in the oven. Yeast presupposes fermentation, and all the antecedents

necessary to effect it. Salt is either obtained from seawater, or springs of brine; or it is found in a crystalline form in the bowels of the earth. You have been a witness at Northwich, to the many operations which it undergoes; and to the number of men who are occupied in the preparation of it. The baker must be furnished with a shovel, with faggots, and with an oven; and each of these afford employment to different species of art and industry.

Euphronius paused here, and observed with pleasure, that Saccharissa appeared to be impressed by what he had delivered. You are sensible, I hope, continued he, of the obligations which you owe to thousands, for every morsel of bread that you eat. Extend your reflections farther, and consider, in the same manner, the other articles of your food, the conveniencies of your dwelling, and all the various parts of your dress; and you will find that the labour bestowed upon you, exceeds all computation.*

You have exalted me, in my own estimation, said Saccharissa jocularly, by shewing that such multitudes are employed in my service. And your lesson, so far from teaching humility, seems rather to justify what you term pride.

Euphronius replied, that this was a strange perversion of his argument: for if a dependence on the labour

* A pin, trifling as the value of it may be deemed, generally passes through eighteen hands before it is completed. See Smith on the Causes of the Wealth of Nations.

and good offices of others be a real exaltation, we have most reason for pride in childhood, sickness, or in a state of idiocy. Under such circumstances, we receive the highest benefit from the community, without degrading ourselves by any personal services in return. Besides, in the present improved state of social life, the lowest mechanic, as well as the richest citizen, may boast that thousands of his fellow-creatures are employed for him; and that the accommodations of his humble cottage have cost more toil and industry, than the palaces of many a monarch on the coast of Africa.

The estate of your father, Saccharissa, was honourably acquired by your ancestor, Lyfander. Your subsistence and enjoyments, therefore, are the price of his labour. But the subsistence and enjoyments of your gardener are the price of his own. With skill and diligence he cultivates the soil, and raises the fruits of the earth. You purchase them with the earnings of your grandfire; and consume them in sloth and dissipation. Compare his condition with yours, in this point of light, and then determine which is most respectable!

Such reflections were strange and novel to Saccharissa. She continued musing for some time; but, at length, renewed the conversation, by asking whether she might not reasonably pride herself on the superiority over others in knowledge and power, which education, rank, and fortune had given her?

Knowledge, replied Euphronius, is intrinsically valuable, as it elevates the mind, and qualifies us for higher degrees of felicity, both in the present, and in a future life.

life. But with respect to others it affords no claim of distinction, unless it be applied to their emolument. Power, abstractly considered, is of little estimation; and may either dignify or degrade the possessor. If you wish to derive honour from it, be careful to render it subservient to the happiness of all around you; and enjoy with gratitude, not with affected superiority, the exalted privilege of doing good. Has your mind been cultivated by a liberal education? Be thankful to God, and to your parents; but remember, with humility, how far your ignorance exceeds your knowledge.

It is not consistent with wisdom either to over-rate our own attainments, or to undervalue those of others. The gardener, whom you just now treated with such contempt, is a man of science, though unacquainted with any branch of the *belles lettres*. He is versed in the nature of soils, the variety of seeds, the habitudes of plants, the culture of trees, the multiplication of flowers, and in all that relates to the curious and important system of vegetable life. The acquisition and daily application of this useful knowledge, exercises and invigorates the powers of his understanding; and he learns to compare, to discriminate, to reason, and to judge with no less accuracy than the logician, the statesman, the divine, or the philosopher. Euphronius was proceeding to extend the observation to mechanics and artists; but he was interrupted by a little incident, not worth relating, which put an end to the conversation.

BETWEEN A FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

BY COLLY CIBBER.

Sir Charles. Well, child, how did you like your entertainment yesterday?

Miss. Why really, Sir, as I never was at a wedding before, it threw me into a more serious way of thinking than I could have imagined,

Sir Charles. What! It put you in mind, I suppose, of how long it might probably be to your own wedding? Now I should be glad to know what sort of companion, you would chuse to find your happiness at home with.

Miss. If I were left to my choice, Sir, I would rather pass my time with a plain man of good sense and good nature, than the handsomest vain rake, who would probably like no body so well as himself; or with the finest flimsy coxcomb of quality that ever had ten thousand a year thrown away upon him.

Sir Charles. Softly, softly, madam; suppose you had this man of your own making, pray which scheme of happiness do you think the majority of your sex would more probably envy, theirs or yours?

Miss. She must be a fine lady, indeed, that only marries to be envy'd! But, thank heaven! that's a grandeur of soul I am not yet got up to. Nor could I
envy

envy a sultaneſs, hung with diamonds, that were to be ſtrangled in a ſilver bow-string, or poiſoned in a golden cup; for ſuch, and no better, have been the miſerable preferments of many a modern fine lady. Now, Sir, the plain ſcheme of a rational happineſs needs none of theſe trappings and trumpery to keep it in countenance——

“ One precious hour of mutual happineſs is worth a whole eternity without it ! ”

Well, Sir, you may lift up your eyes as wonderfully as you pleaſe, but what you ſmile at, you will find, has made me ſerious.

Sir Charles. Well, madam, pray what advantage will your way of talking draw from it? And why are you to ſuppoſe any of your acquaintance would receive a man that your ladyſhip would turn up your noſe at?

Miſs. Becauſe, Sir, I ſee ſo many of them repent of their haſty happineſs every day. Dear papa! do but conſider what diſmal doings there has been among the married couples in my time, what ſad ſtories have been told all over the town of them? How many fine creatures have been ſacrificed to fine gentlemen without principles? To great eſtates without the leaſt comfortable enjoyment of them? To paſſionate lovers, without deſire or concern whether the bride had, or had not, any one bleſſing above her fortune to beſtow upon them? What tinfel qualities then muſt theſe poor creatures have been drawn in by, to have repoſed their whole happineſs of life in them?

Sir Charles. Nay, there has been sad work among 'em, that's certain.

Miss. But, as yet, we are talking without book; for you have neither forbid, nor enjoined me any thing. You have not so much as given me a hint that this or that person in the world is the man you have a mind should, or should not be well with me.

Sir Charles. That may be, perhaps, because I am as hard to please as yourself; I have looked upon several with that view, but still—so many men, so many objections.

Miss. Well, Sir, I dare say we shall both be in favour of the same man; and therefore I have but one negative favour to beg of you.

Sir Charles. That would be hard indeed to deny you: But come, what is it?

Miss. Only this, Sir, that you will never recommend a libertine wit, or a great estate with a great coxcomb, to me.

Sir Charles. You need not have taken this precaution, child; for I know your taste too well to suppose either of them would go down with you.

Miss. I am satisfied.

Sir Charles. And now, my dear, you must give me leave to offer a negative preliminary on my part.

Miss. Don't be so ceremoniously diffident, good Sir, for I am sure I shall come into it.

Sir Charles. Give me then your honest word (but remember my good opinion of you for ever hangs upon your keeping it) that you will never engage in a promise

mise to any man, of the most plausible merit, without asking me what I know, or what I think of him.

Miss. Dear papa! as my heart has never yet been waken'd with a danger, it might be too presumptuous to say it never shall have its frailties: But if it should deceive me, if it should be weak enough to love without your knowledge, I would be myself its first accuser; my shame and guilt should kneel to you for protection, and complain of its disobedience.

Sir Charles. My dear girl! how your concern affects me! how amiable is this resignation? It really warms me, that self-denial has such sway with you: But minds well form'd will always have it. O think, child, how weak, how childish are our sensual appetites, to hope for happiness exclusive of our virtue. This, Kitty, was more than I could have hoped from you.

Miss. But not more, Sir, than your goodness has prompted me to promise, and solemnly to give my hand for the performance of: Nay, if my lips will be a better security——

Sir Charles. I don't desire a better: Come, seal and deliver.

Miss. There, Sir; take it as my act and deed—and when I break the least article of this engagement, whatever misfortunes may attend me, they shall never be imputed to your indulgence.

Sir Charles. Say no more, I admire your sentiments, my dear: There is no making life easy, child, but where power and obedience are as willing to give as to take;

take ; and since our difference is dissolved into a mutual trust, let us e'en call another cause, and—ring for the tea.

BETWEEN A GENTLEMAN AND HIS PUPIL.

Gent. Permit me, madam, to ask your ideas of hatred and revenge ?

Miss. I cannot, sir, but consider hatred and revenge as two abominable vices. If either men or women, who naturally wish to be happy, would make serious reflections on the inconveniences which these two passions draw after them, they would soon banish that from their hearts, which poisons all the happy moments of their lives.

Gent. I may add, miss, that revenge, so far from hurting the object at which we level it, often recoils upon ourselves. Hatred devours those that harbour it, it is an eternal torment, and they themselves, experience that load of uneasiness they wish to inflict on another. To have no desire to conquer hatred by the love of virtue, is a sufficient proof, that we study not our own interests. An ingenious author has observed, speaking of hatred, that “ This passion puts it in the
“ power of those we hate, to vex and torment us : the
“ very sight of the object we hate, raises in our minds
“ what pursues us sleeping and waking. Hence it is,
“ the

“ the hater only, is tormented, whilst the hated enjoys
 “ repose and tranquillity.” We are not compelled to
 love and esteem those who injure us ; but we should turn
 our hatred into pity or contempt for them. If a man
 offends me, why should I punish myself for his fault ?
 It is punishing ourselves to think too seriously of an af-
 front, and to make it our constant study how we shall
 be revenged, when it may, perhaps, never be in our
 power.

M/s. I cannot but admire the saying of an old phi-
 losopher. “ When I have an injury done me, I never
 “ set the becon on fire, nor am I troubled. I consider
 “ who did it ; if my kinsman, he did it ignorantly ; if
 “ my friend, he did it against his will ; if my enemy, it
 “ is no more than I expected. I even put a fair con-
 “ struction upon every thing which happens to me.”
 Were this doctrine more frequently adopted, it would
 save much vexation and uneasiness.

Gent. You are right, Miss, beyond all contradic-
 tion ; but nothing is more difficult than to bring peo-
 ple, young folks in particular, to think and act pro-
 perly. Contempt of an injury is often a more severe
 punishment on the person who injures us, than shewing
 the highest mark of our revenge. Good people, stand
 not in fear of hatred ; but there are none who do not
 feel some grief and mortification on being despised.
 Great men are distinguished by the generous manner
 in which they treat their enemies, when they have them
 in their power. Cesar, after having conquered his, par-
 doned them. Titus, shewed mercy to the conspirators,
 who

who had combined to take away his life and empire. And the same may be said of some of our English kings. At the same time that history presents us with amiable characters, it gives us convincing proofs, that many a heart has been subdued by hatred and revenge.

Mis. I apprehend, Sir, religion and virtue, will not permit us to hate any one, and though the heart may be naturally prone to harbour in it hatred and revenge, yet it should be kept in subjection. I know not whether these passions do not arise, in some degree, from pride. It is but a few days since, that I was led into reflections of this nature, from an event which fills me with horror. Lucinda and Dorothea were twin-sisters, and so much like each other, when they grew up, that was difficult for any one, not intimately acquainted with them, to know the one from the other, when asunder, Their parents dressed them alike; gave them the same education, and neither had the least reason to complain of any partiality, either in indulgencies or corrections.

It should seem as though nature took delight in sporting with her own works, and spoiling by one fault, the beauty of the whole. Though they were both alike in their external form, they differed widely in the disposition of their minds. Lucinda, was chearful, affable, and good-natured, and possessed all those internal accomplishments, which set off beauty in its greatest lustre. Dorothea, was gloomy, proud, and ill-natured, and so fond of her charms, as to look upon the rest of her sex with contempt. It is not therefore to be wondered

dered at, that her bosom was the seat of hatred and revenge. As they grew up, they ingrossed the attention of all the gentry in the neighbourhood, from whom they received frequent invitations. The behaviour of Lucinda, procured her the esteem and friendship of all she approached, whilst that of Dorothea, gave only uneasiness and disgust. Lucinda, perceiving her reputation daily increased, while that of her sister diminished, she grew uneasy for the consequences, and being one day alone with her sister, spoke to her thus, "My dear Dorothea, it gives me great concern, to see you fall in the opinion of the world. What little room has any of us to be proud of external accomplishments, when we know not how soon we may be deprived of them. Neither time, accidents, nor disorders, can rob us of the beauties of the mind, or the good will of those whom we attach to us by prudence and discretion. Why will you give way to the warmth of your temper, and not endeavour to curb that which distorts ev'ry feature in your lovely face? Why, through a fond conceit of yourself, make those your enemies who would gladly be your best friends? My sister cannot be insensible, that I bear a part in, and feel much for the disgraces she brings on herself." Dorothea instead of improving from this tender and wise admonition, flew in a rage out of the room, saying, as she went, that she would be reproved by none but her elders, and that she knew not what right she had to scrutinize her conduct. How amiable and happy was the one, and how despicable and unhappy the other!

A SECOND DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE GENTLEMAN AND HIS
PUPIL.

Gent. You begin, Miss, to reason so well upon the various passions to which human nature is liable, that I will venture to ask your opinion of anger and rage.

Miss. I am happy, Sir, in finding you do not consider those hours which you are so obliging as to pass with me, entirely thrown away. For my part, I cannot but consider anger and rage as a most dangerous enemy to a young lady. as it converts the most beautiful features, into those of disgust.

Gent. Undoubtedly, Miss, it does, and a young lady should be particularly cautious in guarding against its fatal effects. When the mind is firm and courageous, it resists the impetuosity of those emotions, which have no connection with the serenity of the soul, of which tranquility is the most essential quality. Without tranquility of soul, the imagination is always agitated, and never fixes upon any thing good, wise, or durable. Anger changes (if I may be allowed the expression) the very essence of the mind; of which reason and judgment constitute its nature; and this reason and judgment vanishes in the excess of passion.

Miss.

Miss. I always compare a person, Sir, who is not to be moved by anger, to a powerful monarch, who has an empire within himself. Reason commands in chief, and possesses his throne and sceptre, All his passions, like obedient subjects, obey him. Nothing is more capable of correcting this folly in men, than making them reflect on the sorry figures those make, who suffer themselves to exceed the bounds of moderation. People who do not accustom themselves to check their anger from bursting into a flame, become insensibly so habituated to it, as to break out on the merest trifles. The loss of a dog, a bird, or even a toothpick, deprive many people of their reason for some minutes.

I have heard it very justly observed, that it would be impossible for any one to give themselves up to passion, if in the height of their anger, they were made to view themselves in a glass. They would then be ashamed of themselves, and would judge of the state of their souls by what they would see in the deformity of their face.

Gent. It must be a shocking sight indeed, and I think must have its effect.

BETWEEN A GOVERNESS AND HER
PUPILS.ON ORTHOGRAPHY AND THE PRACTICAL USE OF
GRAMMAR.

Mentoria. My dear ladies, as you have gone through your different exercises intirely to my satisfaction, I shall now lay down some rules to accelerate your progress in English Grammar. As you have in the course of your lessons acquired the knowledge of nouns, pronouns, adverbs, and participles, it shall be my present endeavour to reduce them to a practical system. It is needless to inform your ladyships, that those who are defective in orthography, though in an exalted station of life, are never ranked in the class of what is usually stiled good company. Their elevation renders their imperfections more conspicuous, and the reflection that they have neglected to make a proper use of the opportunities granted them to improve their talents, subjects them to ridicule and contempt; whilst the poor, whose situation in life excludes from every source of mental cultivation, excite our pity, and demand our assistance. As their ignorance cannot be imputed as a fault, the errors which are the natural consequences of it, should never

be noticed, but from the humane motive of dispelling the darkness which obscures their understanding. This is a task of such a tender nature, it requires the hand of a skilful artist to perform the operation; lest while we mean to heal, we wound.

Lady Mary. I am much obliged to you, my dear madam, for the pains you take to improve me and Lady Louisa; and hope, by our assiduity, to make you a suitable return. I am very desirous to speak and write correctly: The attention I pay to your instructions, I hope will, in a short time, produce the desired effect.

Lady Louisa. My good madam, I have formed the same resolution; which I hope will make amends for my former negligence.

Ment. If, my dears, your future conduct shall be consistent with your present declaration, I cannot doubt the advance of your improvement. Your attainments will be the reward of my labours. Infancy, like the spring, is the time to sow the seed; which first blossoms, then comes to full maturity, and at last decays. I hope the soil of your understanding is so fertile, and the culture so well attended to, that the buds of knowledge will expand before the usual time, and be prematurely ripe.

Lady M. How rejoiced, my dear Mentoria, you will be to see us more accomplished than young ladies of our age usually are.

Ment. I should be exceedingly mortified, to find you defective in any branch of your education. I think at present there seems no probability of my suffering any inconvenience on that account. I will now
pur-

purſue my ſcheme, and endeavour to make ſome obſervations on the uſe of Grammar; which, I hope, will be of future uſe to you. I ſhall begin by ſuppoſing you in company with a little girl about your own age, who would, perhaps, ſay, “ Pray, Lady Mary, when *were* you at the play? When my aunt and I *was* there, it was vaſtly full of company. Sir George and Lady S. *deſires* their compliments to you, and *hopes* you are well, and *wiſhes* to know how *them* pretty flowers of yours *goes* on.” I hear you reply, my governeſs, Miſs Simple, teaches me, when I ſpeak in, or of the plural, always to ſay *were*, inſtead of *was*; or, if I addreſs my diſcourſes in the ſingular number, to make uſe of the words, *deſires*, *ſends*, *hopes*, *enquires*, *wiſhes*. And when I ſpeak of *perſons*, ſhe directs me to ſay, *they*, *theſe*, *them*, *who*, *whom*; but when I mention *inanimate* things, always to ſubſtitute the word *which*, for *whom*. Examples: To *whom* do you ſpeak? or *who* told you ſo? Are *theſe* things yours? *which* of theſe apples do you chooſe?

Lady L. I clearly comprehend theſe examples, but wiſh to know the diſtinction of *theſe* and *theſe*.

Ment. I will readily comply with your requeſt. The term *theſe*, implies poſſeſſion. Example: “ *Theſe* flowers in my hand;” and is often uſed to expreſs the preſent time, as in this inſtance: “ In *theſe* days of refinement.” Whiſt *theſe* is a word relative, or uſed in reference to ſome diſtant object: as “ *theſe* books on the table,” and is frequently uſed to denote a paſt tranſaction: Example: “ In *theſe* early days ſuperſtition

prevailed."——I shall now proceed to explain the words, *hence*, *thence*, and *whence*, and their connection with *here*, *there*, and *where*. For instance: Whilst I am *here*, I will ride; but when I go from *hence*, I will walk. I intend to read the Spectators when I am *there*; but when I go from *thence*, I purpose to embroider a fire screen. From whence did you bring this?" which implies, *where* did you meet with it? I shall conclude this dissertation, by inquiring whether you remember the epicene nouns.

Lady M. Are they not those which may with equal propriety be applied to the masculine and feminine gender?

Ment. You are perfectly right as to the general idea. I shall enumerate a few particular instances, which I hope will enable you to form a competent knowledge of this branch of Grammar. Example: The terms, Parent, Children, Friend, Neighbour, Cousin, Servant, are all epicenes.

Lady M. My dear Mentoria, nothing can be more clear. Lord and Lady H. are my parents; Lord George and myself are their children; the Duke and Duchefs of D. are my friends; Sir Charles and Lady F. my neighbours; Lord W. and Lady S. my cousins, and Thomas and Kitty, my servants.

Ment. It gives me great pleasure to find your ladyship so attentive to my instructions: You could not possibly have given me a stronger proof of your profiting by them, than the just comparison you have drawn.

Lady

Lady L. I hope I shall soon be able to express myself with great accuracy. I am sure, my good madam, you will learn me to speak and write just as I ought to do.

Ment. There requires nothing more to produce this happy change, than a fixed determination to observe and imitate the conversation and conduct of those who are eminent for their great attainments. You was guilty of a palpable mistake in the speech you have just made. You said I should *learn* you to speak well; when in reality the instructor *teaches* and the scholar *learns*. I shall beg you, for the future, to attend to this distinction. Perfection in any art or science, is not easily attained. You must not imagine you have gotten to your journey's end, when in reality you are advanced but a few paces; yet be encouraged by the pleasing assurance, that every step you take, removes you further from ignorance, and will at last conduct you to the goal of wisdom!

Lady M. As you have frequently enjoined me to ask the meaning of every word I do not comprehend, I beg you will inform me what Science is?

Ment. You have anticipated my intention, as it was my fixed purpose to reserve the discussion of that point to some future opportunity. A laconic, or concise answer, must suffice for the present; as I intend to subjoin a few remarks on the articulation of letters and words; and also point out some capital mistakes, as they appear to me necessary appendages for the foregoing observations. Science is a general form for all human learning;
though

though when annexed to the idea of arts, is confined to those taught in the universities, or other seminaries of learning: such as grammar, astronomy, logic, rhetoric, geometry, and music.

Lady L. My dear madam, as you are going to enumerate errors in speech, I suppose Miss S. will furnish you with many examples. I observed the last time I was in company with her, she pronounced many words wholly different from what I am taught.

Ment. I suppose, my dear, she has not been instructed at all; or what is still worse, probably slighted the admonitions of her governess; who might, notwithstanding, be a sensible well bred woman. I have observed, amongst many other errors, she always says *perdi_gious*, instead of *prodigious*: or if she means to describe a person of an open and candid disposition, she expresses herself by the word *ingenious*, which she mistakes for *ingenuous*. If she describes an outrageous person, she says they are *obstropolous*, instead of *obstreperous*. Speaking of a venomous creature, she said, it was an *obnoxious* animal; which she mistook for the word *noxious*, that signifies the being hurtful in its nature; the term *obnoxious* only implying the being liable, or subject to any thing. Whenever she talks to a person in a weak state, who is obliged to be dieted, she says, he is reduced to a *regiment*, instead of *regimen*. If she intends to describe the usual methods to bring an offender to justice, she informs you, he is *persecuted*. She is totally ignorant that the word *persecute* is improperly applied, except to express the hardships many have undergone in defence
of

of their religious principles, and does not in the least convey the idea of a legal *prosecution*.

Lady M. I often blush for her when she pretends to speak French; as she generally pronounces it improperly.

Ment. I have heard her frequently say *bone mott* for *bon met*; *fox pas* for *faux pas*; or if she meets with the word *corps*, which signifies a collective body of men, she calls it *corpse*; which, in English, means a dead body. The other day, she was describing a fracas, or disturbance, which had happened in a family; she declared it was the worst *fracas* she had ever seen.

Lady L. Upon my word, dear madam, the errors of Miss S's conversation appear to me in so disagreeable a light, I do not think I shall ever take pleasure in her company. Whenever I hear her speak, I shall endeavour to correct her errors.

Ment. Your intention is very good, yet I would ever wish you to avoid a conscious superiority. A degree of modest diffidence should attend all your actions. Whenever you give your opinion, (which at your age, you should never do unasked) you should deliver your sentiments with deference to those of superior judgment. This turn of mind will not obscure your merit; as modesty adds a grace to every other virtue:

The modest snow-drop, emblem of fair truth,
Conveys this lesson to the thoughtless youth:
That unassuming worth will ever find
A warm reception in a gen'rous mind!

Lady M. My dear madam, I suppose you will now give some directions how the different letters are to be articulated ?

Ment. I will endeavour to express my sentiments as concise as possible, and never use technical terms but when they are absolutely necessary.

Lady M. Pray what are technical terms ?

Ment. Those which belong to any particular art or science ; a knowledge of which cannot be acquired, but by applying diligently to the arts, or attention to conversation of those who are conversant in them. The language of an architect, painter, or mathematician, would appear unintelligible to you ; yet no other would so well express their meaning.

Lady M. Now, my good madam, pursue your plan.

Ment. I shall begin by informing you of the use of diphthongs. Example : *Æsop* is to be read *Eso*p ; as the double letter takes the sound of the single E. The words, *Oedipus* and *æconomy*, are pronounced agreeable to the same rule. When two consonants precede a vowel, that which joins to the vowel forms the sound, as in the word *Ptolemy*, which is read, *Toleny* ; or in *Czar*, the title of the emperor of Russia, usually called the *Zar*. I shall now specify a few instances where the *b* is mute ; as in the word *chart*, which signifies a map, and should be pronounced *cart*. The words *chaos* and *chalybeate* are subject to the same rule : as also *magna charta*, which is the law which constitutes the freedom of the English nation. When two letters of the same sort join, the first is generally sounded hard ; as in *access*, *accept*, *accelerate*.

lerate. An exception to this rule is evident, in the words *accord*, *accuse*, or *accumulate*. When an *n* follows an *m*, the sound of the *n* is wholly lost; as in *hymn*, *condemn*, &c. If a *g* precedes an *n*, the former bears no part of the sound; as in the words *malign*, *benign*, *reign*, and *feign*. When an *b* follows a *d*, they neither of them preserve their natural sounds, but are compounded into that of the letter *f*, as *physician*, *phosphorus*, and *philosopher*.

I will not, my dears, at present, give any other instances to enforce what I have said, but shall dismiss you with an earnest exhortation to retain those which I have now mentioned.



INTRODUCTION

TO THE

POETICAL COMPOSITIONS.

GOOD and elegant Poetry is a refined, animating, and musical kind of eloquence ; it conveys to our feelings all the soft persuasive powers of numbers and harmony, and is a mixture of painting, music and eloquence. As eloquence, it speaks, proves, and relates. As music, a fine poem is a harmony to the soul. As painting, it delineates objects and lays on colours ; it expresses every beauty in nature, and seems to impress more strongly on the mind than any other kind of writing.—The design of Poetry is to excite the passions, and to give us a perfect and substantial pleasure ; but it ought not to stir up any passion but those which it is of consequence to keep in motion never such as are contrary to wisdom and virtue.

P O E T R Y.

SUCH an elegant, pleasing softness dwells in Miss Carter's Poems, that they cannot fail of charming the reader : The lady who wrote them seems to possess a sensible, benevolent turn of mind, which is very conspicuous in the following specimens :

T O M I S S — ,

BY MISS ELISA CARTER.

THE midnight moon serenely smiles
O'er nature's soft repose,
No low'ring cloud obscures the skies,
Nor ruffling tempest blows,

N 6

Now

Now every passion sinks to rest,
The throbbing heart lies still,
And varying schemes of life no more
Distract the labouring will.

In silence hush'd, to reason's voice
Attends each mental power ;
Come, dear Amanda, and enjoy
Reflection's favourite hour.

Come, while this peaceful scene invites,
Let's search this ample round ;
Where shall the lovely fleeting form
Of happiness be found ?

Does it amidst the frolic mirth
Of gay assemblies dwell ?
Or hide beneath the solemn gloom
That shades the hermit's cell ?

How oft' the laughing brow of joy
A sick'ning heart conceals,
And thro' the cloister's deep recess
Invading sorrow steals.

In vain thro' beauty, fortune, wit,
The fugitive we trace !
It dwells not in the faithless smile
That brightens Clodio's face.

POETRY.

Howe'er our varying notions rove,
All yet agree, in one,
To place its being in some state,
At distance from our own.

O! blind to each indulgent gift,
Of power, supremely wise,
Who fancy happiness in aught
That Providence denies.

Vain is alike the joy we seek,
And vain what we possess,
Unless harmonious reason tunes
The passions into peace.

To temp'rate bounds, to few desires,
Is happiness confin'd;
And, deaf to folly's noise, attends
The music of the mind.

THE WISH.

O! LET me still with simple nature live;
My low field-flowers on her altar lay;
Enjoy the blessings that she meant to give,
And calmly waste my inoffensive day.

No titl'd name, no envy-teasing dome,
 No glittering wealth my tutor'd wishes crave;
 So health and peace be near my humble home,
 A cool stream murmur and a green tree wave.

Thus glide the pensive moments o'er the vale,
 While floating shades of dusky night descend;
 Nor left untold the moral-tender tale,
 Nor unenjoy'd the heart-enlarging friend.

To love and friendship flow the social bowl,
 To attic wit and elegance of mind;
 To all the native beauties of the soul,
 To simple charms of truth and sense refin'd.

Delightful hours! O! thus for ever flow,
 Led by fair fancy round the varied year;
 So shall my breast with native raptures glow,
 Nor feel one pang from folly, pride, or fear.

Firm be my heart to Nature and to Truth,
 Nor vainly wander from their dictates sage;
 So joy shall triumph on the brows of youth,
 So Hope shall smoothe the dreary paths of age.

A BIRTH-DAY ODE.

BY MISS CARTER.

THOU Power Supreme, by whose command I live,
 The grateful tribute of my praise receive;
 To thy indulgence I my being owe,
 And all the joys that from that being flow.

Scarce eighteen suns have form'd the rolling years,
And run their destin'd courses round the spheres,
Since thou my undistinguish'd frame survey'd
Among the lifeless heaps of matter laid.
Thy skill the elemental clay refin'd,
The straggling parts in beauteous order join'd,
With perfect symmetry compos'd the whole,
And stamp'd thy sacred image on my soul :
A soul susceptible of endless joy,
Whose frame nor force nor time shall e'er destroy,
But shall subsist when Nature claims my breath,
And bid defiance to the power of death ;
To realms of bliss with active freedom soar,
And live when earth and skies shall be no more.
Indulgent God ! in vain my tongue essays,
For this immortal gift to speak thy praise.
How shall my heart its grateful sense reveal,
Where all the energy of words must fail !
Oh ! may its influence in my life appear,
And every action prove my thoughts sincere !
Grant me, great God, a heart to thee inclin'd,
Increase my faith, to rectify my mind.
Teach me betimes to tread thy sacred ways,
And to thy service consecrate my days.
Still as thro' life's uncertain maze I stray,
Be thou the guiding star to mark my way ;
Conduct the steps of my unguarded youth,
And point their motions to the paths of truth.
Protect me with thy providential care,
And teach my soul t'avoid the tempter's snare.

Thro'

Thro' every turn of this inconstant state,
Preserve my temper equal and sedate ;
Be my religion such as taught by thee,
Alike from pride and superstition free.
Inform my judgment; rectify my will,
Confirm my reason, and my passions still.
To gain thy favour be my only end,
And to that scope my every action tend.
Amid the pleasures of a prosperous state,
Whose flattering charms too oft the mind elate ;
Still may I think to whom the joys I owe,
And bless the bounteous hand from whence they flow.
Or if an adverse fortune be my share,
Let not it's terrors tempt me to despair ;
But bravely arm'd, a steady faith maintain,
And own all best which thy decrees ordain,
On thy Almighty Providence depend,
The best protector and the surest friend.
Thus on life's stage, may I my part maintain,
And at my exit thy applauses gain.
When thy pale herald summon's me away,
Support me in that great catastrophe :
In that last conflict guard me from alarms,
And take my soul expiring to thy arms !

MR. HERVEY'S CONTEMPLATIONS ON:
THE NIGHT.

IN BLANK VERSE.

THIS Author has been careful to imitate Dr. Young in the harmony of his numbers, and the penfive flow of his verse : In the following lines there is something extremely picturesque.

Should man be vain at this dread midnight hour,
When silence reigns, the heav'n and earth would join
To chide his levity ——— this awful gloom
Should lift his soul on contemplation's wing,
Sedate and solemn as the closing day ;
Howe'er his social hours each eve are chear'd
With harmless pleasures, let each night, array'd
In her dark sable habit, toll the bell
That wakes reflection ; serious thoughts inspires.
Say, can the soul, which hovers o'er the tomb
Each dreadful moment, choose a part more wise,
Than stealing from the giddy crowd each eve,
From the gay round of folly, to reflect
On life's short date, its nearness to the grave ?
How soon eternity begins, how vast

The

The debt she has to cancel, 'ere her peace
Is sign'd in heav'n, which mercy scarce can sign !
Her guilt how weighty—and how weak her power !

THE SPEECH OF LEONIDAS

When he takes leave of his Queen and Children, before
he enters the Field of Battle.

BY GLOVER.

I see, I feel thy anguish, nor my soul
Has never known the prevalence of love,
E'er prov'd a father's fondness as this hour ;
Nor, when most ardent to assert my fame,
Was once my heart insensible to thee.
How had it stain'd the honours of my name
To hesitate a moment, and suspend
My country's fate, till shameful life, preferr'd
By my inglorious colleague, left no choice
But what in me were infamy to shun !—
Not virtue to accept. Then deem no more,
That of thy love regardless, or thy tears,
I haste, uncall'd, to death ; the voice of fate,
The gods, my fame, my country, bids me bleed.
—Oh ! thou dear mourner ! Wherefore streams afresh
That flood of woe ? Why heaves with sighs renew'd
That tender breast ? Leonidas must fall.

Alas !

Alas ! far heavier misery impends
O'er thee and these, if soften'd by thy tears.
I shamefully refuse to yield that breath
Which justice, glory, liberty and Heaven,
Claim for my country, for my sons and thee ;
Think on my long unalter'd love ; reflect
On my paternal fondness ; has my heart
E'er known a pause of love or pious care ?
Now shall that care, that tenderness be prov'd
Most warm and faithful. When thy husband dies
For Lacedemon's safety, thou wilt share,
Thou and thy children, the diffusive good :
Should I thus, singled from the rest of men,
Alone intrusted by th' immortal gods
With power to save a people ; should my soul
Desert that sacred cause : Thee, too, I yield
To sorrow, and to shame ; for thou must weep
With Lacedemon ; must with her sustain
Thy painful portion of oppression's weight.
Thy sons behold, now worthy of their names,
And Spartan birth, their growing bloom must pine
In shame and bondage, and their youthful hearts
Beat at the sound of Liberty no more.
On their own virtue and their father's fame,
When he the Spartan freedom hath confirm'd
Before the world, illustrious shall they rise,
Their country's bulwark and their mother's joy.

Miss Whately's Poems are rational, soft, and harmonious. ——— The poem entitled, "The Pleasures of Contemplation," is extremely picturesque, and contains several beautiful images and allusions entirely new. Thus it opens :

Queen of the Halcyon breast, and heav'n-ward eye,
Sweet Contemplation, with thy ray benign,
Light my lone passage thro' this vale of life,
And raise the siege of Care ! this silent hour
To thee is sacred ; when the star of eve,
Like Dian's Virgins trembling ere they bathe,
Shoots o'er th' Hesperian wave its quivering ray.

All Nature joins to fill my lab'ring breast
With high sensations : awful silence reigns
Above, around ; the sounding winds no more
Wild thro' the fluctuating forest fly
With gust impetuous ; Zephyr scarcely breathes
Upon the trembling foliage ; flocks and herds,
Retir'd beneath the friendly shade, repose,
Fann'd by Oblivion's wing ———

———— From the smooth lake,
On whose still bosom sleeps the tall tree's shade,
The moon's soft rays reflected mildly shine.

Towards the end of a little Poem, entitled, "The Vanity of external Accomplishments," we find these rational, elegant, and melodious Verses :

But who would waste their bloom, and not engage
One friend to soothe the win'try storms of age ?
Let me, ye powers ! inspir'd by reason's laws,
Tho' coxcombs censure, gain my own applause ;
In useful learning, as in years advance ;
Improve my mind, and leave my form to chance :
Good sense and virtue gild the darkest scene,
And bloom as bright at sixty as sixteen.

Milton's *Paradise Lost* is now so universally known and esteemed, that any quotations from thence may seem superfluous ; but as there may be some few Ladies who have passed this refined sublime Author unnoticed, I shall take the liberty of presenting some few beautiful passages.

O unexpected stroke, worse than of death !
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise ? thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades.
Fit haunt of gods ! where I had hop'd to spend,
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O slow'rs,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first op'ning bud, and gave you names,

Who

Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank
 Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount !
 Thee lastly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorn'd
 With what to sight or smell was sweet ; from thee
 How shall I part, and whither wander down
 Into a lower world, to this obscure
 And wild, how shall we breathe in other air
 Less pure, accusom'd to immortal fruits ?

Whom thus the angel interrupted mild.
 Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
 What justly thou hast lost ; nor set thy heart,
 Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine ;
 Thy going is not lonely, with thee goes
 Thy husband, him to follow thou art bound ;
 Where he abides, think there thy native soil.

Forfake me not thus, Adam, witness heav'n
 What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
 I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
 Unhappily deceiv'd ; thy suppliant,
 I beg and clasp thy knees ; bereave me not,
 Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid.
 Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,
 My only strength and stay : forlorn of thee,
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist ?
 While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
 Between us two let there be peace, both joining,
 As join'd in injuries, one enmity
 Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,
 That cruel serpent : On me exercise not

The

Thy hatred for this misery befall'n,
On me already lost, me than thyself
More miserable ; both have sinn'd, but thou
Against God only, I against God and thee,
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my cries importune heav'n, that all
The sentence from thy head remov'd may light
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe.
Me, me only, just object of his ire.

This Poem beautifully concludes with the following affecting lines.

In either hand the hast'ning angel caught
Our ling'ring parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain ; then disappear'd.
They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms ;
Some natural tears they drop'd, but wip'd them soon ;
The world was all before them, where to chuse
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide :
They hand in hand with wandring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

DELIA AND THE GOLDFINCH.

FROM ROBERTSON'S POEMS.

"MERCEY, dear hawk!—the little flutt'rer spare,"
 Cries Delia, on a daïsied bank reclin'd;
 "The pretty innocent Oh! do not tear,
 "Nor thus pursue him with blood-hunger'd mind.

"See, how the tyrant downward darts the blow:—
 "And see—the songster scapes by sidelong flight?—
 "Now, now he's lost—Now he eludes the foe;—
 "And now the murd'rer strikēs with all his might."

She said—when lo! the destin'd Finch she spies
 Exhausted—by despair and danger prest,
 Drop in the shelt'ring vale that tempting lies
 Between the hillocks of her milky breast.

Nestling, his little bosom flutt'ring beats,
 With the wild throbbings of tumultuous fear;
 Her pulse responsive throb for throb repeats,
 And pity mixt with joy calls forth a tear.

"Here, sweet musician—safe may'st thou remain,
 "In me a friendly kind protector view;
 "No cruelty did e'er this bosom stain,
 "To love and gentlest pity ever true.

"Here,

- “ Here, sweet musician, in this warm retreat
 “ Securely dwell, till danger scud away ;
 “ Then instant shall your wishes freedom meet,
 “ To greet thy partner with thy tend’rest lay.
- “ Like this poor bird, my distant lord may want,
 “ From savage cruelty, a shelt’ring wing ;
 “ Good heav’n, in mercy that protection grant,
 “ And to these arms restor’d my hero bring.
- “ Ah! why wou’d Celadon for wars alarms
 “ And honor’s bubble, from his Delia rove ?
 “ Why wou’d he quit these ever-faithful arms ?——
 “ What’s wealth---What’s honor, when compar’d to
 love ?
- “ Fly, little warbler---to some lonely mate
 “ A Celadon belov’d perhaps thou art :——
 “ Fly, little warbler, e’er it is too late,
 “ And with thy song revive her drooping heart.”

The Goldfinch freed, all gratitude, repays
 Each morn and eve her kindness with a song ;
 The hills and groves resound fair Delia’s praise ; ——
 Delia--now goddess of the feather’d throng.

AMINTOR AND ANNA.

FROM THE SAME.

CURST with a conscious feeling mind,
 The poor Amintor lay,
 Within a cheerless jail confin'd,
 And sigh'd his hours away.

To save a friend of means bereft,
 Amintor enter'd bail ;
 Friends oft prove false——Amintor's left
 To languish in a jail.

Where are those friends, Amintor, where,
 Your summer days could boast ?
 Like insects now they disappear,
 Kill'd by a wint'ry frost.

No friend, save one, now anxious came
 To heal misfortune's wound :
 That friend, true to his peace and fame,
 Was in his Anna found.

Hymen and Cupid wove the chain,
 That link'd her to his heart ;
 With her he half forgot his pain,
 Nor felt Affliction's dart.

Tho'

Tho' all the charms that beauty knows,
Were in her form exprest,
Yet faint her outward charms to those
That lodg'd within her breast.

Her words, sweet as when peace is given
To a departing soul,
Or angel-accents sent from heav'n,
Into his bosom stole.

" Cease, cease these unavailing sighs,
" Let Hope your brow unbend ;
" Goodness supreme our patience tries,
" It strikes but to amend.

" Affliction's cloud once overblown,
" Joy, doubly joy appears ;
" The morn o'ercast, the noon-tide sun
" A stronger brightness wears.

" Virtue essay'd still mounts the higher,
" And nobler worth assumes ;
" As gold, when dross-rid by the fire,
" More pure and bright becomes.

" While innocence and goodness reign
" In my Amintor's breast,
" Our fate with courage we'll sustain,
" And leave to heav'n the rest."

Chearful with him, she still appears
The messenger of Hope ;——
When from him——to her smother'd tears
She gives a boundless scope.

The rose that erst with blooming grace
Had with the lilly shone,
By grief was wither'd :—— In her face
The lilly reign'd alone.

Soon as the lark salutes the day,
Each morning Anna flies,
To chase corroding spleen away,
And blest Amintor's eyes.

A long, long day—No Anna's seen ;—
Her absence causes dread ;
When silent, grief cuts far more keen—
She presses a sick bed.

The tidings brought, he raving cries,
“ Oh wretch accurst !—For thee,
“ For thee the faithful Anna dies,
“ Her fated end I see.

“ 'Tis thy accursed hand that throws
“ The deadly murd'rous dart ;
“ 'Tis thou art author of her woes,
“ Thou, thou has broke her heart.”

No more, Amintor, now complain,
 Thy Anna's amply blest ;
 Of Fortune and her glitt'ring train,
 To utmost wish posselt :

A kinsman carle, whose griping hand,
 When living was unkind,
 Dying, bequeath'd her all his land,
 Sore griev'd 'twas left behind.

From her forsaken couch she springs,
 And low, enraptur'd bends,
 Whilst on rejoicing angels wings,
 Her gratitude ascends.

" Thanks, thanks, all gracious heav'n !---Oh,
 grant,

" This flood of joy I bear ;

" Thy mercy sends me all I want,

" Henceforth I'll not despair.

" Is Anna then ordain'd to give

" Amintor liberty ?

" For his lov'd sake I wish to live,

" For him well pleas'd wou'd die."

To Providence the grateful tear
 Bursts from her uprais'd eyes ;
 Her hecatombs to heav'n appear,
 Such pleasing sacrifice.

How faint the richest diamonds show !
How languid all their fires !
To those in Beauty's eyes which glow,
When virtuous joy inspires ?

With transport wild, she eager flew
To make Amintor blest :
She saw Amintor—Thrilling view !
In shrouded garment drest.

Frantic that morn he rav'd—" I ne'er
" Shall Anna see again ;"
He falls a prey to black Despair ;
His heart-strings burst in twain.

The weakness which from virtue grows,
Can justice faulty deem ?——
Such weakness virtue only knows,
When virtue's in extreme.

Let callous bosoms moralize,
And frigid rules lay down ;
They feel not who are over-wise,
Or dart the Stoic frown.

Like Niobe a while she stands,
Then sinks upon the floor,
She lifts her eyes——She wrings her hands,
And never rises more. —————

One such example here below,
 (In heav'n let virtue trust)
 Does an hereafter plainly show;
 God cannot be unjust.

THE SOLILOQUY OF A BEAUTIFUL LADY IN THE COUNTRY.

BY LORD LYTTLETON.

'Twas night, and Flavia to her room retir'd,
 With evening chat, and sober reading tir'd;
 There melancholy, pensive, and alone,
 She meditates on the forsaken town;
 On her rais'd arm, declin'd her drooping head,
 She sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said:
 ' Ah! what avails it to be young and fair,
 ' To move with negligence, to dress with care?
 ' What worth have all the charms our pride can boast,
 ' If all in envious solitude are lost?
 ' Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
 ' Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle;
 ' Beauty, like wit, to judges must be shown,
 ' Both most are valu'd, where they best are known;
 ' With every grace of nature, or of art,
 ' We cannot break one stubborn country heart;
 ' The brutes, insensible, our power defy;
 ' To love, exceeds a squire's capacity;

- ‘ The town, the court, is beauty’s proper sphere ;
- ‘ That is our heaven, and we are angels there ;
- ‘ In that gay circle thousand cupids rove ;
- ‘ The court of Britain is the court of love ;
- ‘ How has my conscious heart with triumph glow’d,
- ‘ How have my sparkling eyes their transport show’d ;
- ‘ At each dinguish’d birth-night ball, to see,
- ‘ The homage due to empire, paid to me ;
- ‘ When every eye was fix’d on me alone,
- ‘ And dreaded mine, more than the monarch’s frown ;
- ‘ When rival statesmen for my favour strove,
- ‘ Less jealous in their power, than in their love ;
- ‘ Chang’d is the scene ; and all my glories die,
- ‘ Like flowers transplanted to a colder sky ;
- ‘ Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
- ‘ The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain ;
- ‘ In stupid indolence my life is spent,
- ‘ Supinely calm, and dully innocent ;
- ‘ Unblest’d, I wear my useless life away,
- ‘ Sleep, wretched maid ! all night, and dream all day ;
- ‘ Go at set hours to dinner and to prayer ;
- ‘ For dulness must be ever regular.
- ‘ Now, with mamma, at tedious whist, I play,
- ‘ Now without scandal, drink insipid tea ;
- ‘ Or in a garden, breathe the country air,
- ‘ Secure from meeting any tempter there ;
- ‘ From books to work, from work to books, I rove,
- ‘ And am (alas !) at leisure to improve !
- ‘ Is this a life, a beauty ought to lead ?
- ‘ Were eyes, so radiant, only made to read ?

‘ These

- ‘ These fingers, at whose touch, even age would glow,
- ‘ Are these of use for nothing but to sow ?
- ‘ Sure erring nature never could design,
- ‘ To form a housewife, in a mould like mine !
- ‘ O Venus, queen and guardian of the fair !
- ‘ Attend propitious to thy vot’ry’s prayer ;
- ‘ Let me revisit the dear town again ;
- ‘ Let me be seen !—could I that wish obtain,
- ‘ All other wishes, my own power would gain.’

THE POWER OF INNOCENCE.

A TRUE STORY.

WHEN first the nuptial state, we prove,
 We live the happy life of love ;
 But when familiar, charms no more
 Inspire the bliss, they gave before,
 Each less delighting, less is lov’d,
 First this, then that, is disapprov’d ;
 Complacence flies, neglect succeeds,
 Neglect, disdain and hatred breeds.

’Twas thus a pair, who long time prov’d
 The joys to love and be lov’d ;
 At length fell out for trifling things,
 From trifling, anger chiefly springs ;
 The wish to please forsook each breast,
 Love’s throne was then by rage possess’d :
 Resolv’d to part, they meet no more :
 Enough—the chariot’s at the door.

The mansion was my lady's own;
 Sir John resolv'd to live in town
 Writings were drawn, each cause agreed,
 Both vow'd they'd ne'er recall the deed;
 The chariots wait, why this delay
 The sequel shall the cause display.

One lovely girl the lady bore,
 Dear pledge of joys she tastes no more
 The father's, mother's darling, she
 Now lisp'd and prattled on each knee;
 Sir John, when rising to depart,
 Turn'd to the darling of his heart;
 And cry'd, with ardour in his eye,
 ' Come Betsey, bid mamma good bye;'
 The lady, trembling, answer'd, ' no—
 ' Go, kiss papa, my Betsey, go
 ' The child shall live with me'—she cry'd,
 ' The child shall chuse'—Sir John reply'd;
 Poor Betsey, look'd at each by turns,
 And each the starting tear discerns;
 My lady asks, with doubt and fear,
 ' Will you not live with me, my dear?
 Yes, half resolv'd, reply'd the child,
 And half suppress'd her tears she smil'd;
 ' Come Betsey,' cry'd Sir John, ' you'll go
 ' And live with dear papá, I know.'
 Yes, Betsey cry'd——the lady then,
 Address'd the wond'ring child again,

' The

' The time to live with both is o'er,
 ' This day we part to meet no more :
 ' Chuse then,'——her grief o'erflow'd her breast, -
 And tears burst out, too long suppress'd ;
 The child who tears and chiding join'd,
 Suppos'd papa, displeas'd, unkind ;
 And try'd, with all her little skill,
 To sooth his oft relenting will ;
 ' Do, cry'd the lisper, pappy ! do,
 ' Love dear mamma ! mamma loves you ;'
 Subdu'd, the source of manly pride,
 No more his looks his heart bely'd ;
 The tender transport forc'd its way,
 They both confess'd each others sway ;
 And prompted by the social smart,
 Breast rush'd to breast, and heart to heart ;
 Each clasp'd their Betsey, o'er and o'er,
 And Tom drove empty from the door ;
 You that have passions for a tear,
 Give nature vent, and drop it here.

FROM A LADY TO A GENTLEMAN,

IN ANSWER TO A COMPLIMENTARY COPY OF VERSES.

YOUR lines poetic, Sir, I read,
 This morning, when I rose from bed ;
 The air was chill, and, far as sight,
 The hills and fields were clad in white ;

The sun, tho' finish'd half his race,
 In clouds, envelop'd, hid his face ;
 And, far and wide the naked plain,
 Confess'd stern winter's tyrant reign :

But yet, you say, ' Whene'er my eyes,
 ' With winning smiles, salute the skies,
 ' The clouds disperse ; unseen before,
 ' Phœbus conceals his face no more ;
 ' When'er I trip, along the fields,
 ' The spring, her choicest tribute yields ;
 ' The flowers, spontaneous, at my feet,
 ' Adorn my path, o'erspread my seat.'

Prone to believe, that I possess,
 Virtues superior to the rest ;
 Myself I thought another creature,
 More beauties spy'd in every feature :
 To my weak sex, elate with pride,
 I scarce could think myself ally'd ;
 I quickly dress'd, and out I went,
 To try the fond experiment.
 My first essay was on the plain ———
 I tripp'd,---return'd, and tripp'd again ;
 But still, no flow'rs beneath my feet
 Spontaneous sprung, nor deck'd my seat ;
 The next, to make the storms subside,
 My influence on the skies I try'd ;
 To heav'n my eyes I gently rais'd.
 And form'd the smile that Damon prais'd ;

Their

Their softest smiles, my features wore,
 Yet all continued as before ;
 Till, strange to tell ! a show'r of rain,
 Th' unpolish'd clouds return'd again.
 So home I came, chagrin'd and sad,
 Convinc'd, that you was fool, or mad.

A DESCRIPTION OF A

CITIZEN'S JOURNEY TO HIS COUNTRY
HOUSE.

FROM THE CONNOISSEUR.

THE wealthy cit grown great in trade
 Now wishes for the rural shade ;
 And buckles to his one-horse chair
 Old dobin, or the founder'd mare ;
 While wedg'd in closely by his side,
 Sat madam his unweildy bride ;
 With Jacky on a stool before 'em,
 And out they jog in due decorum ;
 Scarce pass'd the turnpike half a mile,
 How all the country seems to smile !
 And as they slowly jog together,
 The Cit commends the road and weather ;
 While Madam doats upon the trees,
 And longs for every house she sees,

Admires

Admires it's views, it's situation,
And thus she opens her oration.

What signifies the loads of wealth,
Without the richest jewel, health?
Excuse the fondness of a wife,
Who doats upon your precious life ;
Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,
Is more than human strength can bear ;
One may observe it in your face,—
Indeed, my dear you break a pace,
And nothing can your health repair,
But exercise and country air :
Sir Traffic has an house you know,
About a mile from Cheny-row ;
He's a good man, indeed, it's true,
But not so warm, my dear, as you ;
And folks are always apt to sneer ;
One would not be outdone, my dear.
Sir Traffic's name so well apply'd,
Awoke his brother merchant's pride ;
And Thrifty, who had all his life,
Paid great respect unto his wife,
Confess'd her arguments had reason,
And by the approaching summer season,
Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
And purchases a country box,
Some three or four miles out of town,
An hour's ride will bring you down ;
He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road ;

And

And so convenient does it lay,
The stages pass it every day,
Take but your places at the Boar,
You're set down at the very door.

Well, then, suppose them fix'd at last,
With washing, painting, scrubbing past,
Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
With all the fufs of moving over.
Lo! a new heap of whims are bred,
And wanton in my lady's head :

Well! to be sure, it must be own'd,
It is a charming spot of ground,
So sweet a distance for a ride,
And all about so countryfy'd,
'Twould come but to a trifling price;
To make it quite a Paradise ;
I cannot bear those nasty rails,
Those ugly broken mouldy pails ;
Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
We build a railing of Chinese ;
Altho' one hates to be expos'd,
'Tis dismal to be thus inclos'd,
One hardly any object sees ;
I wish you'd sell those odious trees,
Objects continually passing by,
Were something to amuse the eye,
But to be pent within the walls,
One might as well be at St. Paul's ;
Our house beholders wou'd adore,
Was there a level lawn before ;

Nothing it's views to incommode,
But quite laid open to the road,
While ev'ry trav'ller in a maze
Shou'd on our little mansion gaze,
And pointing to the choice retreat,
Cry, that's Sir Thrifty's country seat :
No doubt her arguments prevail,
For madam's taste can never fail ;
Now bricklayers, carpenters, and joiners,
With Chinese artists and designers,
Produce the schemes of alteration,
To work this wondrous reformation ;
The useful dome which secret stood,
Embosom'd in the yew-tree wood,
The trav'ller with amazement sees,
A temple Gothic or Chinese,
With many a bell and tawdry lay on,
And tufted with a sprawling dragon ;
A wooden arch is bent astride
A ditch of water, four feet wide,
With angles, carves, and zig-zag lines,
From Halfpenny's exact designs ;
In front a level lawn is seen,
Without a shrub upon the green,
Where taste wou'd want it's first great law,
But for the skulking fly ha ! ha !
By whose miraculous assistance,
You gain a prospect two fields distance :
Apollo there with aim so clever,
Stretches his leaden bow for ever,

And

And there, without the power to fly,
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.
The villa thus compleatly grac'd,
All own that Thrifty has a taste,
And madam's female friends and cousins,
With common council-men by dozens,
Flock ev'ry Sunday to the seat,
To stare about them and to eat.

LORD LYTTLETON'S MONODY

TO THE MEMORY OF HIS LADY.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently falling rills,
Ye high o'er-shadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,
Oft' have you my Lucy seen!
But never shall you now behold her more;
Nor will she now with fond delight,
And taste refin'd, your rural charms explore,
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night!
In vain I look around,
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
Where oft we us'd to walk,
Where oft in tender talk,
We saw the summer sun go down the sky,
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where it's waters glide

Along

Along the valley can she now be found,
 In all the wide-stretched prospects ample bound ;
 No more my mournful eye,
 Can ought of her espy.

But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.
 Sweet babes, who like the little playful fawns,
 Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns,
 By your delighted mother's side ;
 Who now your infant steps shall guide ?
 Ah ! where is now the hand whose tender care,
 To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
 And strew'd with flow'rs the thorny ways of truth :
 Oh ! loss beyond repair !
 Oh ! wretched father left alone.

To weep their dire misfortune and my own !
 Tell how her manners by the world refin'd,
 Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
 And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
 With candid Truth's simplicity,
 And uncorrupted Innocence !
 Tell how to more than manly sense,
 She join'd the softening influence,
 Of more than female tenderness ?

A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
 That, nor too little, nor too much believ'd,
 That scorn'd unjust suspicion's coward fear,
 And without weakness knew to be sincere.

CARTE BLANCHE.

Mrs. Pilkington's brother having teized her to write some Verses, as a school exercise for him, asked him what she should write upon; why, said he pertly, what should you write upon but the paper? so taking it for her subject she wrote the following lines.

O spotless paper, fair and white!
On whom, by force, constrain'd I write,
How cruel am I to destroy
Thy purity to please a boy?
Ungrateful I, thus to abuse,
The fairest servant of the muse.
Dear friend, to whom I oft impart
The choicest secrets of my heart,
Ah! what atonement can be made,
For spotless innocence betray'd?
How fair, how lovely, didst thou show
Like lilly'd banks, or falling snow!
But now, alas! become my prey,
No floods can wash thy stains away.
Yet this small comfort I can give,
That, which destroy'd, shall make thee live.

TRANSLATION FROM HORACE.

Receive, dear friend, the truths I teach,
So shalt thou live beyond the reach
 Of adverse fortune's power :
Not always tempt the distant deep,
Nor always timorously creep
 Along the treacherous shore
He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between,
 The little and the great ;
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
 Embittering all his state.
The tallest pines feel most the power
Of wintry blasts ; the loftiest tower
 Comes heaviest to the ground ;
The bolts that spare the mountain's side,
The cloud-capt eminence divide,
 And spread the ruin round.
The well informed philosopher,
Rejoices with an wholesome fear,
 And hopes, in spite of pain ;
If winter bellows from the north,
Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,
 And nature laughs again.

What

What if thy heaven be over-cast,
 The dark appearance will not last ;
 Expect a brighter sky.
 The God that strings the silver bow,
 Awakes sometimes the muses too,
 And lays his arrows by.
 If hindrances obstruct thy way,
 Thy magnanimity display,
 And let thy strength be seen :
 But, Oh ! if Fortune fill thy fail,
 With more than a propitious gale,
 Take half thy canvass in.

THE LAST SPEECH AND DYING WORDS OF

WILLY, A PET-LAMB,

Who was executed by the hand of a common butcher,
 for gnawing, tearing, and murdering one of
 Miss ——— lac'd Ruffles.

FROM ROBERTSON'S POEMS.

" AND must I die ? Must your poor Willy bleed ?
 " For one poor witless fault my life resign ?
 " Forgive your little lambkin, and indeed
 " Henceforth on Ruffles never will I dine.

" With

- “ With my wild gambols pleas’d, can you forget
“ How oft the fleeting hour you’ve smil’d away ?
“ Kifs’d me, and call’d me your nown little Pet,
“ And vow’d my breath was sweet as new-mown
hay.
- “ Have you forgot how oft-times by your side,
“ Fearless along the plain I joyous sped ?
“ Have you forgot with what a conscious pride
“ I baa’d, whene’er you patted Willy’s head ?
- “ When Cupid bark’d, with envy stung and spite,
“ To you I ran to save me from my foe ;
“ You, instant, banish’d Cupid from your sight,
“ And kissing, call’d me your sweet Willio.
- “ On your lov’d knee, my head I oft have laid,
“ Proud from your hand to take my tasteful food ;
“ Favours from others were in vain display’d,
“ No sweet, save from your hand, I counted good.
- “ At morn, when from your bed undress’d you sprung,
“ Have you not clasp’d me in your snowy arms ?
“ While I, all rapture, lick’d you with my tongue,
“ Nor once disclos’d the secret of your charms.
- “ Let Innocence and Love for Mercy plead ;
“ For Mercy on my marrow-bones I fall ;
“ Tho’ some few errors to my share’s decreed,
“ Look in my face, and you’ll forget them all.

“ Can black Revenge lodge in so fair a breast ?

“ Can such a trifle warp an angel’s mind ?

“ How must each sighing Lover prove distressed,

“ To find such fickleness and beauty join’d !

“ Bak’d in my blood—convuls’d in every part,

“ Quiv’ring in death cou’d you poor Willy view ?

“ And from my breast torn forth my little heart,

“ That heart whose latest throbblings beat for you.

“ Cou’d you behold my mangled carcase rise,

“ Smoaking upon your board to tempt the taste ;

“ The tear, I’m sure, wou’d strait empearl your eyes ;

“ You cou’d not on your murder’d Willy feast.

“ If I must die—Oh, grant this last request,

“ Let form of gloves my little lamb-skin grace ?

“ Then shall poor Willy e’en in death be blest,

“ To think your dear-lov’d arms he shall embrace.

“ And from the wool that curls o’er Willy’s skin,

“ Wou’d you two snowy, posied garters make ;

“ This favour too, dear lady, let me win,

“ Wear ’em, ah, wear ’em for poor Willy’s sake.

“ Each day and night when these remains appear,

“ Shou’d to your mem’ry rise my hapless shade,

“ And your relenting heart give one kind tear,

“ My sufferings will be more than overpaid.

“ But

“ But see---the murd’rer whets his bloody knife,
 “ Eager he grins, as ready for the blow :—
 “ If nothing can atone but Willy’s life,
 “ Ah, let my lady’s hand the stroke bestow.”

Distant, and deaf to Willy’s plaintive moan,
 Madam, enchamber’d o’er her ruffle stood ;
 The butcher plung’d his knife ;—and with a groan
 Poor Willy’s life came rushing in a flood.

THE TWIN-SISTERS.

FAIR Chastity of lilly hue,
 And Modesty like blushing rose
 New blown and steep’d in morning dew,
 In Clara happily repose.

All-graceful o’er the Fair One’s cheeks,
 The emblem lilly shines reveal’d,
 While Modesty retirement seeks
 In beds of roses deep conceal’d.

With brazen front loud Impudence,
 (Of empty Noise and Folly sprung)
 From his foul battery of Offence,
 Planted on Wit-woud’s Magpye-Tongue,

Attacks fair Chastity—in phrase
 Thro’ which the coxcomb fully glares ;
 Such phrase the coward soul betrays,
 When aim’d at helpless Maidens’ ears.

Poor Chastity alarm'd, for aid
 Strait calls upon her Twin-born friend ;
 With rosy ensigns quick display'd,
 Her Sister's blushing powers attend.

United, they confound the foe ;
 They come, they see, they overcome * :
 They hurl, like lightning, overthrow,
 And strike (amazement !) Wit-wou'd dumb.

In chains their captive they confine,
 And to th' applauding world proclaim,
 The rude invader they consign
 To the opprobrious cave of Shame.

THE FOLLOWING

ODE TO THE GLOW-WORM,

BY PETER PINDAR,

Is one of the most beautiful gems of English Poetry ;
 has charming imagery, and fine moral grace.

BRIGHT stranger, welcome to my field,
 Here feed in safety, here thy radiance yield ;
 To me, oh, nightly be thy splendor giv'n :
 Oh ! could a wish of mine the skies command,
 How would I gem thy leaf, with lib'ral hand,
 With every sweetest dew of heav'n !

* Alluding to Cæsar's Veni, Vidi, Vici.

Say dost thou kindly light the fairy train,
Amidst their gambols on the stilly plain,
Hanging the lamp upon the moisten'd blade?
What lamp so fit, so pure as thine,
Amidst the gentle elfin band to shine,
And chace the horrors of the midnight-shade!

Oh! may no feather'd foe disturb thy bow'r,
And with barbarian beak thy life devour:
Oh! may no ruthless torrent of the sky,
O'erwhelming, force thee from thy dewy seat,
Nor tempests tear thee from thy green retreat,
And bid thee 'midst the humming myriads die.

Queen of the insect world, what leaves delight?
Of such these willing hands a bow'r shall form,
To guard thee from the rushing rains of night,
And hide thee from the wild wing of the storm.

Sweet child of stillness, 'midst the awful calm
Of pausing Nature, thou art pleas'd to dwell:
In happy silence to enjoy thy balm,
And shed through life a lustre round thy cell.

How diff'rent Man, the imp of noise and strife,
Who courts the storm that tears and darkens life;
Blest when the passions wild the soul invade!
How nobler far to bid those whirlwinds cease;
To taste, like thee, the luxury of peace,
And shine in solitude and shade.

ON A YOUNG LADY'S BIRTH DAY.

THE twenty-second day of May,
 Is little Fanny's natal day ;
 Pretty warblers of the wood,
 Quit awhile your callow brood
 Gayly prune each gaudy wing,
 Each a merry carol bring,
 To commemorate the morn,
 When my little maid was born.

Come Aurora ! bring thy hours,
 All array'd in May-morn flowers ;
 Ev'ry hour shall wear a smile,
 Little troubles to beguile ;
 Airy phantoms ! lightly tread,
 O'er the cowslip's glittering head,
 O'er the cup of golden hue,
 Fill'd this morn with silver dew,
 By kind nature fill'd for you ;
 Let each little fairy lip,
 Of the pearly dew-drop sip,
 Nature pours out all her wealth,
 Drink to her's and Fanny's health ;
 She I'm sure will not refuse,
 Gratefully those gifts to use.

Oh Innocence ! protect her youth,
 Lead her down the paths of truth,

Culling sweets from every flower,
Truth has twin'd round virtue's bower,
There to dwell with sweet content,
Virtue's constant resident.

Sweets too redolent will cloy ;
Prudence mildly tempers joy ;
Thorns may grow tho' sweets are near,
Pity oft will have her tear ;
Tears will start howe'er confin'd
From a feeling generous mind.

Idleness for ever meets,
Bitter in its cup of sweets ;
Let her not recline her head,
Long on Pleasure's rosy bed ;
Pleasure does itself destroy,
Be improvement then her toy,
Doing right her greatest joy.
Mindful of her parent's nod,
And her duty to her God ;
Tell her " to the good and wise,
" Every place is paradise ;
" Every month to them is May,
" And a birth-day every day."

ON BREAKING A CHINA QUART MUG,

BELONGING TO THE SOCIETY OF LINCOLN COLLEGE,
OXFORD.

BY AN UNDER GRADUATE.

WHENE'ER the cruel hand of death
Untimely stops a fav'rite's breath,
Muses in plaintive numbers tell
How lov'd he liv'd—how mourn'd he fell,
Catullus 'wail'd his sparrow's fate,
And Gray immortaliz'd his cat.
Thrice tuneful bards! could I but chime so clever,
My Quart, my honest Quart, should live for ever.

How weak is all a mortal's pow'r,
T' avert the death-devoted hour!
Nor can a shape or beauty save
From the sure conquest of the grave.
In vain the butler's choicest care,
The master's wish, the burser's pray'r!
For when life's lengthen'd to its longest span,
China itself must fall, as well as man.

Can I forget how oft' my Quart
Has sooth'd my care and warm'd my heart?
When barley lent its balmy aid,
And all its liquid charms display'd!

When orange and the nut-brown toast
 Swam mantling round the spicy coast !
 The pleasing depth I view'd with sparkling eyes,
 Nor envy'd Jove the nectar of the skies.

The side-board, on that fatal day,
 When you in glitt'ring ruins lay,
 Mourn'd at thy loss—in guggling tone,
 Decanters poured out their moan—
 A dimness hung on ev'ry glass—
 Joe * wonder'd what the matter was—
 Cerks self-contracted free'd the frantic beer,
 And sympathizing tankards dropt a tear.

Where are the flow'ry wreaths that bound
 In rosy rings thy chaplets round ?
 The azure stars whose glitt'ring rays
 Promis'd a happier length of days !
 The trees that on thy border grew,
 And blossom'd with eternal blue !
 Trees, stars and flow'rs are scatter'd on the floor,
 And all thy brittle beauties are no more,—

Hadst thou been form'd of coarser earth,
 Had Nottingham but giv'n thee birth !
 Or had thy variegated side
 Of Stafford's fable hue been dy'd,

* The College Butler.

Thy

Thy stately fabric had been found,
Tho' tables tumbl'd on the ground.—
The finest mould the soonest will decay ;
Hear this, ye fair, for you yourselves are clay !

O D E T O P I T Y .

HAIL lovely pow'r ! whose bosom heaves the sigh,
When Fancy paints the scene of deep distress ;
Whose tears spontaneous chrysalize the eye,
When rigid Fate denies the power to bless.

Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey
From flow'ry meads, can with that sigh compare ;
Not dew-drops glitt'ring in the morning ray,
Seem half so beauteous as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear, the fawns around thee play ;
Emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies ;
No blood-stain'd traces mark thy guiltless way,
Beneath thy feet no hapless insect dies.

Come, lovely pow'r ! and range the meads with me,
To spring the partridge from the guileful foe ;
From strength'ning snares the struggling bird to free,
And stop the hand prepar'd to give the blow.

And when the air with heat meridian glows,
 And nature droops beneath the conquering gleam;
 Let us, slow wand'ring where the current flows,
 Save sinking flies that float along the stream.

Or turn to nobler, greater tasks, thy care,
 To me thy sympathetic gifts impart;
 Teach me in friendship's griefs to bear a share,
 And justly boast the generous, feeling heart.

Teach me to soothe the helpless orphan's grief,
 With timely aid the widow's woes assuage;
 To misery's moving cry to yield relief,
 And be the sure resource of drooping age.

So, when the genial spring of life shall fade,
 And sinking nature owns the dread decay,
 Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,
 And gild the close of life's eventful day,

ODE TO ADVERSITY.

IF to this roof high heav'n should send
 Thy hand, corrective fair!
 Submissive teach my soul to bend,
 But keep her from despair.

Fate's awful word must sure be just,
 Then let me kiss the rod:
 Nor worn with woe, at all distrust,
 The goodness of my God.

The

The hand that form'd my inmost thought
 Must needs be great and wise;
 And he who best perceives my faults,
 The fittest to chastise.

Then, till life's latest sands are run,
 O! teach me, power divine!
 To cry, my God! thy will be done,
 Whate'er becomes of mine.

A FEMALE CHARACTER.

HER kindly melting heart,
 To ev'ry want and ev'ry woe,
 To guilt itself when in distress,
 The balm of pity would impart,
 And all relief that bounty could bestow!
 Ev'n for the kid or lamb, that pour'd its life
 Beneath the bloody knife,
 Her gentle tears would fall,
 As she the common mother were of all.

Not only good and kind,
 But strong and elevated was her mind:
 A spirit, that with noble pride,
 Could look superior down
 On Fortune's smile, or frown;

That could without regret or pain,
 To virtue's lowest duty sacrifice,
 Or interest's, or ambition's highest prize ;
 That, injured or offended, never try'd
 Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
 But by magnanimous disdain.

A wit that temperately bright,
 With inoffensive light,
 All-pleasing shone, nor ever past
 The decent bounds that wisdom's sober hand,
 And sweet benevolence's mild command,
 And bashfulness before it cast,
 A prudence undeceiving, undeceived ;
 That nor too little, nor too much believed ;
 That scorned unjust suspicion's coward fear,
 And without weakness knew to be sincere.

M O L L Y W H I T E .

A CHARACTER.

BY D. KELLY, *Esq.*

WHEN Edward reign'd, that chief of high renown,
 In Kent there liv'd a rich good-natur'd clown,
 Who taught his friends to praise his Christmas beer,
 And made his landlord merry twice a year,
 Still ply'd his guests with coarse but harmless jokes,
 And was much lik'd by all the gentle folks.
 An only child (death swept away the rest)
 A beauteous daughter all his care confess ;

Good

Good-humour still sat smiling on her face,
 She sung with sweetness, as she danc'd with grace ;
 And when she spoke none thought she spoke too long,
 Her speech was scarce less charming than her song.
 In cotton dress'd each holy-day she shone,
 At church all eyes were fix'd on her alone ;
 Where'er she went her company was sought ;
 Rich fairings too from all the fairs she bro't,
 Such precious gifts no other maid could boast,
 For Molly White was ev'ry shepherd's toast.

T H E S E X E S .

BY ARMSTRONG.

To brave each danger, bear each toil,
 Traverse the seas, subdue the soil ;
 To seek the praise that learning yields,
 Or glory win in martial fields,
 Was man first form'd of hardy mould,
 Patient of toil, in danger bold :
 Yet man, of all these powers possess'd,
 Remain'd unblest, and unblest'd,
 Till woman made, an helpmate meet,
 His happiness became complete.
 'Tis his, to clime fame's rugged way,
 His trophies at her feet to lay :

'Tis her's, to soothe the mental fire,
 And sweeten all the ills of life :
 In man, each sterner art has place,
 In woman, each enchanting grace :
 Women from men protection find,
 And men by women are refin'd.
 Man's form'd for business and debate,
 To govern and defend the state,
 To shun the scenes of private rest,
 And stand in public life confess'd.
 Woman is loveliest when retir'd ;
 When least obtrusive, most admired.
 In her, the accent soft and low,
 And blushing face most graceful show :
 Placed in the mild domestic sphere,
 With highest grace her charms appear ;
 Expos'd to the broad glare of day,
 Each modest beauty fades away ;
 When woman wou'd be learn'd or great,
 She seeks what's foreign to her state ;
 'Tis hers to know each winning way,
 And rule, by seeming to obey.

THE FEAST OF FANCY.

ADDRESSED TO GENTLEMEN.

Too long, my good Sirs, you have madly deny'd
 A rational use to your eyes ;
 And look'd on those actions with envy and pride,
 Which reflection must hate and despise.

For once then to sense and good humour descend,
Nor, if touch'd, wax illnatur'dly warm ;
But, bear with the cordial advice of a friend,
Who wishes your sex to reform.

In praise of the fatal excesses of wine,
Disdain to be seen with a pen ;
Nor talk of being rais'd into something divine,
When debas'd greatly lower than men.

Where murder for honour is shamefully dress'd,
O ! never attempt to defend ;
Nor plant the fell sword for a casual jest,
In the heart of your worthiest friend.

To a laugh never martyr an innocent name,
'Tis malice most cruelly cool ;
Nor plunge the white virgin in anguish and shame,
For the loudest applause of a fool.

When fatally fond the sweet victim is grown,
In pity, in justice, forbear ;
And think that a sister, or child of your own,
May be drawn to disgrace and despair.

Let merit, whene'er it may chance to engage,
Oblige you to praise and protect ;
And the silver-white ringlets of reverend age,
Still meet with a decent respect.

Remem-

Remember, in short, that each pleasure must fall
 From the practice of virtue alone ;
 And, then you will strive for the welfare of all,
 Thro' a prudent regard for your own.

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.

A F A B L E.

Two opposites in nature made,
 (Some sage philosophers have said)
 No art can bring them to agree,
 Which ev'ry one may daily see :
 Fire, water, air, hold deadly hate,
 And still at distance keep their state :
 But when they meet, what wars ensue :
 Each know too fatally is true.
 Hence thunder roll, hence light'ning flies,
 Hence tempests roar, hence earthquakes rise :
 Earth trembles at the mighty burst,
 And empires tumble into dust.
 The wolf, what human art can tame ;
 Will he not still pursue the lamb ?
 The harmless dove, the eagle views,
 And with a nat'ral hate pursues :
 But see where tabby wags her tail,
 What fire in her eyes prevail :
 'Tis all for joy that tabby sees
 A mouse a nibbling of the cheese ;

She

She creeps then springs upon her prey,
And bears the captive prize away ;
Trembling beneath the victor's eye
With fear just ready for to die :
What have I done, the captive said ?
An enemy how have I made ?
You I ne'er injur'd in my life ;
I am not form'd for jars and strife,
Let honour then inspire thy mind,
And by your actions shew you're kind ;
Take pity upon harmless me,
And set a little captive free ;
Hence more I never will offend,
But call you my deliv'rer, friend,
And constant for your health I'll pray,
From morn to night, from night to day :
Puss purr'd awhile, and then replied,
Your fears, indeed, I can't decide ;
Yet lend no pity to the moan,
Unheeded ev'ry dismal groan ;
And as to pray'rs, thou little elf,
'Think about praying for yourself ;
Such friends I do not heed a louse ;
What cat need ever fear a mouse.
Nor further strive my rage t'appease,
Cats prey on mice, and mice on cheese.
So saying, on her straight she flies,
And instantly the victim dies :
Wou'd you the threaten'd fate oppose,
Keep at a distance from your foes ;

Once

Once in their power you weep in vain :
 No prayers can e'er your freedom gain ;
 Unless that Providence is kind,
 And snatch you from the fate design'd.

WISDOM AND FOLLY.

A F A B L E.

WISDOM and Folly on a day
 By chance met each upon the way ;
 After some compliments were past
 Minerva thus held forth at last :
 For shame ! leave off this wretched way,
 Mankind no longer lead astray ;
 Behave more decent, 'tis your duty,
 Prudence should always deal with beauty ;
 Good lack ! Miss Prue, (cried frisky Folly)
 What's gain'd by being melancholy ;
 By preaching sermons of morality,
 Or calling fashion prodigality.

I'll bet you odds when all is done,
 I gain more converts with my fun
 In half an hour, than even you,
 In half a year with wisdom do.
 Agree'd at once, the bet was laid,
 When Wisdom thus herself display'd.

Mortals attend, 'tis Wisdom speaks,
 Wisdom who all your goodness seeks ;

Wisdom

Wisdom will every bliss improve,
 And point the road to joy and love.
 Folly stood listening all the while,
 When now advancing with a smile;
 She cried, my dear, you're vastly clever,
 And should be chronicled for ever.
 But now to try my pow'r, away,
 My friends, let you and I be gay;
 Then wav'd her hands and tol'd that I
 Away was seen at once to fly;
 All follow'd as the lightening fleet,
 And left poor Wisdom in the street.

THE SCOLD AND THE PARROT.

A F A B L E.

THE husband thus reprov'd his wife,
 Who deals in slander, lives in strife.
 Art thou the herald of disgrace,
 Denouncing war to all thy race?
 Can nothing quell thy thunder's rage,
 Which spare not friend, nor sex, nor age?
 That vixen tongue of your's, my dear,
 Alarms our neighbours far and near;
 Good gods! 'tis like a rolling river,
 That murm'ring flows, and flows for ever!
 Ne'er tir'd, perpetual discord sowing;
 Like ~~fire~~ ^{smoke}, it gathers strength by going.
Heighday!

Heighday ! the flippant tongue replies,
 How solemn is the fool ! how wise !
 Is nature's choicest gift debarr'd ?
 Nay, frown not ; for I will be heard,
 Women of late are finely ridden,
 A parrot's privilege forbidden !
 You praise his talk, his squawling song,
 But wives are always in the wrong.

Now reputations flew in pieces,
 Of mothers, daughters, aunts and neices,
 She ran the parrot's language o'er ;
 Bawd, hussy, drunkard, flattern, whore ;
 On all her sex she vents her fury,
 Tries and condemns without a jury.

At once the torrent of her words
 Alarms cat, monkey, dogs and birds ;
 All join their forces to confound her,
 Pufs spits, the monkey chatters round her.
 The yelping cur her heels assaults,
 The magpye blabs out all her faults ;
 Poll, in the uproar from his cage,
 With his rebuke out-scream'd her rage.

A parrot is for talking priz'd,
 But prattling women are despis'd ;
 She, who attacks another's honour,
 Draws ev'ry living thing upon her ;
 Think, madam, when you stretch your lungs,
 That all your neighbours too have tongues :
 One slander must ten thousand get,
 The world with int'rest pays the deb

THE ANT AND CATERPILLAR.

A FABLE.

BY T. CUNNINGHAM.

As an ant, of his talent's superiorly vain,
Was trotting, with consequence, over the plain,
A worm, in his progress remarkably slow,
Cry'd, " Bless your good worship, wherever you go,
" I hope your great mightiness won't take it ill,
" I pay my respects from an hearty good-will."

With a look of contempt, and ineffable pride,
" Be gone, you vile reptile, his antship reply'd :
" Go, go, and lament your contemptible state :
" But first—look at me—see—my limbs, how complete !

" I guide all my motions with freedom and ease ;
" I run back and forward, and turn when I please.
" Of nature (grown weary) thou shocking essay !
" I spurn you thus from me ;—crawl out of my way."

The reptile insulted, and vex'd to the soul,
Crept onwards, and hid himself close in his hole ;
But nature determin'd to end his distress,
Soon sent him abroad in a butterfly's dress.

'Ere

'Ere long the proud ant was repassing the road,
 (Fatigu'd from the harvest, and tugging his load)
 The beau on a violet bank he beheld
 Whose vesture, in glory, a monarch's excell'd ;

His plumage expanded !—'twas rare to behold
 So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.
 The ant, quite amaz'd at a figure so gay,
 Bow'd low with respect, and was trudging away :

“ Stop, friend, says the butterfly, do'nt be surpriz'd ;
 “ I once was the reptile you spurn'd and despis'd ;
 “ But now I can mount—in the sun-beams I play
 “ While you will for ever drudge on in your way.”

THE GOOSE AND THE SWANS.

I Hate the face, however fair,
 That carries an affected air ;
 The lisping tone, the shape constrain'd,
 The study'd look, the passion feign'd,
 Are fopperies, which only tend
 To injure what they strive to mend.
 With what superior grace enchants
 The face which nature's pencil paints !
 Where eyes, unexercis'd in art,
 Glow with the meaning of the heart !

Where

Where freedom and good humour fit,
And easy gaiety and wit!
Though perfect beauty be not there,
The master lines the finish'd air,
We catch from every look delight,
And grow enamour'd at the sight:
For beauty, though we all approve,
Excites our wonder more than love,
While the agreeable strikes sure,
And gives the wounds we cannot cure.
Why then, my Amoret, this care,
That forms you in effect, less fair?
If nature on your cheek bestows
A bloom that emulates the rose,
Or from some heavenly image drew
A form Apelles never knew,
Your ill-judg'd aid will you impart,
And spoil by meretricious art!
Or had you nature's error, come
Abortive from the mother's womb,
Your forming care she still rejects,
Which only heightens her defects.
When such of glitt'ring jewels proud,
Still press the foremost in the crowd,
At every public shew are seen
With look awry, and aukward mien,
The gaudy dress attracts the eye,
And magnifies deformity.
Nature may underdo her part,
But seldom wants the help of art;

Trust

Trust her. she is your surest friend,
Nor made your form for you to mend.
A goose, affected, empty, vain,
The shrillest of the cackling train,
With proud and elevated crest,
Precedence claim'd above the rest.
Says she, I laugh at human race,
Who say geese hobble in their pace;
Look here!—the stand'rous lye detect;
Not haughty man is so erect.
That peacock yonder! lord, how vain
The creature's of his gaudy train!
If both were stript, I'd pawn my word
The goose would be the finer bird.
Nature, to hide her own defects,
Her bungled work with finery decks;
Were geese set off with half that show,
Would men admire the peacock?—No.
Thus vaunting crosses the mead she stalks,
The cackling breed attend her walks;
The sun shot down his noon-tide beams,
The swans were sporting in the streams;
Their snowy plumes, and stately pride,
Provok'd her spleen, why, there, she cry'd,
Again with arrogance we see!
Those creatures! how they mimic me!
Shall every fowl the water skim,
Because we geese are known to swim?
Humility they soon shall learn,
And their own emptiness discern.

So saying, with extended wings;
 Lightly upon the wave she springs;
 Her bosom swells, she spreads her plumes,
 And the swan's stately crest assumes.
 Contempt and mockery ensu'd,
 And bursts of laughter shook the flood.
 A swan, superior to the rest,
 Sprung forth, and thus the fool address:
 Conceited thing, elate with pride!
 Thy affectation all deride:
 These airs thy awkwardness impart,
 And shew thee plainly as thou art.
 Among thy equals of the flock
 Thou hadst escap'd the public mock,
 And as thy parts to good conduce,
 Been deem'd an honest hobbling goose.
 Learn hence to study wisdom's rules;
 Know, foppery's the pride of fools;
 And striving nature to conceal,
 You only her defects reveal.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW
 WORM.

THE prudent nymph, whose cheeks disclose
 The lilly and the blushing rose,
 From public view her charms will screen,
 And rarely in the crowd be seen;

This

This simple truth shall keep her wise,
 "The fairest fruits attract the flies."
 One night a glow-worm, proud and vain,
 Contemplating her glitt'ring train,
 Cry'd, sure there never was in nature
 So elegant, so fine a creature.
 All other insects that I see,
 The frugal ant, industrious bee,
 Or silk-worm with contempt I view;
 With all that low mechanic crew,
 Who servilely their lives employ
 In business—enemy to joy.
 Mean vulgar herd! ye are my scorn;
 For grandeur only I was born;
 Or sure am sprung from race divine,
 And plac'd on earth to live and shine.
 Those lights that sparkle so on high,
 Are but the glow-worms of the sky;
 And kings on earth their gems admire,
 Because they imitate my fire.
 She spoke. Attentive on a spray
 A nightingale forbore his lay;
 He saw the shining morsel near,
 And flew, directed by the glare;
 A while he gazed with sober look,
 And thus the trembling prey bespoke:
 Deluded fool, with pride elate,
 Know, 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate:

Less dazzling long thou might'st have lain
 Unheeded on the velvet plain :
 Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns,
 And beauty wrecks whom she adorns.

THE ALLUREMENTS OF VICE.

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE

FABLE OF THE FLY AND THE CANDLE.

BRIGHT shone the taper's sparkling blaze,
 Whose gaudy star-bespangling rays
 Allur'd a wand'ring fly,
 That round the wick's enchanting light,
 With sportive wings indulg'd her flight,
 Nor dreamt of danger nigh.

In wider circles first she flew,
 Contracted soon, she nearer drew,
 And brav'd the shining foe ;
 For who could think that grief or pain
 A form so specious could contain,
 Or such deception know !

But, oh ! ere thought a moment past,
 The foe attack'd, repels as fast,
 She falls, disabled thrown ;

Q

" Amazing

“ Amazing scene ! what’s this I see ?

“ That lively meteor’s hurt—not me,

“ ’Twas fancy threw me down !

“ I’ll try again,” resolv’d, she cries ;

When springing up, again defies

The bright Hesperian flame :

She flew :—but mark the dire event,

She dies, unweeting its intent,

A victim to her shame.

Thus slain, she lies a warning fair,

To bid our self-conceit beware

Of fond delusion’s guile :

Or teach thine innocence to shun

Th’ approach of death, by sin begun

In soft temptation’s smile.

When pleasure then (delusive dame !

Presenting, waves her plumed flame,

In token of delight ;

Remember, ’tis a sensual blaze,

On which she bids thine eye-lids gaze,

To fascinate their fight.

When honour’s gaudy treach’rous bait

Stings thy ambition to be great,

And flatters all its pride ;

Then is the season to beware

The vile seducer’s laqueant snare,

Or stem the surging tide.

Hear this, ye fools ! from insects learn,
 Where fate's your self-presumption warn
 To shield the nobler part ;
 In faith to eye the grand reward,
 While pray'rs unwearied watching, guard
 The issues of our heart.

EMMA AND THE FLY.

BY MR. T. BELLAMY.

'Twas cold November ! the winds blew—the rains fell;
 when the humane, the tender hearted Emma beheld
 a feeble 'solitary fly' crawling up the frame of her
 parlour-window ; which overlooked the garden,
 wherein, but a little time before, he had roved,
 with all the vigour a warm sun could give, Touched
 with compassion for the helpless object, she extended
 her hand, gently, to remove it to warmth and life.
 The fly, mistaking her intention, thus (if report errs
 not) addressed her :

Aw ! let gentle pity spare me,
 I have ne'er done Emma harm ;
 To the warm hearth quickly bear me,
 Of his sting fell death disarm.

Q 2

There

There the fire awhile may chear me,
 Then again I'll frisk and play;
 Yet, alas! I greatly fear me,
 I must die at close of day.

Flirting, "careless, gay, and free,"
 Late within thy cultur'd bow'rs,
 Full of life, and full of glee,
 I beguil'd my summer hours.

Now they're gone! with ev'ry blessing!
 Sunny joys can charm no more;
 Chilly cold each wing depressing,
 Tells me—flying days are o'er.

Pity, for a fly distress'd,
 Touch'd the gentle Emma's breast;
 Yet her care was all in vain;
 In his little frame now burning,
 Dying pangs again returning,
 Give him up to final pain.

The little soul departs! while lovely Emma
 Heav'd a deep sigh, and even dropt a tear:
 Let not the moral with the insect die.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

THE rising morn, in soft refulgence drest,
Spreads o'er the slumb'ring earth its dubious light,
Whose golden rays adorn its flow'ry breast,
And drink the dew-drops of the weeping night.

The murm'ring streams with soft reflection glow ;
The lowing herds salute the rising day ;
The balmy gales serenely learn to blow,
And golden slumbers steal unfelt away.

Ah ! cruel morn, thy partial beam restrain ;
Go, cloud thy temples in eternal night :
O ! spare my soul—nor teach returning pain
To probe my heart with thy returning light.

In scenes of pleasure, o'er the world's gay pride,
Let the contented heart enamour'd rove ;
For me, alas ! this pomp hath naught beside
Continual pain, and ill-requited love.

Can tranquil nature's fascinating smile,
Bid the worn heart its keen pulsation cease,
The griefs that fester in the soul beguile,
And shade the temples of despair with peace ?

Can the soft lustre of the rising day
 Close up the channels of the bleeding heart ;
 Repel the sigh, or chase the tear away,
 Or cleanse the wound of its impoison'd dart ?

Can the same ray that gilds yon blest domain,
 Where the sad emblems of my woes reside,
 Steal from my soul each secret sense of pain,
 And leave no trace of all my griefs behind ?

Ah ! if such magic dwell in beams divine.
 Point all their rays on this deluded breast ;
 They'll teach my heart no longer to repine,
 And lull the tyrants of my soul to rest.

Yet far, far hence the halcyon peace shall go,
 To happier breasts her tranquil pleasures bear :—
 Her soft delights forsake the child of woe,
 “ And light on lids unsullied with a tear,”

ORIGINAL.

THE FLOWER AND THE INFANT.

A POEM.

WHEN first from Nature's pregnant bed
 The tender flow'ret rears its head,
 To hail the genial morn ;
 It bends at ev'ry gentle gale,
 And shrinks within protection's pale,
 In feeble state forlorn.

But strengthen'd by the hand of care,
With modest yet majestic air,
 It fearless views the day ;
Secure within the safe parterre,
Unconscious of surrounding fear,
 And courts the sun-beam's ray.

The tempest's rage no longer dreads,
Its fragrant sweets undaunted spreads,
 And mocks the gard'ner's aid ;
No presage threatens an early doom,
No watery bed prepares a tomb,
 It thrives, of nought afraid.

While many a pleas'd admiring eye
Behold its odours scent the sky,
 Exhaling Nature's store ;
It grows, superior flow'rs among,
Its praises blown by many a tongue,
 Are echo'd o'er and o'er.

Thus nurtur'd to perfection's state,
Perhaps too soon eventful fate
 Bespreads his snare around ;
Some truant boy, with mischief's eyes,
Now wanton views the gaudy prize,
 And plucks it from the ground.

No more in roseate vest array'd,
In one short hour its blossoms fade,
Which glitter'd erst so gay ;
Its beauties flown, its fragrance gone,
He loaths its ruin'd state with scorn,
And throws the weed away.

Thus by creation's happy powers—
But ah ! more helpless than the flow'rs,
The infant state appears ;
Just usher'd into life, distress'd,
It mourns, by secret woes oppress'd,
And clad in frequent tears.

In cradle rock'd, or mother's arms,
Awake to fancied fear's alarms,
It starts at every sound ;
But sooth'd its woes, and hush'd its cries,
With instant joy, and glad surprise,
It smiles and gazes round.

At length to riper days matur'd,
No more in nursery immurr'd,
It spurns the handmaid's care ;
Like to the spring's expanding flower,
That gathers strength from every shower,
And braves the spoiler's snare.

Thus

Thus blooming forth in virgin state,
 With blushing pride, and heart elate,
 She views the hopeful day ;
 While native beauty moulds her face,
 And many a charm, and many a grace,
 Around the idol play.

But, ah ! unskill'd in vice's art
 Seduction wins her simple heart,
 Allures her steps astray ;
 Some tempter points where pleasures reign ;
 Deceiv'd she views the rosy plain,
 And quits the thorny way.

His guilty passion tears approve !
 To perjur'd vows of constant love
 She falls an easy prey ;
 He steals bright Virtue's pearly gem,
 Disgusted views the nauseous stem,
 And hurls the stalk away.

E N V Y.

BY MR. CUMBERLAND.

OH ! never let me see that shape again !
 Exile me rather to some savage den,
 Far from the social haunts of men !
 Horrible phantom ! pale it was as death,
 Consumption fed upon its meagre cheek,
 And ever as the fiend assay'd to speak,
 Dreadfully steam'd its pestilential breath !

Fang'd like the Wolf it was, and all agaunt,
 And still it prowld around us and around,
 Rolling its squinting eyes askaunt,
 Wherever human happiness was found.

Furious thereat, the self-tormenting sprite,
 Drew forth an asp, and (terrible to fight)
 To its left pap th'envenom'd reptile prest,
 Which gnaw'd and worm'd into its tortur'd breast.

The desperate suicide, with pain,
 Writh'd to and fro, and yell'd amain;
 And then, with hollow dying cadence, cries—
 ' It is not of this Asp that Envy dies ;
 ' 'Tis not this reptile's tooth that gives the smart ;
 ' 'Tis others' happiness that gnaws my heart.'

LAURA AND THE TULIP.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

BY MR. BELLAMY.

FAIR rose the morn in lovely May,
 When Laura took her careless way,

Amid the blooming flowers :
 Too young, too innocent, to sigh !
 Her infant state pass'd gaily by,
 Ah! happy! happy hours !

In

In streaks of varigated hue,
A gaudy Tulip rose to view :
A fairer ne'er was seen :
The smiling girl, with glad surprise,
Beheld the flower she planted, rise !
And hail'd it beauty's queen.

At eve, retiring soon to rest,
With pleasure beating at her breast,
She heard a voice complain !
Which murmur'd forth, " Fair Laura, hear :
" Thy Tulip mourns, ah ! do not fear
" Its inoffensive strain."

To grace her chamber window nigh,
Selected flow'rets caught her eye,
Convey'd from nature's bed :
She view'd her fav'rite Tulip there,
So late the object of her care,
Suspend its lovely head.

While thus it said, or seem'd to say :
" See how each beauty fades away,
" No more to please the eye !
" Returning day shall view me dead,
" Where many a careless foot may tread,
" And crush me where I lie !"

- “ While flow'rs less beauteous still remain,
“ To deck some unfrequented plain,
“ And there in safety bloom;
“ Ah, happy flowers! you live your day,
“ Nor droop, till age brings on decay,
“ Your native bed's your tomb.”

When lo! the guardian of the flower,
Call'd forth by more than mortal power,
In silver robe appears!
She wav'd her wand, and check'd a sigh,
As pointing to the object nigh,
The cause of Laura's tears.

- “ Sweet child of innocence,” she cries,
“ Those pearly drops that damp thine eyes,
“ Are due to Pity's shrine!
“ Sweet child of innocence, attend,
“ My dying flower may prove thy friend,
“ Whose fate may picture thine.

- “ If from this still retreat, where now you rove,
“ You quit the shelter of a parent's love,
“ And fly, where pleasure's gaily tempting bowers
“ Lure my sweet maid to waste her youthful hours;
“ If once those paths your erring step pursue,
“ Where admiration thy fair form shall view,
“ Flattery, lost girl! shall meet thee on the way,
“ For ever smiling, eager to betray!
“ Her artful glance, and still more artful tale;
“ Shall win thee down the visionary dale,

“ Where!

“ Where!—yielded up to Admiration’s power,

“ You fall!—the victim of a guilty hour.

“ I saw superior charms arise,

“ I knew my flower would beauteous prove:

“ With pain I mark’d admiring eyes,

“ And trembled for the plant I lov’d.

“ Go, Laura! take my ruin’d flower!

“ And place it on thy parent’s knee;

“ Tell how it bloom’d its short liv’d hour!—

“ Tell—what its guardian, said to thee.

S T A N Z A S.

Ah! how I mourn the hapless maid,

Who, spoil’d of peace and fame;

By love and cruel man betrayed,

Has lost her spotless name?

Can the pure wool, defaced by stain,

Resume its glossy hue;

Or virgin innocence again

Its honours lost renew.

The easy fair one, shunned by all,

Her error must deplore;

Must ever, ever, mourn her fall,

But hope to rise no more.

By

By all despis'd, by one betrayed,
 Ah! whither shall she fly;
 Where hapless shall she seek for aid?
 Her refuge is on high.

Say, when the grave shall hide her shame, |
 Shall prove her grief sincere;
 Ah! shall not malice cease to blame,
 And pity drop a tear?

ALBERT.

THE YOUNG LADY AND LOOKING- GLASS.

THERE was a little stubborn dame,
 Whom no authority could tame;
 Restive, by long indulgence, grown,
 No will she minded, but her own;
 At trifles oft she'd scold and fret,
 Then in a corner take a seat,
 And sourly moping all the day,
 Disdain alike to work or play.

Papa all softer arts had try'd,
 And sharper remedies apply'd;
 But both were vain, for every course
 He took still made her worse and worse.

'Tis

'Tis strange to think how female wit
So oft should make a lucky hit ;
When man, with all his high pretence
To deeper judgment, sounder sense,
Will err, and measures false pursue ;—
'Tis very strange, I own, but true.—
Mamma observ'd the rising lass
By stealth retiring to the glass,
To practise little airs, unseen,
In the true genius of thirteen :
On this a deep design she laid
To tame the humour of the maid ;
Contriving, like a prudent mother,
To make one folly cure another.
Upon the wall, against the seat
Which Jessy us'd for her retreat,
Whene'er by accident offended,
A looking-glass was straight suspended,
That it might shew her how deform'd
She look'd, and frightful when she storm'd ;
And warn her, as she priz'd her beauty,
To bend her humour to her duty.
All this the looking-glass atchiev'd,
Its threats were minded and believ'd.
The maid, who spurn'd at all advice,
Grew tame and gentle in a trice :
So when all other means had fail'd,
The silent monitor prevail'd.

Thus,

Thus Fable to the human kind
 Presents an image of the mind :
 It is a mirror, where we spy
 At large our own deformity ;
 And learn of course those faults to mend,
 Which but to mention would offend.

TO A LADY WHO LOVED DANCING.

BY JUDGE BURNET.

MAY I presume, in humble lays,
 My dancing fair, thy steps to praise ?—
 While this grand maxim I advance,
 That all the world is but a dance ;
 That human-kind, both man and woman,
 Do dance is evident and common.
 David himself, that god-like king,
 We know could dance as well as sing.
 Folks who at court would keep their ground,
 Must dance the year attendance round.
 Whole nations dance : gay frisky France
 Has led the nation many a dance.
 And some believe both France and Spain
 Resolve to take us out again.
 All nature is one ball we find,
 The water dances to the wind ;

The

The sea itself at night and noon
 Rises and capers to the moon ;
 The moon around the earth does tread
 A Cheshire round in buxom red ;
 The earth and planets round the sun
 Dance ; nor will their dance be done,
 'Till nature in one mass is blended,
 Then we may say the ball is ended.

E L E G Y

To a Lady who wished not to hear the toll of a Bell
 on the Evening of a Lady's Funeral.

AND why not hear the sound of yonder bell?

Ah ! why from serious thoughts for ever fly !

It tolls a sober, awful, solemn knell,

A wish'd-for knell to immortality.

Think not a round of folly's mad career

Can always shield thee from reflection's power ;

The young, the fond, the rich, the gay must fear,

Too long regardless of an awful hour.

Think not that beauteous form that now you wear,

That glow of crimson—those inspiring eyes

Must linger ever here—they all declare—

They speak aloud their kindred to the skies.

Do

Do not the hour, the day, the month, the year,
All in their course expire, but all renew?
All nature shews, alas! a prospect drear,
All nature shews there's happiness in view.

Long lost in storms do mariners repine,
When the glad pilot distant land descries?
Ah! see them eager trace the solid line,
See their hopes kindle as the objects rise.

And shall my fair with brightest hopes in store,
Not once look up beyond this earthly clod,
Shall she alone her destiny deplore,
Her anchor, heaven! and her pilot, God!

LESBIA'S LAMENTATION FOR THE LOSS OF HER SPARROW.

[WRITTEN ABOVE 100 YEARS SINCE.]

TELL me not of joy—there's none,
Now my little Sparrow's gone.
He, just like you,
Wou'd toy and woo;
And, 'till he saw me look and smile,
Dear, how fullen he wou'd be!
Now wou'd hang the wing a while;
Then wou'd chirp, and flatter me.

He

He cou'd catch a crumb—and, then,
 Sporting, let it go again ;
 He from my lip,
 Wou'd fit and sip,
 From my plate he lov'd to feed,
 Here would hop and there would run ;
 And every look and motion heed,
 'Till my very heart he won.

O, how eager would he fight,
 And never hurt, though often bite.
 He perch'd, alas !
 Upon my glafs,
 And every thing I did would do,
 Ruffling now his feathers all ;
 Now as sudden let 'em fall ;

But my faithful bird is gone !
 Mournful turtles ! murmur on ;
 Hop ye red-breasts o'er his stone,
 Cease to sing and learn to moan.

A T A L E,

FOUNDED ON AN INCIDENT AT ST. VINCENT'S
 ROCKS, 1779.

HIGH on the cliff's tremendous side,
 That frowning hangs o'er Avon's tide,
 Three lasses chanc'd to stray :

To

To pluck the casual flow'rets bent,
Regardless of the rough ascent,
They wound their dangerous way.

Till slowly mounted to the height.
They turn'd their view in wild affright,
And shudd'ring, mark'd the steep :
Oh then, what grief bedew'd each eye,
To think one slip, one step awry,
Might plunge them in the deep.

A priest, whom kind intentions press
To succour mortals in distress,
That instant trod the shore :
With happy strength and steady pace,
Safe to the rock's time-moulder'd base
Each trembling nymph he bore.

Learn then this truth ;—the careless hour
May seek a gay, but treacherous flower,
Whose honey turns to gall :
While the kind parson's timely aid
May rescue many a tott'ring maid,
And save from many a fall.

S O N G.

BY AKENSIDE.

THE shape alone let others prize,
The features of the fair !
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, and ivory arm,
Shall ne'er my wishes win :
Give me an animated form,
That speaks a mind within.

A face where awful honor shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
And angel innocence refines
The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of beauty's frame,
Without whose vital aid
Unfinish'd all her features seem,
And all her roses dead.

But ah ! where both their charms unite,
How perfect is the view,
With every image of delight,
With graces ever new !

Of

Of power to charm the greatest woe ;
 The wildest rage controul ;
 Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,
 And rapture thro' the soul.

Their power but faintly to express,
 All language must despair ;
 But go, behold Arpasia's face,
 And read it perfect there.

SONG ON YOUNG OLINDA.

When innocence and beauty meet,
 To add to lovely female grace,
 Ah, how beyond expression sweet
 Is every feature of the face !

By virtue ripen'd from the bud,
 The flower angelic odours breed ;
 The fragrant charms of being good
 Makes gaudy vice to smell like weeds.

Oh sacred virtue ! tune my voice
 With thy inspiring harmony ;
 Then I shall sing of rapt'rous joys,
 Which fill my soul with love of thee.

To lasting brightness be refin'd,
 When this vain shadow flies away,
 The eternal beauties of the mind
 Will last when all things else decay.

F R I E N D S H I P.

A SONG.

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
 And Friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet;
 How strange does it seem, that in searching around,
 This source of content is so rare to be found!
 O Friendship! thou balm and rich sweet'ner of life,
 Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife;
 Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r,
 But empty delusions, the joys of an hour!

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a Friend,
 On whom we may always with safety depend;
 Our joys, when extended, do always encrease;
 And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace.
 When fortune is smiling, what crouds do appear,
 Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere;
 Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,
 No longer to court you they eagerly press.

How different from this, does a true friend appear!
 In all our distress he doth equally share;

If

If we're blest, then he's happy, but if we're oppress,
 No ease can be found in his generous breast ;
 We are blest in each other's endeavours to please ;
 For what are all joys, if our friend's not at ease !
 Then don't, my dear Myra, true friendship disdain,
 For friendship's a jewel no wealth can obtain !

A S O N G.

BY MR. GARRICK.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore,
 That a lover once blest is a lover no more :
 Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
 That prudence must cherish, what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
 Your roses and lilies may make the men sigh :
 But roses, and lilies, and sighs pass away ;
 And passion will dye, as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed, like your fav'rite guittar :
 Though music in both, they are both apt to jar ;
 How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
 Nor handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much !

The

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame by your kindness, and come at command ;
Exert with your husband the same happy skill ;
For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your will.

Be gay and good-humor'd, complying and kind ;
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your
mind :

'Tis there that a wife may her conquests improve,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of love.

THE ROSE.

THE Rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a show'r,
That Mary to Anna conveyed,
The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flow'r,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seem'd to a fanciful view,

To weep for the buds it had left with regret

On the flourishing bush where it grew :

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was

For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,
And swinging it rudely,—too rudely alas !

I snapp'd it,—it fell to the ground.—
And such I exclaimed is the pitiless part,

Some act by the delicate mind ;

Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart,

Already to sorrow resigned.

R

This

This elegant Rose, had I shaken it less,
 Might have bloom'd with its owner a while ;
 And the tear that is wip'd with a little address,
 May be followed, perhaps, with a smile.

T H E V I O L E T .

SERENE as the morning, the lark leaves its nest,
 And sings a salute to the dawn ;
 The sun with his splendor illumines the east,
 And brightens the dew on the lawn.
 Whilst the sons of debauch to indulgence give way,
 And slumber the prime of their hours ;
 Let us, my dear Betsy, the garden survey,
 And make our remarks on the flow'rs.

The gay gaudy tulip, observe as you walk,
 How flaunting the gloss of its vest :
 How proud and how stately it stands on its stalk,
 In beauty's diversity drest !
 From the rose, the carnation, the pink and the clove,
 What odours delightfully spring !
 The south wafts a richer perfume to the grove,
 As he brushes the leaves with his wing.

Apart from the rest, in her purple array,
 The Violet humbly retreats ;
 In modest concealment, she peeps on the day ;
 Yet none can excel her in sweets ;

So humble, that, tho' with unparallel'd grace,
 She might e'en a palace adorn,
 She oft in the hedge hides her innocent face,
 And grows at the foot of the thorn.

So Beauty, my fair one, is doubly refin'd,
 When Modesty heightens her charms ;
 When meekness, like thine, adds a gem to her mind,
 Of malice its force it disarms.
 Tho' Venus herself from her throne shou'd descend,
 And the Graces await at her call ;
 To thee the gay world wou'd with preference bend,
 And hail thee the Violet of all.

VICE AND VIRTUE.

AN ORIGINAL.

THE gaudy tulip, richly bright,
 Fatigues the pausing eye ;
 And 'ere it fades, the noisome leaves,
 Offend the sense and die.

But the young rose, less gay than sweet,
 The eye delights to bear ;
 Broke by the storm, and bent to earth,
 Its fragrance still is there.

So flushes Vice the tainted cheek,
And fires the glowing eyes;
Yet leaves it wither'd by despair,
And pale repentant sighs.

While Virtue, shrinking from the storms
Of fortune, pride, and hate,
Still boasts the inward peace that shines
Beneath the clouds of fate.

A HINT TO THE FAIR.

YE fair posses of ev'ry charm
To captivate the will,
Whose smiles can Rage herself disarm,
Whose frowns at once can kill:
Say, will ye deign the verse to hear,
Where flatt'ry bears no part;
An humble verse that flows sincere,
And candid from the heart?

Great is your pow'r, and greater yet,
Mankind it might engage,
If, as ye all can make a net,
Ye all would make a cage.
Each nymph a thousand hearts might take,
For whose's to beauty blind?
But to what end a pris'ner make,
Without the strength to bind?

Attend

Attend the counsel often told !
 Too often told in vain !
 Learn that best art, the art to hold
 And lock the lover's chain :
 Gamesters to little purpose win,
 Who lose again as fast ;
 Though beauty may the charm begin,
 'Tis sweetness makes it last.

A MORAL PICTURE.

ALL hail to thee ! thou peaceful lone retreat !
 Welcome this rude uncultivated spot !
 Where hospitality has fix'd her seat,
 In humble poverty's sequester'd cot.

Those barren hills that bound yon dreary rocks,
 That solitary stream meand'ring flow ;
 This little pasture, and the scanty flocks,
 Have charms which opulence may never know.

By servile tribes and fortune's minions scorn'd,
 Remote from crowds, on schemes of grandeur bent,
 Here simple Nature, sweetly unadorn'd,
 Dwells with her handmaids, Virtue and Content.

Within this lowly hut, whose tottering roof
 Seems just departing from its time-worn thatch :
 A gen'rous pair, compassion's nobler proof,
 For ev'ry trav'ler lift the friendly latch.

Tho' small their income, ample is their mind,
With few possessions they've abundant wealth ;
In Nature's bounteous lap they daily find
Life's choicest blessings, Innocence and Health.

Together once they trod its early stage,
Together now they journey down the vale ;
Past scenes of youth endear approaching age,
And waft them onward with a gentle gale.

One beauteous maid, dear pledge of nuptial love,
With artless prattle ev'ry care beguiles ;
She, while her parents cherish and improve,
Cheers all their thoughtful hours with infant smiles.

For her alone they wear a short-liv'd gloom,
Her future weal still anxious to secure ;
Content, when summon'd to their final doom,
To leave her honest, tho' they leave her poor.

There the mild transports of the social hour,
Forbid each ill completed wish to roam,
Best pleas'd to seek retirement's halcyon bow'r,
And rear their ripening progeny at home.

Approach this rural scene, ye little great,
Ye ever roving, ever thoughtless crew,
Suspend awhile magnificence and state,
To learn contentment from the happy few.

Come

Come too, ye cruel, unrelenting fair,
 Who from your children banish Nature's friend,
 Here view the pattern of maternal care,
 And while contemplating that pattern, mend.

Come, wearied indigence, forget thy woes,
 This faithful cottage harbours no disguise;
 Here, undisturb'd, enjoy a calm repose,
 And taste that comfort which the world denies.

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY

AGED EIGHTEEN.

In vain our tears, lamented maid, are shed,
 In vain with sighs we mourn thine early doom;
 The pangs of woe can never reach the dead,
 Or pierce the silent mansions of the tomb;
 Yet sacred shade, the tributary sigh
 Which friendship pays, as due to thee, receive;
 While 'tis the lot of worth like yours to die,
 It must be nature's privilege to grieve.
 Thy tender bosom is no longer warm,
 Thy cheeks will glow with blushes now no more;
 For death, alas! has triumph'd o'er a form
 Design'd to conquer all the world before.
 Hence mortals learn, this truth by heav'n design'd,
 How frail is life, how short the present state;
 And know, that all the virtues of the mind,
 Can ne'er exempt us from the stroke of fate.

R 4

Then

Then while kind heav'n prolongs my fleeting breath,
 Thy bright example let me strive to be;
 That I may meet with joy the stroke of death,
 And share, blest faint ! eternal bliss with thee.

AN EPITAPH

O N

AN AMIABLE YOUNG LADY.

As she was once, few of her sex you'll see,
 As she is now, the brightest maid must be ;
 She liv'd to die, who dying yet shall live,
 While virtue, piety or love survive ;
 Her eyes on all around diffus'd delight,
 And nothing but her goodness shone more bright.
 Beauty to virtue gave a softening grace,
 And virtue added beauty to her face ;
 She prais'd all worth unconscious of her own,
 And thought whoe'er had merit she had none ;
 Her use of books th' intent of reading shew'd,
 Beyond the closet practically good ;
 Her life for living was the justest plan,
 She charm'd as woman, and she thought as man*.
 Fair reader learn, perfection is deny'd
 To the most fair, for fairest Marcia dy'd.

* Praises on tombs are trifles vainly spent,
 A man's good name is his best monument.

EPITAPH ON MISS DRUMMOND,

DAUGHTER OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

BY MR. MASON.

HERE sleeps what once was beauty, once was grace ;
 Grace, that with sense and tenderness combin'd,
 To form the harmony of soul and face,
 Where beauty shines the mirror of the mind.

Such was the maid, who in the morn of youth,
 In virgin innocence, in nature's pride,
 Had with each art, which owes its charms to truth,
 Sunk in her fathers' fond embrace, and died.

He weeps ! O, venerate the holy tear !
 Faith lends her aid to ease affliction's load :
 The parent mourns his child upon the bier ;
 The Christian yields an angel to his God.

CONSOLATORY VERSES.

ADDRESSED BY MRS. PILKINGTON TO HER HUSBAND.

No more, lov'd partner of my soul,
 At disappointments grieve ;
 Can flowing tears our fate controul,
 Or sighs our woes relieve ?

Adversity is virtue's school,
To those who right discern;
Let us observe each painful rule,
And each hard lesson learn.

When wintry clouds obscure the sky,
And heaven and earth deform,
If fix'd the strong foundations lie,
The castle braves the storm.

Thus fix'd on faith's unfailing rock,
Let us endure a while,
Misfortune's rude, impetuous shock,
And glory in our toil.

Ill fortune cannot always last,
Or though it should remain,
Yet we each painful moment haste
A better world to gain.

Where calumny no more shall wound,
Nor faithless friends destroy,
Where innocence and truth are crown'd
With everlasting joy.

THE FAIR LADY'S WISH.

If it be true, celestial pow'rs,
That you have form'd me fair,
And that in all my vainest hours,
My mind has been my care.

Then

Then, in return, I beg this grace,
As you were ever kind ;
What envious time takes from my face,
Bestow upon my mind.

NEEDHAM'S COLLECTION.

LINES ADDRESSSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

MAY angels guard thee, with distinguish'd care,
And ev'ry blessing fall to Cynthia's share !
Thro' flow'ry paths securely may she tread,
By Fortune follow'd, and by Virtue led ;
While health and ease in ev'ry look express,
The glow of beauty, and the calm of peace :
Late may she feel the softest stroke of death,
As roses droop beneath a Zephyr's breath ;
Thus, gently fading, peaceful rest in earth,
Till the glad spring of nature's second birth ;
Then quit the transient winter of the tomb,
To rise and flourish in immortal bloom.

L I N E S,

ADVISING A YOUNG LADY AGAINST LATE SIT-
TING UP.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. GRESSET.

No, say no more of your late hours,
See how the rose, the queen of flowers,
Repairs its languor in the night,
And freshens on return of light :
Like that your beauty learn to keep,
By never missing midnight sleep.

P R O L O G U E

TO LADY JANE GRAY.

WHEN waking terrors rouse the guilty breast,
And fatal visions break the murd'rer's rest ;
When vengeance does ambition's fate decree,
And tyrants bleed, to set whole nations free ;
Tho' the muse saddens each distressed scene,
Unmov'd is ev'ry breast, and ev'ry face serene.

The

The mournful lines no tender hearts subdue ;
Compassion is to suffering goodness due.
The poet your attention begs once more,
T' atone for characters here drawn before :
No royal mistress sighs through ev'ry page,
And breathes her dying sorrows on the stage ;
No lovely fair, by soft persuasion won,
Lays down the load of life, when honour's gone.

Nobly to bear the changes of our state,
To stand unmov'd against the storms of fate,
A brave contempt of life, and grandeur lost ;
Such glorious toils a female name can boast.
Our author draws not beauty's heav'nly smile,
T' invite our wishes, and our hearts beguile.
No soft enchantments languish in her eye,
No blossoms fade, nor sick'ning roses die :
A nobler passion ev'ry breast must move,
Than youthful raptures, or the joys of love.
A mind unchang'd, superior to a crown,
Bravely defies the angry tyrant's frown ;
The same, if fortune sinks or mounts on high,
Or if the world's extended ruins lie :
With gen'rous scorn she lays the scepter down ;
Great souls shine brightest, by misfortune shown :
With patient courage she sustains the blow,
And triumphs o'er variety of woe.

Ye British fair ! lament in silent woe,
Let ev'ry eye with tender pity flow :

The

The lovely form through falling drops will seem
 Like flow'ry shadows on the silver stream.
 Thus beauty, heav'n's sweet ornament, shall prove
 Enrich'd by virtue, as adorn'd by love.

E P I L O G U E

TO LADY JANE GRAY.

THE palms of virtue heroes oft have worn,
 Those wreaths, to-night, a female brow adorn.
 The destin'd saint, unfortunately brave,
 Sunk with those altars which she strove to save.
 Greatly she dar'd to prop the juster side,
 As greatly with her adverse fate comply'd,
 Did all that heav'n cou'd ask, resign'd and dy'd.
 Dy'd for the land for which she wish'd to live,
 And gain'd that liberty she could not give.
 If your soft pity waits upon our woe,
 If silent tears for suffering virtue flow;
 Your grief the muse's labour shall confess,
 The lively passions, and the just distress.
 Oh! could our author's pencil justly paint,
 Such as she was in life, the beauteous saint;
 Boldly your strict attention might we claim,
 And bid you mark, and copy out the dame.
 No wandering glance one wanton thought confess'd,
 No guilty wish inflam'd her spotless breast:

The

The only love that warm'd her blooming youth,
 Was, husband, England, liberty, and truth.
 For these she fell; while, with too weak a hand,
 She strove to save a blind ungrateful land.
 What sense of such a bounty can be shown!
 But heav'n must make the vast reward its own,
 And stars shall join to form her future crown.
 Your gratitude with ease may be express'd;
 Strive but to be, what she wou'd make you, blest'd.
 Confirm but to yourselves the given good,
 'Tis all she asks, for all she has bestow'd.

P R O L O G U E,

BY THE REV. DR. LANGHORN,

TO THE TRAGEDY OF THE INFLEXIBLE CAPTIVE,

Acted at the Theatre Royal at Bath,

WRITTEN BY MISS HANNAH MOORE.

DEEP in the bosom of departed days,
 Where the first gems of human glory blaze;
 Where, crown'd with flowers, in wreaths immortal drest,
 The sacred shades of ancient virtue rest;
 With joy they search, who joy can feel, to find
 Some honest reason still to love mankind.
 There the fair foundress of the scene to-night,
 Explores the paths that dignify delight;

The

The regions of the mighty dead pervades ;
The Sybil she that leads us to the shades.
O may each blast of ruder breath forbear
To waste her light leaves on the worthless air,
Since she, as heedless, strives not to maintain
This tender offspring of her teeming brain :
For this poor birth was no provision made,
A flower that sprung, and languish'd in the shade.
On Avon's banks, forsaken and forlorn,
This careless mother left her elder born ;
And tho' unlike what Avon hail'd of yore,
Those giant sons that Shakespeare's banners bore,
Yet may we yield this little offspring grace,
And love the last and least of such a race.
Shall the strong scenes, where senatorial Rome
Mourn'd o'er the rigour of her Patriot's doom ;
Where melting Nature, aw'd by Virtue's eye,
Hid the big drop, and held the bursting sigh ;
Where all that majesty of soul can give,
Truth, honour, pity, fair affection live ;
Shall scenes like these, the glory of an age,
Gleam from the press, nor triumph on the stage ?
Forbid it, Britons ! and, as Romans brave,
Like Romans boast one citizen to save.

EPILOGUE.

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

WHAT son of Phyfic but his art extends,
 As well as hands, when call'd on by his friends?
 What landlord is so weak to make you fast,
 When guests like you bespeak a good repast?
 But weaker still were he whom fate has plac'd
 To soothe your cares, and gratify your taste,
 Should he neglect to bring before your eyes
 Those dainty Dramas which from genius rise;
 Whether your luxury be to smile or weep,
 His and your profits just proportion keep.
 To-night he brought, nor fears a due reward,
 A Roman Patriot by a Female Bard.
 Britons who feel his flame, his worth will rate,
 No common spirit his no common fate,
Inflexible and Captive must be great.

"How," cries a suckling fop, thus lounging stradling,
 (Whose head shews want of ballast by its noddling,)
 "A woman write? learn, madam, of your betters,
 "And read a noble Lord's Posthumous Letters,
 "There you will learn the sex may merit praise,
 "By making Puddings—not by making Plays:

"They

" They can make tea and mischief, dance and sing ;
 " Their heads, though full of feathers, can't take wing."
 I thought they could, Sir ; now and then by chance,
 Maids fly to Scotland, and some wives to France.
 He still went noddling on—" Do all she can,
 " Woman's a trifle—play-thing—like her fan." }
 Right, Sir, and when a wife the rattle of man.
 And shall such things as these become the test
 Of female worth ? the fairest and the best
 Of all heaven's creatures ! for so Milton sung us,
 And with such champions, who shall dare to wrong us ?
 Come forth, proud man, in all your powers array'd ;
 Shine out in all your splendor—Who's afraid ?
 Who on French wit has made a glorious war,
 Defended Shakespear, and subdu'd Voltaire ?
 Woman*—Who, rich in knowledge, knows no pride,
 Can boast ten tongues, and yet not satisfied :
 Woman†—Who lately sung the sweetest lay ;
 A woman, woman, woman, ‡ still I say.
 Well then, who dares deny our power and might ?
 Will any married man dispute our right ? }
 Speak boldly, Sirs,—your wives are not in fight.

* Mrs. Montague, Author of an Essay on the Writings of Shakespear.

† Mrs. Carter, well known for her skill in ancient and modern languages.

‡ Miss Aikin, who lately published some excellent Poems.

What

What are you silent? Then you are content;
 Silence, the proverb tells us, gives consent.
 Critics, will you allow our honest claim?
 Are you dumb too? This night has fix'd our fame.

E P I L O G U E,

Written by Mr. GARRICK, spoken by Mrs. YATES.

EXHAUSTED quite with prisons, racks and death,
 Permit me here to take a little breath!
 You, who have seen my actions, know their springs,
 Say, are we women such insipid things?
 Say, Lords of the Creation, mighty men!
 In what have you surpass'd us, where? and when?
 I come to know to whom the palm is due;
 To us weak vessels or to stronger you?
 Against your conquering swords I draw—my fan,
 Come on!—now parry Marg'ret if you can.

[Sets herself in a posture of defence.

Stand up, ye boasters! *(to the Pit)* don't there sneak-
 ing sit;

Are you for pleasure, politics, or wit?

The boxes smile to see me scold the pit.

Their turn is next—and, tho' I will not wrong 'em

A woeful havock there will be among 'em—

You, our best friends, love, cherish, and respect us;

Not take our fortunes, marry, and neglect us.

You

You think, indeed, that, as you please, you rule us
 And with a strange importance often school us !
 Yet let each citizen describe a brother,
 I'll tell you what you say of one another:
 My neighbour leads, poor soul, a woeful life,
 A worthy man—but govern'd by his wife !
 How say you ?—what all silent !—then 'tis true ;
 We rule the city—Now, great Sirs, to you.

[*To the Boxes.*]

What is your boast ?—Wou'd yon like me have done
 To free a captive wife, or save a son ?
 Rather than run such dangers of your lives,
 You'd leave your children—and lock up your wives.
 When with your noblest deeds a nation rings,
 You are but puppets, and we play the strings.—
 We plan no battles—true—but out of sight,
 Crack goes the fan—and armies halt or fight !
 You have the advantage, ladies ! wisely reap it,
 And let me hint the only way to keep it :
 Let men of vain ideas have their fill,
 Frown, bounce, stride, strut, while you with happy skill,
 Like anglers, use the finest filken thread,
 Give line enough—nor check a tugging head :
 The fish will flounder—you, with gentle hand,
 And soft degrees, must bring the trout to land :
 A more specific nostrum cannot be—
Probatum est—and never fails with me.

EPILOGUE

TO THE SCHOOL FOR GUARDIANS.

SPOKEN BY MISS ELLIOT.

PRAY, may I, Ladies, touch your modish life,
 And shew good sense and fashion there at strife?
 " Oh! do, Miss Elliot, says a prude with spite,
 Pull 'em to pieces, bring their faults to light;
 Pulling to pieces is my dear delight."
 Why then each fair one seems a diff'rent creature
 From what she's meant, and travesties her nature.

Proud of defects, Flirtilla swims along
 Politely weak, and elegantly wrong.
 Thro' the gay round of time, her only care
 To fix the patch, and guide a straggling hair.

Lady Camilla, form'd to seize the rein,
 To rival John, and smack along the plain:
 In London sickens with dissembled airs,
 And " help me—help me up these odious stairs."

Nature's best gifts we all with pride disclaim,
 We lisp, we totter, deaf, and blind, and lame,
 The tongue, indeed, we women ne'er confine;
 —Scandal's too dear a pleasure to resign.
 Scandal, and cards, tea, mirth, and spleen, a ball,
 Comus;—the monkey too! and there's the life of all.

A life

A life of whim!—till from the faded eye,
 And wither'd form, the trembling graces fly.
 There's a true picture!—how do you like it, ladies?
 How is the light? and how do you think the shade is?
 A copy hence our simple girl may make,
 Unless she should this wiser counsel take,
 Be rul'd by reason for your beauty's sake.
 Reason still gives to radiant eyes their grace,
 Warren's Imperial Milk—for ev'ry face.
 Beauty, ye fair, may forge the lover's chain;
 But the mind's charms your empire must maintain.

LINES ON BEAUTY.

BEAUTY! thou pretty play thing, dear deceit,
 That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
 And gives it a new pulse, unknown before,
 The grave discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
 Thy roses faded, and thy lillies soil'd;
 What hast thou more to boast of? will thy lovers
 Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
 Methinks, I see thee with thy head low laid;
 Whilst surfeited upon the damask cheek,
 The high fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
 Riots unscar'd. For this was all thy caution?
 For this, thy painful labours at thy glass?
 To improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
 For which the spoiler thanks thee not. Foul feeder!
Coarse

Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
 And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
 Look, how the fair one weeps ! the conscious tears
 Stand thick as dew drops on the bells of flowers :
 Honest effusion ! the swollen heart in vain
 Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

ADVICE TO A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG
 LADY.

BEAUTY'S a flower will soon decay,
 It only blossoms for a day,
 A vain and empty thing ;
 Its bloom is quickly pass'd its prime,
 It soon will wither and decline,
 Nor knows returning spring.

Learn hence, my fair one, not to prize
 Too much those radiant sparkling eyes,
 Nor yet that voice divine ;
 Those vermeil lips, that neck so fair,
 Those rosy cheeks, that lovely hair,
 Must yield to ruthless time.

Thy gentle breast let virtue fire,
 And all thy heavenly soul inspire
 With love of gen'rous deeds ;
 To reach the height of noble fame,
 Attend bright wisdom, lovely maid,
 And follow where she leads.

So

So shall thou still have pow'r to charm,
 When time your beauties shall disarm,
 And leave you unadorn'd:
 Ev'n in the winter of your days,
 Each tongue shall celebrate your praise,
 With admiration warm'd.

ADVICE TO A DAUGHTER.

A friendly precept, Laura, take
 From him, who often, for thy sake,
 Has shed the silent tear ;
 Who oft mov'd by parental love,
 In thy behalf, to God above,
 Has pour'd the ardent pray'r.

Whene'er remorseless sickness came,
 And seiz'd thy weak defenceless frame,
 No joys could pleasure give :
 At every groan I felt thy smart,
 Till heav'n had blest the healing art,
 Look'd down, and bid thee live.

The toiling Florist thus extends
 His kind protection, and defends
 From ev'ry hurtful foe
 The tender plant, till winter's o'er,
 And blustering winds no longer roar :
 Then, smiling, sees it blow

But

But say, does not his fav'rite share,
Though safely rear'd, his constant care
Still to preserve its bloom;
Lest it untimely fade away,
To gnawing worms become a prey,
And lose its sweet perfume.

Thus I, with anxious hope, await
The issue of thy future fate;
And, with thee, much inclin'd,
(While deck'd with ev'ry youthful grace,
And florid health adorns the face)
To cultivate the mind.

The tulip gay, in varied hues,
That reigns an hour, most aptly shews
Frail Beauty's fleeting bloom:
The humble violet's fragrant breath,
Survives triumphant over death,
Like Virtue o'er the tomb.

When Vice array'd in all her charms,
Courts thee to her destructive arms,
She tempts but to betray;
A passing joy is all her pow'r,
Look but beyond the present hour,
And ruin marks her way.

Should Wealth display her glittering store,
And classic Science lend her lore,
And Honour yield her crown;

Remember though they brightly shine,
 You must the flattering joys resign,
 When some few years are flown.

Superior to these low desires
 Arise, exert the sacred fires
 Of thine immortal soul :
 The race of life before thee lies,
 Eternal joy, the mighty prize,
 And heav'n the distant goal.

W. DRAPER.

THE CESTUS, OR GIRDLE OF VENUS.

In this circle, good humour and ease,
 Sweet words, and kind looks are express'd ;
 A perpetual endeavour to please,
 And a face with sweet smiles ever dress'd.

A N E W R O N D E A U.

TO THE FAIR.

Sung at the Pantheon, by Mrs. BARTHELEMON.

Wou'd ye chaste Hymen's favour win,
 Britannia's matchless fair,
 Be ever mild, like Albion's Queen,
 As summer's noontide air.

Like

Like her, in social virtues shine,
 And in each grace excel;
 Then you, alike, esteem'd divine,
 In ev'ry heart shall dwell.
 Wou'd ye, &c.

E L I Z A T O S U S A N,

O R

THE WINTER'S INVITATION.

Now by the rude and frowning sky,
 We must within retire;
 Come, Susan, come and let us try
 How friends can mirth inspire.

In spite of rain, and snow, and wind,
 We will beguile the day;
 And some improving methods find,
 To pass the night away.

The morning we'll some book peruse,
 Turn over history's page;
 And read, what cannot but amuse,
 Th' events of ev'ry age,

By way of change, from time to time,
 We'll travels take in hand;
 And rove in thought from clime to clime,
 Thro' seas, and over land.

And whilst, transported as we read,
Our soil is numb'd with snows,
Walk in some sunny Indian mead,
And pluck the blushing rose.

Shou'd lighter lecture please us more,
(It sometimes may, perchance)
We'll read some work of fancy o'er,
But no absurd romance.

Or, lastly, in the poets seek,
Joys not to be express'd ;
For they, in ev'ry word they speak,
With transports fill the breast.

Along with these shall have its share,
A pleasure as refin'd ;
Sweet music, soother of our care,
And charmer of the mind.

Midst these, we will our noon-day spend,
Nor from them will we rise,
Till dinner shall the same suspend,
And take us by surprise.

And when from table we retire,
And night succeeds to day,
We'll, sipping tea, chat round the fire,
Or take our work, or play.

Lastly,

Lastly, the lively dance shall not
 (That health may join delight)
 Amidst th' amusements be forgot
 With which we'll cheer the night.

Thus, while the elements controul
 Without, whilst storms assail ;
 Within shall mirth abound my friend,
 And harmony prevail.

THE DUTY OF A WIFE.

FROM THE BEAUTIES OF SHAKESPEARE.

FIE ! fie ! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
 And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
 To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.
 It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
 Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds ;
 And in no sense is meet or amiable.
 A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
 Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;
 And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
 Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
 Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
 Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee,
 And for thy maintenance ; commits his body
 To painful labour, both by sea and land,

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
 While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
 And craves no other tribute at thy hands
 But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
 Too little payment for so great a debt.
 Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
 Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
 And when she's froward, peevish, fullen, sour,
 And not obedient to his honest will,
 What is she but a foul contending rebel,
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
 I am asham'd that women are so simple
 To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
 When bound to love, to honour, and obey.
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
 But that our soft conditions and our hearts
 Should well agree with our external parts?

Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew, A. 5. Sc. 2.

WINTER, A SEASON FOR REMEMBERING

THE POOR.

Now winter is come, with his cold chilling breath,
 And the verdure has dropp'd from the trees;
 All nature seems touch'd by the finger of death,
 And the streams are beginning to freeze.

OT

2 8

When

When wanton young lads o'er the river can slide,
And Flora attends us no more ;
When in plenty you sit by a good fire-side,
Sure you ought to remember the poor.

When the cold feather'd snow does in plenty descend,
And whiten the prospect around ;
When the keen cutting winds from the north shall attend,
Hard incrustrating over the ground.

When the hills and the dales are all candied with white,
When the rivers congeal to the shore,
When the bright twinkling stars shall proclaim a cold night,
Then remember the state of the poor.

When the poor harmless hare may be trac'd to the wood
By her footsteps indented in snow ;
When the lips and the fingers are starting with blood ;
When the marksmen a cock-shooting go.

When the poor robin red-breast approaches the cot ;
When the icicles hang at the door ;
When the bowl smokes with something reviving and hot,
That's the time to remember the poor.

When a thaw shall ensue, and the waters increase,
And the rivers all-insolent grow ;
When the fishes from prison obtain a release ;
When in danger the travellers go.

When the meadows are hid by the proud swelling flood ;
 When the bridges are useful no more :
 When in health you enjoy every thing that is good,
 Can you grumble to think on the poor.

Soon the day will be here, when a Saviour was born,
 All the world should agree as one voice ;
 All nations unite to salute the blest morn ;
 All ends of the earth should rejoice.

Grim death is depriv'd of his all-killing sting,
 And the grave is triumphant no more ;
 Saints, angels, and men hallelujahs shall sing,
 And the rich should remember the poor.

TO A YOUNG LADY WITH A NOSEGAY.

THOU can'st not steal the roses bloom,
 To decorate thy face ;
 But the sweet blush of Modesty,
 Will lend an equal grace.

These violets scent the distant gale
 (Beneath in lowly bed)
 So rising worth, new merit gains
 By diffidence o'erspread.

Nor

Nor wilt thou e'er that lilly's white
In thy complexion find ;
Yet innocence may shine as fair
Within thy spotless mind

Now, in the op'ning spring of life,
Let ev'ry flow'ret bloom ;
The budding virtues in thy breast
Will yield the best perfume.

This Nofegay in thy bosom plac'd,
A moral may convey ;
For soon its brightest tints will fade,
And all its sweets decay.

So short liv'd are the lovely tribes
Of Flora's transient reign ;
They bud, blow, wither, fall and die,
Then turn to earth again.

And thus, my dear, must every charm
Which youth is proud to share ;
Alike this quick succession prove,
And the same truth declare.

Sickness will change the roseate hue,
Which glowing health bespeaks ;
And age will wrinkle, with its cares,
The smile on Beauty's cheeks.

But as that fragrant myrtle wreath,
Will all the rest survive ;
So shall the mental graces still
Through endless ages live.

TO A YOUNG LADY WITH A
SPINNING WHEEL.

SILVIA ! with the wheel I send,
Take the hints 'twas form'd to lend.
Emblem this of life is found,
While you turn it round and round.
All the years that roll away,
Are but circles of a day ;
Still the same, and still renew'd,
While some distant good's pursu'd ;
Distant, for we're never blest
Till the lab'ring wheel's at rest.
Then the various thread is spun ;
Then the toil of life is done.
Happy ! if the running twine
Form'd a smooth and even line ;
Not a foul, and tangled clue,
Not untimely snapt intwo.
Then the full reward is sure,
Rest that ever shall endure ;
Rest to happiness refin'd,
Bliss of body and of mind !

TO MIRA WITH A PAINTED FAN

On one side an old woman reading with spectacles, her crutch standing by her; on the reverse, virtue in a rich-wrought, but loose, robe, looking upward, and giving alms, in an inclining posture, to a beggar on the ground.

MIRA ! take this painted fan :

Of it make the most you can.

When it rises, full display'd,

To supply the cooling shade,

Read these maxims there exprest :

Shade for man is sometimes best !

Life would yield but small delight,

Were the scene for ever bright.

When the chearing breeze it sends,

Think on whom your breath depends !

Think that bliss and life would fail,

But for Providence's gale !

If, to mock the starrer's eyes,

And conceal a blush, it rise ;

Thus reflect behind the scene,

Will my actions need a screen ;

When display'd to ev'ry eye ?

Or will heav'n a screen supply ?

In that aged face you'll see
What ere long your own may be :
Learn from ev'ry wrinkle there,
Time's a foe to all that's fair.

By those spectacles you'll read,
What your orbs may one day need,
From that crutch this hint pursue :
I may need supporting too.

Turn it then to Virtue's side,
View her form ; (but stretch it wide !)
Virtue, if she's painted right,
Best appears, when most in fight,
Rich her robe ! and this implies,
Wealth is sometimes Virtue's prize.
All with curious foliage wrought,
Hence her industry be taught ;
Loosely flowing, to express
Negligence of mode and dress.
Yet, though loosely flows the vest,
Claspt, with care, across her breast !
Mira wants not to be told,
Virtue's free, but never bold.
Think that placid smile reveals
Joys which Virtue only feels ;
Think that easy, open air,
Speaks the unaffected fair.
See ! she drops her alms inclin'd,
This denoes her humble mind ;

Upwards that she turns her eye,
Hints her portion in the sky.

Show, by folding the machine,
Virtue may exist unseen.

TO MIRA, WITH A REPEATING-
WATCH.

MIRA! this machine, you'll find,
Suits a moralizing mind,
Has it motion? 'tis as clear,
Action is man's proper sphere.

Equal should its progress prove,
So through life let Mira move.

When you forward urge its pace,
Think it may be Mira's case:
In my passage to the sky,
Have I linger'd?—let me fly!

Backwards are the hands convey'd,
To the points whence late they stray'd?
Blush not, Mira! to untread
Steps that wisdom never led.

If it stand, reflecting say,
Time for no machine will stay:
Heav'n observes; and will it find
Mira with him or behind?
Mark its hands, with thanks to heav'n,
For each hour and minute giv'n;

Giv'n

Giv'n as means to make us wise ;
 Giv'n to form us for the skies.

False if either hand be view'd,
 Some internal fault conclude :
 Thus if Mira's life should sin,
 Let her first reform within.

When it strikes the hour, admit
 Silence is not always fit,
 Ev'ry day it's task pursu'd,
 Hints how thine must be renew'd.

Say, when winding up : alas !
 Human wheels, like those of brass,
 Soon their functions must forego,
 Nought if foreign hand bestow.
 If, all day, it acted right,
 When she hangs it by at night,
 Then let Mira ask her heart :
 How have I perform'd my part :

If it err'd, let Mira pray :
 Heav'n forgive my faults to-day.

For its use, my present prize ;
 All besides neglect—despise :
 Shine its trinkets as they will,
 Trinkets are but trinkets still.
 Mira ! when at court array'd
 All in jewels and brocade,
 If at heart no merit dwell,
 If no deeds that merit tell ;
 Though a Lord should smile, or king,
 Thou'rt a glitt'ring useless thing.

If, whate'er its present praise,
All its pow'r to serve decays ;
Means to mend it vainly try'd,
When you cast it from your side ;
On a life of virtue past
Joyful retrospection cast :
But let Mira think again,
Only virtue past were vain ;
Perseverance, till we die,
Wins the Christian crown on high.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

LET others prize a form complete,
And sing the face where beauties meet,
And praise a public toast :
'Tis not of those we mean to tell,
Since inward graces far excel
Whate'er the face can boast.

'Tis virtue, virtue we adore,
Than all the gifts of fortune more,
Or all this world can give ;
Virtue adorns the human mind :
'Tis virtue beautifies mankind,
And points the way to live.

What

What boots a face from freckles free?
Or what the cheeks where we may see
Ten thousand graces rise?
Beauty's, alas! a fading flow'r,
That comes and goes, within an hour,
That lives by turns and dies.

What then avails a painted face?
Or what a shape, with ev'ry grace,
That's delicately fine?
Beauties like these to time give way,
They last but one short flying day,
No more then yours than mine.

Learn hence, my fair, then wisely learn
With just contempt the girl to spurn,
Whose worth we no-where find:
Despise the giddy thoughtless maid,
Who prizes beauty that must fade,
Regardless of her mind.

Go, wiser thou, improve thy mind,
With all the virtues thou canst find,
And ev'ry social grace:
Learn thou t' adorn thy growing sense,
The gen'rous gift of Providence!
And leave to heaven thy face.

No longer then, ye lovely fair,
With pride regard your flowing hair,
Or neck, or eyes, or nose;

Remember

P O E T R Y :

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Remember outward graces fade,
And oh ! the fairest, loveliest, maid
Falls like the blushing rose.

A U T U M N .

I at my window sit, and see
Autumn his russet fingers lay
On ev'ry leaf of ev'ry tree;
I call : but Summer will not stay.

She flies, the boasting goddess flies,
And, pointing where th' espaliers shoot,
Deserve my parting gift, she cries,
I take the leaves, but not the fruit.

Let me the parting gift improve.
And emulate the just reply,
As life's short seasons swift remove,
Ere fixt in Winter's frost I lie.

Health, beauty, vigor, now decline,
The pride of Summer's splendid day,
Leaves, which the stem must soon resign,
The mournful prelude of decay.

But

But let fair virtue's fruit remain,
 Though summer with my leaves be fled,
 Then, not despis'd, I'll not complain,
 But cherish Autumn in her stead.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF. ISAIAH lxiv. 6.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
 Dry and wither'd to the ground,
 Thus to thoughtiefs mortals calling,
 In a sad and solemn sound :

Sons of Adam, once in Eden,
 When, like us, he blighted fell ;
 Hear the lecture we are reading,
 'Tis, alas ! the truth we tell.

Virgins much, too much presuming,
 On your boasted white and red,
 View us late in beauty blooming,
 Number'd now among the dead.

Gripping misers, nightly waking,
 See the end of all your care !
 Fled on wings of our own making,
 We have left our owners bare.

Sons of honour, fed on praises,
Flutt'ring high in fancied worth :
Lo ! the fickle air that raises,
Brings us down to parent earth.

Learned sops, in systems jaded,
Who for new ones daily call,
Cease at length, by us persuaded :
Ev'ry leaf must have it's fall.

Youths, though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay in health and manly grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you :
Summer gives to Autumn place.

Venerable fires, grown hoary,
Hither turn th' unwilling eye ;
Think amid your falling glory,
Autumn tells a Winter nigh.

Yearly in your course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach this truth concerning :
Heaven and earth shall pass away.

On the tree of life eternal,
Man, let all thy hopes be stay'd ;
Which alone, for ever vernal
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

PYTHAGORAS'S GOLDEN VERSES.

FIRST, the great gods thy utmost rev'rence claim :
 Use, with religious awe, their sacred name.
 Assur'd they view thy ways, let nought controul
 The oath thou once hast bound upon thy soul.
 Next, to the heroes bear a grateful mind,
 Whose gen'rous cares and toils have blest mankind.
 Let just respect in decent rites array'd
 To the immortal Manes still be paid.

Honour thy parents and the next of kind,
 And virtuous men in equal bond combin'd.

Useful and steady let thy life proceed ;
 Mild ev'ry word, good-natur'd ev'ry deed.
 Oh ! never, with the man thou lov'st, contend ;
 But bear a thousand frailties from thy friend.
 Rashly inflam'd, vain spleen, and slight surmise,
 To real feuds and endless discords rise.

O'er lust, o'er anger, keep the strictest rein :
 Subdue thy sloth, thy appetite restrain.

With no vile action venture to comply ;
 No though unseen by ev'ry mortal eye.
 Above all witnesses thy conscience fear,
 And more than all mankind thyself revere.

One way let all thy words and actions tend,
 Reason their constant guide, and truth their end.
 And ever mindful of thy mortal state,
 How quick, how various are the turns of fate ;

How

How here, how there the tides of fortune roll;
How soon impending death concludes the whole;
Compose thy mind; and free from anxious strife,
Endure thy portion of the ills of life:
Though still the good man stands secure from harms,
Nor can misfortune wound whom virtue charms.

Discourse in common converse, thou wilt find,
Some to improve, and some to taint thy mind:
Grateful to that a due observance pay;
Beware, lest this entice thy thoughts astray;
And untruths bold, which thou art forc'd to hear,
Receive discreetly with a patient ear.

Would'st thou be justly rankt among the wise?
Think, ere thou do; ere thou resolve, advise.
Still let thy aims with thy experience square,
And plan thy conduct with sagacious care.
So shalt thou all thy course with pleasure run,
Nor wish an action of thy life undone.

Among the various ends of thy desires,
'Tis no inferior place thy health requires.
Firmly for this from all access refrain;
Thy cups be mod'rate, and thy diet plain.
Nor yet inelegant thy boards supply;
But shun the nauseous pomp of luxury.
Of spleen by chearful converse, stem the flood:
Let honest labour purify thy blood.

Each night, ere needful slumber seal thy eyes,
Home to thy soul let these reflexions rise:
"How has to-day my duty been express?
"What have I done, omitted, or transgress?"

Then

Then mourn the moments thou hast idly spent,
 The rest will yield thee comfort and content.
 Be these good rules thy study and delight:
 Practise by day, and ponder them by night.

W I N T E R.

ADIEU, ye groves—adieu, ye plains!

All nature mourning lies;
 See gloomy clouds, and thick'ning rains,
 Obscure the lab'ring skies.

See from afar th' impending storm,
 With fullen haste appear;
 See Winter comes, a dreary form,
 To rule the falling year.

No more the lambs with gamesome bound,
 Rejoice the gladden'd sight;
 No more the gay enamell'd ground,
 Or Sylvan scenes delight.

Thus, O Maria! much lov'd maid,
 Thy earthly charms shall fail;
 The rose must droop, the lily fade,
 And Winter soon prevail.

Again, the lark, sweet bird of day,
 May rise on active wing:
 Again, the sportive herds may play,
 And hail reviving Spring.

But

But youth, my fair, sees no return,
 The pleasing bubbles o'er;
 In vain its fleeting joys you mourn,
 They fall, to bloom no more.

Haste then, dear girl! that time improve,
 Which art can ne'er regain;
 In blisful scenes of mutual love,
 With some distinguish'd swain.

So shall Life's spring, like jocund May,
 Pass smiling and serene;
 Thus Summer, Autumn, glide away,
 And Winter close the scene!

THE DYING ROSE.

RECITATIVE.

The balmy zephyrs breath'd their store,
 And wav'd the gentle breeze;
 The busy day of toil was o'er,
 And Nature sought for ease.

A I R.

'Twas near a daisy-sprinkled mead,
 A blushing rose I found,
 Wafting its odours in the air,
 Its sweetness on the ground.

Sweet

Sweet flow'r, I cry'd, how short thy bloom!
 And snatch'd it to my breast;
 Here may'st thou shed thy last perfume,
 And find eternal rest.

Yet no,—to Delia's bosom steal,
 Who boasts her youthful prime,
 And tell her plainly that her charms
 Too soon must fade like thine.

Then on her bosom breathe thy last,
 While I thy fate deplore!
 And mark with sorrow at thy doom,
 That thou shalt bloom no more!

THE PAINTED BABY.

ADDRESSED TO YOUNG LADIES.

SEE how this painted, smiling toy,
 Gives little miss a mighty joy,
 To make it gaily shine!
 Sometimes she rocks it in her arms,
 And strives to soothe, with utmost charms.
 Her baby, grown so fine.

With ribbons she adorns its hair,
 To make its beauty look more fair,
 And decks the head with lace;

Sometime

Sometimes she lays it on a bed,
Where crimson curtains round are spread,
To guard the quiet place.

Soon after, as the humour turns,
Against this babe her anger burns,
And she begins to chide;
Threatens her plaything with a rod,
And makes the image look but odd,
Stripp'd of its borrow'd pride.

We smile at this diverting scene;
We think such entertainment mean,
And trifling this affair:
Yet, when advanc'd to riper years,
More folly in our lives appears,
And unavailing care.

Some tempting idol we admire;
Perhaps to airy fame aspire,
Because we think it bright;
Or, tempted else with glitt'ring ore,
Our wand'ring fancies vainly soar
In search of false delight.

The darlings which we entertain,
Not only empty are, and vain,
But often deeply hurt;
Whereas the child's delightful play,
Helps her to pass each harmless day,
In fancy's various sport.

ON A ROBIN RED-BREAST

Who took up his residence in Bristol Cathedral, and accompanied the Organ with his singing.

SWEET social bird ! whose soft harmonious lays
 Swell the glad song of thy Creator's praise,
 Say, art thou conscious of approaching ills,
 Fell winter's storms, the pointed blast that kills ?
 Shun'st thou the savage North's unpitying breath ?
 Or cruel man's more latent snares of death ?
 Here dwell secure, here with incessant note,
 Pour the soft music of thy trembling throat ;
 Here, gentle bird, a sure asylum find,
 Nor dread the chilling frost, nor boisterous wind :
 No hostile tyrant of the feather'd race,
 Shall dare invade thee in this hallow'd place ;
 Nor, while he sails the liquid air along,
 Check the shrill numbers of thy chearful song ;
 No cautious gunner, whose unerring sight
 Stops the swift eagle in his rapid flight,
 Shall here disturb my lovely songster's rest,
 Nor wound the plumage of his beauteous breast ;
 The truant school-boy, who, in wanton play,
 With viscid lime involves the treach'rous spray,
 In vain shall spread the wily snare for thee,
 Alike secure thy life and liberty.

Peace

Peace, then, sweet warbler, to thy flutt'ring heart,
 Defy the rage of hawks, and toils of art ;
 Now shake thy downy plumes, now gladlier pay
 Thy grateful tribute to each rising day ;
 While crowds below their willing voices raise,
 To sing with holy zeal Jehovah's praise !
 Thou, perched high, shalt hear th' adoring throng,
 Catch the warm strains, and aid the sacred song !
 Increase the solemn chorus, and inspire
 Each tongue with music, and each heart with fire !

SELIM; OR, THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

AN ECLOGE.

* YE Persian maids, attend your poet's lays,
 * And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.
 * Not all are blest whom fortune's hand sustains
 * With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains ;
 * Well may your hearts believe the truth I tell ;
 * 'Tis virtue makes the bliss where'er we dwell.
 Thus Selim sung, by sacred truth inspir'd :
 Nor praise, but such as truth bestow'd, desir'd :
 Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd,
 Informing morals to the shepherd maid ;
 Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
 What groves nor streams bestow—a virtuous mind.
 When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
 The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride ;

When wanton gales along the vallies play ;
 Breath on each flower, and bear their sweets away ;
 By Tygris wand'ring ways he sat, and sung
 This useful lesson for the fair and young :

' Ye Persian dames', he said, ' To you belong
 ' (Well may they please) the morals of my song,
 ' No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
 ' Grac'd with soft arts, the peopl'd world around !
 ' The morn that lights you, to your loves supplies
 ' Each gentler ray, delicious to your eyes ;
 ' For you those flowers her fragrant hands bestow,
 ' And your's the love that kings delight to know.
 ' Yet think not these all beauteous as they are,
 ' The best kind blessings heav'n can grant the fair,
 ' Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,
 ' Boast but the worth Balfora's * pearls display !
 ' Drawn from the deep, we own the surface bright ;
 ' But dark within, they drink no lustrous light.
 ' Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast,
 ' By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.
 ' Self-flatt'ring sex, your hearts believe in vain,
 ' That Love shall blind, when once he fires the swain ;
 ' Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
 ' As spots on ermine beautify the skin :
 ' Who seeks secure to rule be first her care,
 ' Each softer virtue that adorns the fair ;
 ' Each tender passion man delights to find
 ' The lov'd perfection of a female mind.
 ' Bless'd were the days when wisdom held her reign,
 ' And shepherds fought her on the silent plain ;

With

* A gulph of that name famous for the pearly fishery.

- With truth she wedded in the sec ret grove ;
- Immortal truth ! and daughters blest'd their love.
- Oh ! haste, fair maids ! ye virtues come away !
- Sweet peace and plenty lead you on your way.
- The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore
- By Ind excell'd, or Araby no more.
- Lost to our fields, for so the fates ordain,
- The dear deserters shall return again.
- Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear,
- To lead the train, sweet modesty appear :
- Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
- And shepherd girls shall own thee for their queen.
- With thee thy chastity, of all afraid,
- Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid ;
- But man, the most—not more the mountain doe
- Hold the swift falcon for her deadly foe.
- Cold is her breast, like flow'rs that drink the dew,
- A filken veil conceals her from the view.
- No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
- But faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone :
- Desponding meekness, with her down-cast eyes,
- And friendly pity, full of tender sighs ;
- And love the last : by these your hearts approve
- These are the virtues that must lead to love.

Thus sung the swain ; and ancient legends say,
 The maids of Bagdat verify the lay :
 Dear to the plains, the virtues came along ;
 The shepherds lov'd, and Selim blest his song.

TENDERNESS OF MIND

OR TAKING OF BIRD NESTS.

I have found out a gift for my fair :
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed ;
 But let me that plunder forbear !
 She will say 'tis a barbarous deed.

For he, ne'er can be true, she averr'd,
 Who can rob a poor bird of its young :
 And I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold,
 How that pity was due to a dove ;
 That it ever attended the bold ;
 And she call'd it the sister of love.

SHENSTONE

THE FIRE SIDE

BY DR. COTTON.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
 The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
 In folly's maze advance ;

Tho'

Tho' singularity and pride,
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside;
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heart-felt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breasts this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut—our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat—the ark;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explor'd the sacred bark.

Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good,
A Paradise below.

Our

Our babes shall richest comforts bring,
 If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring
 Whence pleasures ever rise :
 We'll form their minds, with studious care,
 To all that's manly, good, and fair,
 And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
 They'll joy our youth, support our age,
 And crown our hoary hairs :
 They'll grow in virtue ev'ry day,
 And thus our fondest loves repay,
 And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys ; they're all our own,
 While to the world we live unknown,
 Or by the world forgot :
 Monarchs ! we envy not your state,
 We look with pity on the great,
 And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large indeed,
 But then how little do we need,
 For nature's calls are few !
 In this the art of living lies,
 To want no more than to suffice,
 And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content,
 Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
 Nor aim beyond our power.

For if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd, when ills betide,
Patient, when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours giv'n :
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart
Whose fragrance smells to heav'n.

We'll ask no long protracted treat,
(Since winter life is seldom sweet)
But when our feast is o'er :
Grateful from table we'll retire,
Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes
The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand thro' life we'll go,
Its checquer'd paths of joy and woe,
With cautious steps we'll tread :
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath :
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
And smoothe the bed of death.

S L A N D E R,

A VISION, BY DR. COTTON,

Inscribed to Miss _____.

My lovely girl, I write for you;
 And pray believe my visions true;
 They'll form your mind to every grace;
 They'll add new beauties to your face:
 And when old age impairs your prime,
 You'll triumph o'er the spoils of time.

Childhood and youth engage my pen,
 'Tis labour lost to talk to men.
 Youth may, perhaps, reform, when wrong,
 Age will not listen to my song.
 He who at fifty is a fool,
 Is far too stubborn grown for school.

What is that vice which still prevails,
 When almost every passion fails;
 Which with our very dawn begun,
 Nor ends, but with our setting sun;
 Which, like a noxious weed, can spoil
 The fairest flow'rs, and choak the soil?
 'Tis Slander,—and, with shame I own,
 The vice of human-kind alone.

Be Slander then my leading dream,
 Tho' you're a stranger to the theme;
 Thy softer breast, and honest heart,
 Scorn the defamatory art;
 Thy soul asserts her native skies,
 Nor asks detraction's wings to rise;
 In foreign spoils let others shine,
 Intrinsic excellence is thine.
 The bird, in peacock's plumes who shone,
 Could plead no merit of her own:
 The silly theft betray'd her pride,
 And spoke her poverty beside.

Th' insidious fland'ring thief is worse
 Than the poor rogue who steals your purse.
 Say, he purloins your glitt'ring store;
 ' Who takes your gold, takes trash'—no more;
 Perhaps he pilfers—to be fed—
 Ah! guiltless wretch, who steals for bread!
 But the dark-villain, who shall aim
 To blast, my fair, thy spotless name,
 He'd steal a precious gem away,
 Steal what both *Indies* can't repay!
 Here the strong pleas of want are vain,
 Or the more impious pleas of gain.
 No sinking family to save!
 No gold to glut th' insatiate knave!

Improve the hint of *Shakespeare's* tongue,
 'Twas thus immortal * *Shakespeare* sung.

And

* *Othello*.

And trust the bard's unerring rule,
For Nature was that Poet's school.

As I was nodding in my chair,
I saw a rueful wild appear:
No verdure met my aching sight,
But hemlock, and cold aconite;
Two very pois'nous plants, 'tis true,
But not so bad as vice to you.

The dreary prospect spread around!
Deep snow had whiten'd all the ground!
A black and barren mountain nigh,
Expos'd to ev'ry friendless sky!
Here foul-mouth'd Slander lay reclin'd,
Her snaky tresses hiss'd behind:
"A bloated toad-stool rais'd her head,
"The plumes of ravens were her bed:"
She fed upon the viper's brood,
And slak'd her impious thirst with blood.

The rising sun and western ray
Were witness to her distant sway.
The tyrant claim'd a mightier host
Than the proud *Persian* e'er could boast.
No conquest grac'd *Darius'* Son †;
By his own numbers half undone!

* *Garth's Dispensary.*

† *Xerxes*, King of *Persia* and son of *Darius*. He invaded *Greece* with an army consisting of more than a million of men (some say more than two millions) who, together with their cattle, perished in great measure through the inability of the countries to supply such a vast host with provision.

Success attended Slander's pow'r,
 She reap'd fresh laurels ev'ry hour.
 Her troops a deeper scarlet wore
 Than ever armies knew before.

No plea diverts the fury's rage,
 The fury spares nor sex nor age.
 Ev'n merit, with destructive charms,
 Provokes the vengeance of her arms.

Whene'er the tyrant sounds to war,
 Her canker'd trumpet is heard afar.
 Pride, with a heart unknown to yield,
 Commands in chief, and guides the field.
 He stalks with vast gigantic stride,
 And scatters fear and ruin wide.
 So th' impetuous torrents sweep
 At once whole nations to the deep.

Revenge, that base * *Hesperian*, known
 A chief support of Slander's throne,
 Amidst the bloody crowd is seen,
 And Treach'ry brooding in his Mien;
 The monster often chang'd his gait,
 But march'd resolv'd, and fix'd his fate.
 Thus the fell kite, whom hunger stings,
 Now slowly moves his outstretch'd wings;

Now

* *Hesperia* includes *Italy* as well as *Spain*, and the inhabitants of both are remarkable for their revengeful disposition.

Now swift as light'ning bears away,
And darts upon his trembling prey.

Envy commands a secret band,
With sword and poison in her hand.
Around her haggard eye-balls roll ;
A thousand fiends possess her soul.
The artful, unsuspected spright
With fatal aim attacks by night.
Her troops advance with silent tread,
And stab the hero in his bed ;
Or shoot the wing'd malignant lie,
And female honours pine and die.
So prowling wolves, when darkness reigns,
Intent on murder scour the plains ;
Approach the folds where lambs repose,
Whose guileless breasts suspect no foes ;
The savage gluts his fierce desires,
And bleating innocence expires.

Slander smil'd horribly, to view
How wide her daily conquests grew :
Around the crowded levees wait,
Like oriental slaves of state :
Of either sex whole armies press'd,
But chiefly of the fair and best.

Is it a breach of friendship's law
To say what female friends I saw ?
Slander assumes the idol's part,
And claims the tribute of the heart.

The

The best, in some unguarded hour,
Have bow'd the knee, and own'd her pow'r.
Then let the Poet not reveal
What candour wishes to conceal.

If I beheld some faulty fair,
Much worse delinquents crowded there :
Prelates in sacred lawn I saw,
Grave physick, and loquacious law ;
Courtiers, like summer flies, abound,
And hungry poets swarm around.
But now my partial story ends,
And makes my females full amends.

If Albion's isle such dreams fulfils,
'Tis Albion's isle which cures these ills ;
Fertile of every worth and grace,
Which warm the heart, and flush the face.

Fancy disclos'd a smiling train
Of British nymphs that tripp'd the plain :
Good-nature first, a sylvan queen,
Attir'd in robes of chearful green :
A fair and smiling virgin she !
With ev'ry charm that shines in thee.
Prudence assum'd the chief command,
And bore a mirror in her hand ;
Grey was the matron's head by age,
Her mind by long experience sage ;
Of every distant ill afraid,
And anxious for the simp'ring maid.
The graces danc'd before the fair ;
And white-rob'd Innocence was there.

The

The trees with golden fruits were crown'd,
 And rising flow'rs adorn'd the ground;
 The sun display'd each brighter ray,
 And shone in all the pride of day.

When Slander, sicken'd at the sight,
 And skulk'd away to shun the light.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT,

DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLDEN FISHES.

'T WAS on a lofty vase's side,
 Where China's gayest art had dy'd
 The azure flow'rs that blow;
 Demurest of the tabby kind,
 The pensive Selima reclin'd,
 Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tale her joy declar'd,
 The fair round face—the snowy beard—
 The velvet of her paws:
 The coat that with the tortoise vies—
 Her ears of jet, and em'rald eyes—
 She saw, and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but 'midst the tide
 Two beauteous forms were seen to glide,
 The genii of the stream;

Their

Their scaly armours tyrian hue,
Thro' richest purple to the view,
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw
A whisker first, and then a paw ;
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize ;
What female heart can gold despise ?—
What Cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent,
Again she stretch'd—again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between :
Malignant fate sat by and smil'd,
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd—
She tumbl'd headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry god,
Some speedy aid to send ;
No dolphin came—no nereid stirr'd ;
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard.—
A fav'rite has no friend.

From hence, ye beauties undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold ;
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize ;
Nor all that glitters gold,

HAPPI-

POETRY.

HAPPINESS.

FROM JANE SHORE.

To be good, is to be happy.—Angels
Are happier than men, because they are better.
Guilt is the source of sorrow; 'tis the fiend—
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and stings: the blest know none of this,
But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heav'n is goodness.

A FRAGMENT.

WHEN recent in the womb I lay,
'Ere yet my life began;
Thy care preserv'd the sleeping clay,
And form'd it into man.

Oh! may this frame that rising grew
Beneath thy plastic hands,
Be studious ever to pursue
Whate'er thy will commands.

The soul that moves this earthly load,
Thy semblance let it bear;
Nor lose the traces of the God
Who stamp'd his image there.

F I N I S

